

Vert, Faux Pas

WORDS Vert and Charlotte Elliott
when you fall you don't get up
when you're high you're coming down
and it's a dark world
just another strung out teenage beauty queen
just another crack-baby
just another teenage suicide unseen
just another raping of young lady
lady lady
just another hell fire sermon
just another Lords Supper
just another animal learning
just another marter to suffer
just as I am without one plea,
but that thy blood was shed for me
and that thou bidd'st me come to thee
O Lamb of God, I come
just another lust filled dream
just another broken heart
just another lovers scream
just another down hill start
I want no part
just another life with no spark
just another lost soul
just another life swallowed by lone shark
just another nothing
just as I am, and waiting not
to rid my soul of one dark blot
to thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come, I come
I don't even know you
and I know I don't want to
just another skater punk
just that your car's a piece of junk
it's nothing to anyone
and what's your opinion matter if you're nothing
hate is tearing me apart
your words they tear into my heart
you say it's to late
to late for love's heart to start
and I hate what you think of me
especially if you think I'm nothing
just as I am, tho' tossed about
with many a conflict many a doubt
fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God I come, I come
my Lord inside of me
to a soul the flesh is nothing
O Lamb of God I come, I come
it is well
from ones hands to anothers heart
I come, I come