

The Chariot

"They Faced Each Other"

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You can't stop the race. People moving in place.
Running a crooked path from place to place to place.
Paved in gold. The chords from which we hang, weaken
everyday.
They beg for strength, but they are blessed by our
blade.
Questions on our minds. Buildings on the rise.
Diamonds instead of our eyes and corporate fights.
O' busy busy bees walking to and from, what if we
close our eyes? What if we cant wake up?
I hope you all rest in peace. I hope you find what your
looking for.
But if that is all you got, well, there's got to be more.
They lay carpet that's made of red and we walk paths
made of gold but we are blind just past the noise in this
tree covered earth.
Yes, that is right.
Can we disappear from all we got?
We are scattered on God's grace but we are a drip, we
are a flash, we are a mist, we are a speck, But we got
time

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