

Neolith "A Prayer"

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This! My testimony
My desperate cry
For thy forgiveness
And for my weakness
Here I stand, fear and shake
Here I await
My days have almost passed
Many times I asked thee master
Once again I pray to thee
Take the chalice away from me
Tempt me not as I am weak!
Think of me the way thou wish
Judge me quick I'll soon be gone
This choice is mine... wish to believe
I have seen the rise and fall of thee
I have heard thy sermon
I have learnt the faults of this world
Here I stand, look at thee
And
Now thee ask me down to sleep
I pray thee lord my tears to sweep
I hope I'll die before thee wake
I beg thee lord for heaven's sake

Conformity is the greatest of all the human weakness.
The meek and the mild have never been the salt of the
earth.
They shall never die as they have never been born.
The will to create has never been theirs.
The will to live has sadly never been theirs, either.

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