

Paramaecium, My Failing Heart

Evil calls to me, reaching out through eternity
Evil takes away all the faith that I own today
Demons taunt my soul, throw my heart in this wretched hole
Jesus calls to me ... I answer "No";

My failing heart is cold unto myself
My own convictions have not been proven
My failing heart has called unto myself
It lives in hope that I might find my way
It hopes in vain that I might find my way

As I stand on the edge of the Sea which is Dead
And ponder the fate of Gomorrah
I wonder upon which edge my soul will be standing tomorrow
I've passed through Jericho to the sands of Judea
To travel through wild lands seeking answers I fear, God

My failing heart is cold unto myself
My own convictions have not been proven
My failing heart has called unto myself
It lives in hope that I might find my way
It hopes in vain that I might find my ...

Evil calls to me, tears the face off my destiny
Evil takes away all the words I had come to pray
Daylight finds me here, 'neath this encroaching atmosphere
Demons call to me, I answer

My failing heart is cold unto myself
My own convictions have not been proven
My failing heart has called unto myself
It hopes in vain that I might find my way
It lives in hope that I might find my way
I've found my way