

# 3rd Root, Crawling

Crawling souls lost  
Inquisitive creep'n souls  
But step check creep  
But they mock me as they run around  
I won't fall down to they ways of this world's lies  
Beneath your loving throne

Stop the voices in my head  
Cries of souls within dead lands  
That try to stop this true love and joy  
That spiritually surrounds me

And as they mock yet they run  
And as they run yet they mock  
And as they mock yet they run  
And I will never bow bow down

Hipocrites stab and mock back talk  
Deny true concepts of this walk  
The bluff the bluff you can't even see inside  
Your so sick  
Deny refuse lies of retribution  
No rewards within punishment  
Vision of his blood stains  
And all I see is his face

And as they mock yet they run  
And as they run yet they mock  
And as they mock yet they run  
And I will never bow bow down

But all I see crawlin' creepin' wayward souls  
But this is what I see  
That fits you so right  
Lies retribution on punishment in reward  
But will never ever  
Never bow never bow down  
You spiritually surround me