

The Chariot

"They Faced Eachother"

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You can't stop the race
people moving in place
running a crooked path
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 can't wake up?
I hope you all rest in place.
I hope you find what you're looking for.
But if that is all that 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 nose
in this tree covered Earth
yes, that is right
can we dissapear from all we got??
we are scattered on God's grace
but we are
a drip,
we are
a flash,
we are
a mist,
but are
a speck,
but we got time

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