

The God You Follow

Spoken

In a world of darkness where no hope can be seen,
you lie awake in your bed you only wish you could dream.
You beg your demons take this pain away.
You wonder why you keep falling away.
Where will you be when judgement comes?
Against the wall with nowhere to run,
what will god say to you,
well done or depart from me you wicked one?
You better make a choice on the God you will follow,
your bringing yourself down to nothing but sorrow.
Sorrow brings you down to the point that you will never be found.
Every day we push our hearts to the limit
we keep messing around but are we really in it?
Day after day, we kick ourselves in the face
and we wonder why we keep falling away?