

Bride "Separate"

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Motivated by reflexes
Dragging air of remote disdain
Sober the self grim satisfaction
From the tides of time refrain
Surf the pulse in my ears
Unraveled string of consciousness
Receding fear behind the darkness
Yearning for the God I trust
Nothing More I can say
Nothing More I can say
Separate yourself from them
Separate yourself from them
Consumed sentiment
Blind emotion
Interlace through common belief
Sacrificed all they loved
For the Savior that died as a thief
Nibble at the fringes of circumspect
Harvest the shredded doubt
Gather what little remains
And faith will quench the drought

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