

I went through the fire  
Flames made me pure  
Fears were fishing for a confession  
I ain't bite the lord  
Took a tour of the country  
In a federal van  
The light overcame the darkness  
In the devilish land  
Knowing that the change must come but Sam Cook seems  
15 minute phone calls press 5 when it rings  
Locked doors open my mind, find peace  
The end what I became is tamed a kind beast  
Attending birthdays through pictures  
Tears on concrete  
Refusing to lose  
Over the years of defeat  
Now I speak the truth  
The try to acquire my choir  
Been to hell and back  
This is trial by fire  
Desire to find the higher power  
In the hour of despair  
Cutting out the stitches  
Guess there's bridges to repair  
Holding on to whats left  
Trying to stay right  
After the chaos of the night  
Comes daylight