

Oceana "Woolgod"

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Leave us, the lying, cheating ones.
Bruised by beating a bottled fruit I found.
I found love, found Jesus Christ ripe and filling.
This fruit's enough to feed myself, and no one else.
This meal is enough to heal.

Fed me to stay, curious of being thought out.
What do our brothers say? Always stay away.
They fed me to stay, curious of being thought out.
What do our brothers say? Always stay.

This heart is, this is where it stays.
This is where God is, and this is where it stays.

Oh God, I feel it. No fonder feeling exists.

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