

Monday

Matt Corby

All day blazed I wonder
If through grace I find the new high I wanted
Could it be you?

No bible no more,
I don't know faith like I did before
I gave it enough
I saw the fallen white doors
Oh, how I stumbled to and get it wrong?
And it's said and gone
I'd wait with you,
Fading out to silence

Blame it on your rage and somber nature
If the violent conversation gets the best of you
And over graves we'll all get laid and from the babies
Some will teach what the hell our souls were born to do!

Oh, I was never lost, I only chose to never go home
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