

# Booth And The Bad Angel, Old Ways

Somedays I fly like a bird

Everything flows and love is a verb  
Nothing is static the breach is birthed  
By these old ways

Somedays I fall from the sky  
Shoot myself down when I fly so high  
Trash my achievements  
Wish I could die  
To these old ways

Wash away your past with warm tears  
Let them fall from your eyes  
Wash your past with a laugh dear  
Your laugh can make us fly

Somedays I put myself down  
Question my purpose, design a new shroud  
Feel like an actor who's faking new ground  
In an old play

Somedays you burst my balloon  
Feel so dejected like I have come too soon  
Can't walk the line between user and used  
So I used you

Dear child when you were born  
I looked for signs arising from this storm  
Dear child I heard your call  
You gave me back my heart  
and I walked out the door

My God I'm calling to you  
The journey was hard but then we broke through  
I really do move in mysterious ways  
And so do you

All this fear, I can't find my truth here  
All this fear, we will clear

We will clear