

Konspiracy

"Blue"

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There's a fine line, where childish meets child-like
And I've been dancing in between
Always getting what I want
And not wanting what I need

As I linger here with pouting lips and hissy fits
Little king of temper tantrums
Help me trade these stomping feet
For some bruises on my knees

So I hold my breath
Till I turn blue
No I won't rest
Till I see You

Losing sleep, not to mention some hair
Over crushes and dreams and envy
But if I had just one obsession
It's the kind that I should have with You

Turn my temper into passion
Turn my greed into desire
Turn this awful noise I make into songs I sing
For You

If I seek You Lord with all I have
I know that I will find You

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