

# Unconditioned

Dogwood

Talk is very cheap  
My soul is yours to keep  
You are the Shepard we are the sheep  
Your loving hand rocks me gently to sleep  
Now as I kneel down and weep  
In my perfect nature my sin starts to seep  
My life is nothing but a filthy heap  
I'm nothing more than a worthless creep  
I've sunk so low I fell in too deep  
Over the valley of death I tried to leap  
The hill I'm climbing is way too steep

"Satan" tries to bring me down  
but You slam him to the ground  
Now I feel like the big clown  
In the circus across town  
Spinning again in a runaround  
in the whirlpool of love my flesh has drowned  
You are King with thorns were crowned  
let us make a joyful sound  
Yes I was lost but now am found  
When I'm afraid you're love surrounds  
When I'm sad, your grace abounds  
Someday soon you'll be reknown  
doo doo doo doo doo doo...