

# The Priest

Milow

I'm Peter van der Hold  
I'm 68 years old  
I doubt some questions have increased  
In 42 years of being a priest  
I'm at the end of my life  
I'm not sure if I'm gonna survive  
I often don't know what to say  
When I talk to Him, when I pray  
In reply I receive  
Only silence, no relieve  
I've waited in vain for a little advice  
from that great voice in ethereal skies

Once I was revolutionary  
A devoted mercenary  
A gifted student in God's hands  
Now I'm old and sick of his demands  
I tried to be honest and good  
Did my job the best I could  
But I always stayed that average man  
Right in the spot where I began  
During the grieve with which I've dealt  
Spent three decades since I've felt  
The certainty I so adored 'bout the existence of the Lord

I've seen enough, that's why I know  
God left this place, long long time ago

I'll give him to my perish  
Things I don't have myself but cherish  
And namely love and charity  
Mostly purpose that's what sets you free  
So I'm where the metaphores  
Are not comforting anymore  
I think I'm almost done with my search  
Got old so fast even in my church  
But feels as if I'm kept out  
Some sort of secret about  
The meaning of live sometimes  
Can't fail to notice these are mediocre types

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And time has made me good at one thing  
And horrible at everything else  
The blessings of a world divine  
Were always elsewhere and never mine  
Oh, I would like to hold someone  
Briefly maybe have some fun  
My body's hardly designed  
So I'm not really the hugging kind  
Not once has there been  
Someone with a softer skin  
Who reached out for me in the middle of the night

'Cause my own lumpy mattress would've turn on the light  
I think I've been miscast  
And the time of saints is passed  
My faith is reclassified but not least  
After 42 years of being a priest  
The church is like a woman  
Thing out of reach like a vision  
She glimmers in the distance which I could never quite get  
Now i'm stuck here with my regret

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It's my portion, it's my cup...  
It's my portion, it's my cup...