

Tinman Jones, Gravity Youth

I am an automated robot with a will of my own
I am the king of all I see upon a fake plastic throne
And I can tell you what you need as long as I don't supply
I got my finger on the button there's no need to apply

Pressure to be a good boy
To do what's right
In your sight
Desire, Oh Lord
For You, For You
In all that you do

Gravity youth
Orbiting the truth
Gravity youth
When will land
Where will you land

I am an angel unawar my wings are made of pure gold
I am the secret in your attic that can never be told
And if you need well you can count me out
Because I may not be an expert but I know all about

Pressure to be a good boy
Top do what's right
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Desire, Oh Lord
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And all that You do

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When will you land
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As I fly you constantly pull
Try to surface me and drag me down
My eyes are weak and my mind is full
I try to walk as I reach the ground
I see a light in the far distance
But then I fall and I crawl to it
Release my sin in self repentance
I hope it stays as I fall to it

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