

# The Duel

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In this cemetery mist  
Stands a newborn atheist  
Even if you do exist  
You're far from almighty  
Flesh and blood's a sissy fist  
Death's a gold glove pugilist  
And everyday it's hit or miss  
That's what I believe

I stared at my polished shoes  
In front of your wooden pews  
Prayed and prayed don't let me lose  
What my heart adores  
Are miracles old-fashioned news  
No healing hands were ever used  
Faithfulness was my excuse  
Tell me what was yours

I don't know how many rounds  
Are left in me 'til I stay down  
And there's no telling where I'm bound  
But one thing I'm sure of  
The king of kings has lost his crown  
It's buried here in marble town  
In the god forsaken ground  
With my only love