

The Church, Paradox

You are a paradox to me, a senseless maze
I run around, I'm looking for you all of my days
The more that you want it, the more that you need it
The less that it does
Run out it's rough, too much is enough
And that's what it was
I cannot bear to share you, we can't be alone
You make me drift up and float, and fall like a stone
The more that I see you, the more that I miss you
The less that I care
I know I should try to kiss you goodbye, but
You're never there
I've got a nickname for you, I call you weakness
I get a little strength out too, or is it meekness
The more that you want it, the more that you need it
The less that it does
Run out it's rough, too much is enough
And that's what it was
You are a paradox to me, a contradiction
You're a predicament for me, and a prediction