

Horse Without A Rider

Fallstar

Morning song elixir. With a spinal tap addiction. Culture shock injection to a monotone inflection. Horse without a rider with a golden message for the steeple. Carpet bomb "prosperity" to the poorest congregations. Send in the man. Send in the face. Our itching ears sifting for what we want to hear. Send in the man. Send in the face. Usher us to a veneer of a truth that is truer than true. Hit the floor. Hit the floor. Change the face of the world as we know. Won't let go. Can't Ignore. See the need. Regard those on the outside. Hit the floor. Hit the floor. Change the face of the world as we know. Won't let go. Can't Ignore. To seek the will of my God is the joy of my being. A Kingdom void of currency. Messiah with no bed to sleep. Cling to wealth and surely sink. Autonomy I gladly leave. For the promise that he made me satisfies. His welcome never does deny the broken tyrant and smallest child. He satisfies.