Tied up in a moral life, made up like a play Systemized and tamed Play a role in every part, never step aside Too boring and too lame

So you kneel...
And come crawling at my feet
You're dead to me
I'm not the one you seek
You're dead to me

Always living in the past and in lack of words Searching for a fate Waiting for the peak of life, it is all a dream And it's getting much too late Wake up to another world, all the same but new The needs you cannot meet

Look around and face the fact, your time is running out Christ is obsolete

Yet you kneel...
And come crawling at my feet
You're dead to me
I'm not the one you seek
You're dead to me