

Few Left Standing "Blistered Spirit"

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Blistered spirit of resentment
No need for a spiritual crutch
Force fed religion

With every swallow leaves
A bad taste in your mouth
You would rather die strong
Than recognize your weakness
Needs God

Preserve the physical
Eternal goes untouched
You are what you embrace
You don't hate me

I'm just like you
You hate the God
That breathes in me
Fear of being loved

A blistered spirit is lifeless
Salvation will come
When you lie flat on your back
And have no place to look but up

Every knee shall bow
Every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord

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