

# Few Left Standing, Blistered Spirit

blistered spirit of resentment  
no need for a spiritual crutch  
force fed religion  
with every swallow leaves  
a bad taste in your mouth  
you would rather die strong  
than recognize your weakness needs God  
preserve the physical  
eternal goes untouched  
you are what you embrace  
you don't hate me  
I'm just like you  
you hate the God that breathes in me  
fear of being loved  
a blistered spirit is lifeless  
salvation will come when you lie flat  
on your back and have no place to look but up  
every knee shall bow  
every tongue confess  
that Jesus Christ is Lord