

Evergreen Terrace, To The First Baptist Church C

we are the wicked that walk these city streets by your light house, by the riverside.

we are the ones taken for the vandals and the thieves.
these filthy streets disgust you as they keep you on your knees.

the graffitis just as clear as the writing on the wall.

you want it
you got it
feel it through your veins

you want it
you got it
another dollar, another day

you want it
you got it
pray that it washes you away

you think an open mind can be so dangerous

poor hopeless sinner, too filled with guilt to see thoughts are so betrayed
pray that it washes away