Thrice, Torch To End All Torches

Misguided satellite i circle by habit cant find my orbit to SAVE MY LIFE i want to fall, i want to burn like an ignorant caterless meteorite long ago i was derailed, long ago the mission failed but in the distance there appears a light

disgruntled archeitect 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 im perfections contervail torn in pieces, i am made in 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