

More Than Salvation?

Love Like Blood

When I get up in the morning
I always feel something inside of me
It seems my stomach's burning
Or some kind of glow so deep
Or some kind of glow
What have I done, why am I alone, what was I looking for?
There is no tired smile in their faces, what are they living for?
It seems all the years in isolation strike me down
Strike me down

Is there salvation or wages of sin
In isolation they are dancing with grace

This is the time when I should know life is not so long
And I am sick of seeing the ugly face of yesterday
But there's some spite inside
Which could light up my darkened heart

Is there salvation or wages of sin
In isolation they are dancing with grace