

Schaeffer, Man In Tension

tell me how this has all come about by chance

Tell me that this feeling I get from her eyes is just chemical rush to the head

Tell me that we all are a program set by some being or a force

Oh but tell me how the slave in the cave can know the shadows on the wall

But we'll fight as long as we have breath still in our lungs

And we'll wrestle the angel till we've made it on our own

Oh man in tension

A man in tension

Tell me that our hearts can all reflect His hands and side

Tell me how our words add up to what He did

And we'll fight as long as we have breath still in our lungs

And we'll wrestle the angel till we've made it on our own

Oh man in tension

A man in tension

Still we'll wrestle the angel till we've made it on our own.

Oh man in tension