

Fighting Jacks, Chercher

Walking through a maze of giving orders
The narrow aisle so dim
Flourescent light that echoes off the ceiling
Glass that speaks the light that tries to say

Bodies fall away with sleep disorder
The mother Mary weeps
Attack and thrust the verbal rust her children
Their burdens lay in sorrow's wake

Faith, Seconds away
A love cliché
Show me (Find my way)
God sent me a message, find my way
Show me, find my way
While my heart bleeds for you