

The Chariot, They Faced Each Other

You can't stop the race.

People moving in place.

Running a crooked path from place to place, paved in gold.

The chords from which we hang, weaken everyday.

They beg for strength, but they are blessed by our blade.

Questions on our minds.

Buildings on the rise.

Diamonds instead of our eyes and corporate fights.

O' busy busy bees walking to and from, what if we close eyes?

What if we can't wake up?

I hope you all rest in peace, I hope you find what your looking for.

But if that is all you got, well then there's got to be more.

They lay carpet that's made of red and we walk paths of gold but we are blind just past the nose in

Yes, that is right.

Can we disappear from all we got?

We are scattered on God's grace but we are a drip, we are a flash, we are a mist, we are a speck,

But we got time.