

# 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