

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