

Bride

"Inside Ourselves"

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Flowers on my grave Jesus saves that's the bitter
taste of blackness
Eyes closed tight, pitch of night, starring into the face
of blindness
If I'm possessed if I confess kneeling feeling the
earth beneath
Stumbling mumbling it ends at the cross,
Undistinguished words make me complete

Gazing, Raising, instinctively up, warmth to wrap the
coldness
Draining, straining, all in me waning, to muster the
faith of boldness
Teaching, reaching, outward and on, to touch what lays
before me
Coping hoping to find a recall
Never disappointed in what I see

We only live inside ourselves
Until someone takes us out of here

You got to stand for something
You've got to stop the suffering

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