

## Blind Willie McTell

### "Trashing The Beauty"

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Set my urgency  
In dreams you come to me  
Jesus was my son  
Was not for you, if not for you  
Passion frailty  
I see it more romantically, tonight  
What's the body wich you want to live trough  
Your soul to God, your flesh for me  
Trashing the beauty  
We should meet sometime  
On an never ending strike  
Do you think we'll ever meet  
For real  
One last frozen glance  
In tender bloodshot embrace  
I see the struggle, I see the struggle  
I see her dying on becoming alive  
Trashing the beauty

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