

Confession Of Faith "Far"

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I saw me far to the ocean
With kneading hands the water it came
And changed the dirt that I had brought
Into clay I knew had my name
I saw me then devoid of
Grief that lies a wound so bare
From face to face we hasten stride
I'm too fucking tired to sit and stare
At this world at these hands
At failing pride's sweet demands
While catering to ourselves
The water is siphoned away
Where is any hope into this dead world
Defiling my flag unfurled
I came myself upon the field
And backpedal reeled
Oh oh we caved and kneeled
Duty found withering day misnomered as fray
And chasing the pieces life brushed away
Leading to where any moment upon
The terraformed center core
I cannot feel the weight of temple wall
Regodless I crawl day unto day unto day
The merciless familiar sway
So much to think much more to feel
Seldom is seen seldom is real
On and on it leads nowhere
A pseudo cause with shitty flair
I am nothing of what I believe
I pass the time the air I thief
I ask for reprieve
Change my sentence from wit to plain shit
And cast me to the wind
I never will rescind
My path is laid bare
Either truth or nothing's there
Hope beckons with deadpan stare

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