

Thick Tears

Dead Poetic

Sometimes it seems as if the rain won't stop. Skies falling down in flames. Sometimes I think that the rain won't stop, and we're caught up in foolish games. A tear falls down amongst the clouds, as you weep in fear and pain. A bridge to cross, an obstacle found. My face bleeding from this rain. And all the time you see my eyes with a spark of new beginning. So sorrowful as the temper flies, a maze, your world of sinning. And all the haters fail to see The path where true love dwells. And all the things you hoped you'd be may burn with the flames of hell. Dirty, filthy from the thoughts inside, the shame painted in red on your face. Bitter with the ties to the lies, eyes wide since I had that taste. If you were me and I were you, never having this confrontation. I'd strive to realize and find out why you don't carry out the proclamation. In my shoes I've seen the best. But the filth along the way. The drugs, the sex, and all the rest, still remains loud present day. But my eyes grow weary quick, searching for light inside. Crying, your tears so thick. buckle up, come along for the ride. CHORUS (lightning strikes) Lightning strikes and I close my eyes tight For the vision of you in this deep, dark night Battered hard with the worlds filthy offerings. Blood-bathed with his wrists as the angels sing. Sick, fed up with this day to day life. Trying to proclaim, let them see Your light. Disappoint in my quarters, all alone, A bright light, stop the press, hold the phone. Your wide palm of love, descend from above. Your love, truth, Lord, what dreams is made of, Lead the path, pull the wool from my eyes. Such a black, such a pity, my disguise. My eyes tempted, but permanently lifted, Check out the Son because his light I see so vivid. Your love, your truth, Lord, all I