

Above The Golden State, The Haunting

Stone's throw away
I can see His agony start to bleed
Stone's throw away
I can hear His adamant plea, Let it pass from me, yeah
Save Lord, I pray
Save me from my enemy who prowls in deep
And I'll fight to stay awake
My spirit wills, my flesh is weak, so I fall asleep
The dark is creeping in
How suddenly my vanity betrays my speech
This man is not my friend, what a foolish lie