

Traces of Grace

Jacobs Dream

In a world of flesh and money, carnal society.
See the waves of brainwashed zombies,
Marching to the rhythm of a master's beat.
Living in a pressure cooker, constant anxiety.
In the street there's paranoia.
"Why is everybody always looking at me?"

We live in faithless torment. Like a puppet on a string.
Drowning on the waves of the devil's sea.
There's more to life than riches.
Feeding the lust of the beast.
Chasing the image of a fading dream.

I'm yearning for freedom, from chains of this bondage.
I'm hoping, reaching, searching for traces of grace.

We live in fragile bodies, struck with mortality.
The sands of time are running,
Lost to the realms of eternity.
So, tell me this my brother, my sister if you please,
What's your defining purpose at this point of reality'

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