

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