

Preacher Gone To Texas "Ben Rose"

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You serving in a scripted entrance
Gathering no shape in flow
Still remain two forms by which to maintain
This is the life with no pain
Makes use of hearts, with no shame
This is our time to define
The very things that mean the most
A structure entering a cast in restraint not yet known
Us in a tempered state with words to expose
Our own trials, objects known
These words stand in places we cannot
Expressing our depth, that escapes our eyes
Escapes our eyes, leaves much to materialize
Escapes our eyes, leaves much to compromise
These words expose, these words materialize
Express our depth, escape our eyes
These words expose, these words compromise
Express our depth
Escape our eyes

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