

# Skid Row, Quicksand Jesus (Edited Version)

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 threes  
That wilted with the seasons children  
Are we saved by the words  
of bastard saints  
Do we live in fear or faith  
Tell me now whos 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 whos behind the rain

What do we need where do we go  
When we get where we dont know  
Why should we doubt the virgin white  
of fallen snow  
When faiths our shelter from the cold

Quicksand Jesus Im so far away  
without you  
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away  
without you  
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away  
without you

Quicksand Jesus I need you  
Quicksand Jesus I belive you  
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away