

Dorling, The Intentions Are Clear

The fear is low
In not knowing the way that events flow
But benevolence goes unrewarded
In a society that would rather see you rot than be saved
So care for one
Is the agenda
Difficult to follow
When grasping hands reach up from the mire
Showing intentions to be hollow
You cannot just ignore them
Mercy must play a part
Something about these open limbs
Reaches straight to your heart
And when your guard is down
You try to carry on
And this is when the other hands grab you
Hands defined as wrong

So tell me
How do I work to satisfy them?
Reaching out to me from every side
There is not much left inside me,
They blew my heart open wide.

Wheeling them away now
Severed and torn and destroyed
Benevolence went unrewarded
Once again, it seems
So what is it that makes my claims for
Satisfaction void?

So tell me
What do I do to satisfy them?
Reaching out to me night after night
The tap's been on for hours now
My heart is Very light.

Oh lord, I did the best that I could do
Time and time again
It's not my fault that I never get it right
So tell me, What do I do?
I know that my faith has depleted
But it was never enough
And it's my belief in that everything you do is for a reason
That makes this justice
Very
Tough.