

Too Bad Eugene, Charismata

hello, my name is mud
i thought you might remember
i'm creation, eight quadrillion and one
so long, it's been so long
since i became a member of a
people with no sight, despite the sun

shot down and built back up, process of repetition
driving for days, the odometer still says one
sometime it seems everyone around
me is so effortlessly much more than i could be
while i'm stuck in my infancy

i want to be just like what i see
i want more
i still believe, i'll follow their lead
i want more

i know faith is from the heart, but when it's real you see it
the true saints always speaking with tongues of angels
their hands raised in sung praise and tightly closed eyes
how long till the favor of God will be mine?

i want to be just like what i see
i want more
i still believe, i'll follow their lead
i want more

i want to be what You would have me be
i want more, but only more of what You have for me
i can't believe they've taken my assurance from me
i want more
and they want more