

Oil Midnight

"Sins Of Omission"

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Racism...)

On the fringes of torso and lips

Strained to hear the voice of gospel choir

Pummeled plains and beaten fields

We're never broken in spirit within

And I feel like I'm coming around

And I feel like I'm coming around

Cloudburst teeming, insects wave an bite

Yes it's true, we are no alone

T.V. sounds is a narrow entrance

Is a sometimes leading into future time

And I feel like I'm coming around

And I feel like I'm coming around

And I feel like I'm coming around

Sins of omission, no love

Sins of omission

Sins of omission, no love

Sins of omission

I heard it once before

In shepherd's isolation

Over the horizon in blue and white

Now, now, now, overcome

You can outrun it

When the roarings cease the right stuff weaves

And fits into yoour life

And I feel like I'm coming around

And I feel like I'm coming around

And I feel like I'm coming around

I feel like I'm coming around

Sins of omission, no love

Sins of omission

Sins of omission, no love

Sins of omission

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