

Unworthy

Jag Panzer

Once long ago I believed in dreams, once long ago I relied on faith

Dreams fade to dust and blow away
Faith withers in the hot sun of mid-day

I starve this vessel and I pray
No, nothing wipes the filth away, cleanse my spirit

All sins were born into our veins
No blood can wash them all away

Though all my tears may cause a flood
I receive no healing from above
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...Cleanse my spirit

From Adam we were made to lust
Consuming pleasures born to us

Release my spirit like a dove
Return to once that was above
With this blood I cleanse the earth
Take my soul for what it's worth
Though all my tears may cause a flood
I receive no healing from above
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . .