

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