

Roseway

"Lights, Camera, Satisfaction"

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We'll wear our hearts on our sleeve in hopes someone
will believe

That our shallow existence is worth more than a
beginning and an end. Your abstract is a hollow
impression of the lies you hold dear.

Don't ask, don't tell. We can only make believe.

We are not our own, We are not alone.
There is a world inside this world of unknowns

Look up.
That's where you belong.
This is so much bigger than something you had tried to
live for.

The gray trespasses into white until theirs no divine.
You worship the external ignoring what you leave
behind.
We have all let imperfection suck us into the depths of
inadequacy

Yet in all these things,
We are more than conquerors through Him, who loved
us.
For I am persuaded that neither death nor life can
separate us from the love of God

Today is here, you are not promised tomorrow. For
what is your life?
It is but a vapor that appears for a little time then
vanishes away.

Everyone at their best state is but a vapor, our time is
now.

For what is your life?

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