

## The Lost The Sick The Sacred

Inhale Exhale

Baffled by the way she screams.  
Shattered hearts and bursting seams.  
Life is full of expectations never to be met.  
Singing songs of thankfulness could never be enough.  
Shifty eyes, the fakest grins.  
Shall I do the honors?  
I turn my head thinking about this side of you.  
Oh, for my sanity I really need a brake.  
But I can't take the time away.  
This need is way too great.  
Will I let the world destroy me?

We are the lost.  
We are the sick.  
We are the sacred.  
We are the sacred.  
We accept you.  
For everything you are.

We beat ourselves down and never think twice about judging or hating.  
Well isn't that nice.  
Cruel and filled with trials, a lifetime it seems.  
They would turn around and spit in your face.  
I'm lost and I feel sick, well thats just too bad.  
I'd say it's time to talk but I'm just not ready.  
You might feel sorry for a simple minded soul, but what baby wants, baby gets.

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We are the sick.  
We are the sacred.  
We are the sacred.  
We accept you.  
For everything you are.

I'll find a chair, stand, and tell you how it is.  
Reminders for the past demand, never let it go.  
You fall short of being where you'd hope to be.

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We are the sick.  
We are the sacred.  
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