

Made From Dust

Ivoryline

All the wretched things I've done
Are now submerged in blood
Who is responsible for all of this love?
It's true, we cannot live without forgiveness.

I try so hard to live above the world,
Selfish lies that give me more and more, a greed sick list
We still store our treasures here, so easily destroyed.

The final time, I close my eyes.
I will open them in paradise.

Now I realize I am nothing but bone,
Made from dust; someone learning to love
Like you do; eternally, always true.

I want to be nothing more than a man,
Only yours, a beloved son, one who you hold close
To your heart; eternally, never apart.

The final time, I close my eyes.
I will open them in paradise.
Paradise

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