

Face the Son

Spoken

From the mind of a convict, to the purity of a child.
He sits in solitude, his imagination running wild.
What is he to do now, now that he trapped,
in a world of disbelief never to come back?
Have you ever thought
you could die by the words that someone said?
Do you believe the lies,
do you believe what they said.
Comments about your life, things that you have done.
Don't walk away, you've gotta turn and face the Son.