

A Life Wasted Sleeping

Nodes Of Ranvier

Wake from my rest.
Open eyes face a new day.
Battle to get out of bed.
The spirit far from my head.
A life wasted sleeping.
I don't deserve to rest.
I am here to serve but sometimes I fell like I should be served
.

Work for the world, work to live.
Can man live on bread alone? No.
I must serve my God ('til my hands crack and bleed.)
Forever go on.
This day again and live this life: this sacrifice and give all glory to You.
Just think what we'll do, give all glory to You.