

Confession Of Faith "Lot"

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What tastes so foul I see upon me
Gaping a hole the size of my soul
That is no longer in tune
It sets like the moon
Down under the world
Down under the Hope
Of anything more than this life

Stand firm Love when the horror comes
When desolate seems my whole life
It is then that I stab at thee

Jaded as I am found
Silent worries abound
See the withered look upon my face
Another place holds more horror
Than my eye when I deny

Or another way is there for us
Then I hope that it does surface

Shelter is offered and not retained
All that is Love, disdained
Shackled down in ways that dry this life well in me
Decide if it anchors salt
Weighed it in towards worth and I fell short
As my own strength fails

The gavel is thrown
To whom all who disown
The hard extreme attempt
At lasciviousness and turgid life
Cut jagged like a knife
In the heart as it is turned
Blackened all against Love
Or when lost then took a realm
And all that I can do again
Is accept a Hope
More than I ever can be
Or if I did choose that way
I certainly could be as One

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