

Skepticism

"Quicksand Jesus"

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She caught the melting sky
It burned but still the winter passes
by and by
To the other side

A slow parade of wind
That blows through trees
That wilted with the season's children
Are we saved by the words
of bastard saints
Do we live in fear or faith
Tell me now who's behind the rain

A maze of tangled grace
The symptoms of 'for real' are
crumbling from embrace
But still we chase..the shadows
of belief
And new religion clouds our visions of
the roots of our souls

Are we ashamed of our own fate
Or play the fool for our own sake
Tell me who's behind the rain

What do we need where do we go
When we get where we don't know
Why should we doubt the virgin white
of fallen snow
When faith's our shelter from the cold

Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away
without you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away
without you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away
without you

Quicksand Jesus I need you
Quicksand Jesus I believe you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away

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