

Rocky Votolato, Alabaster

on the outside looking in
i've never been able to crack the code
to break the secret spell
that would open up the door and let me in
to everything I've been looking for so hard I've never seen
but I feel my strength returning tonight
its flowing from the purest well to ever give water
It spills out into an ocean where the sharks are circling
a carnival of counterfeits has no room for something real

arrogance and ego wrapped around every word
shouted from the pulpit as a judgment to control
these were my roots my seed was thrown in shallow soil
I grew into the thorn bushes to be scorched by the sun
but I feel the gravel move beneath my feet
the smell of the gasoline mixed in with the trees
when my faith is strong I know my strength
the threats will be screamed when the vultures fell threatened

so I'll open up the door and let you in
I want to break the alabaster smell the sweet perfume
and when the bottle is broken I'll have nothing left to give
I'll know I'll already have everything worth having
but I feel my strength returning tonight
its flowing from the purest well to ever give water
it spills out into and ocean where the sharks are circling
a carnival of counterfeits want to crucify something real