

No Freedom

Barnabas

Dressed to kill, and drinking all alone
Waiting for some lizard to take you home
Another wham-bam rendezvous
The script is moldy but the lines are tried and true
But there's no freedom
No real freedom
There is no freedom in sin
Conscience screaming, but it's Saturday night
Dig deep for anything to make the wrong feel right
Morning comes, your head is split in two
I know your bleeding; I've crawled that same path too
The swords are rattling, and the end is in sight
It's now or never if you want to make things right
The future's shaky, but the facts are quite clear
The King is coming, and He's almost here