

Thrice, A Torch To End All Torches

Misguided satellite
I circle by habit,
can't find my orbit to save my life
I want to fall,
I want to burn,
like an ignorant craterless meteorite
Long ago I was derailed,
long ago the mission failed
but in the distance there appears a light

Disgruntled architect
building a palace
cant make it perfect to save my life
victimless crime ride the wrecking ball in
evacuate now while I breathe dynamite
Efforts all to no avail
I'm perfection's countervail
torn in pieces, I am made contrite

And in my darkest hour
the brightest light draws near to me
a torch to end all torches,
this is the light that sets me free
all shadows burn away now
but by his grace I am sustained
though all was lost,
now all is found and more is gained

Lift me up and make me whole
Instill in me a new hope
Breathe new life into my soul