

Your Pure Soul

The Charlatans

Let all the pretty ones come on to me
I have deity and dignity
With your innocence, I'll comfort free
But shutters hide me in this property
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I will sit back down and wait
For a chance I will create
With words I anticipate
Games I will participate
Got much wrong? Well lose the day
I would rather live this way
I don't want my mind to stray
So I keep the world at bay

Out with the stranger, hands on my mouth
Lost in a concrete, undergrowth
Another disaster, which tells me it's true
Hope I recover, long after were through

When will you come and save yourself?
Stop me, I'm drifting, I'm tired of myself
I'm tired of myself, trying to control
Your pure soul, your pure soul

Holy mysteries live here with me
Will I be here for eternity?
I'm only burdened with my piety
Absolute in my anxiety

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