Colt .45

Stavesacre

I thought about what you said
And I'm not sorry for a thing
You do not understand this
Or what it means to meCannot discard this as emotion
This is more than another passing stage
You'll have to prove it's just opinionIn defense of everything this is my everything
Could it be that you have stumbled, tripped
And fallen over something more than faithCould you prove yourself
This is a matter of life and death
Would you step up to the line
But please don't just talk this timeI want what you ask of me
I want what you ask of me this time
Step up to the line
Action begs reactionWhat is left to be said
Anything less has all been done before
To put to rest what you've been wondering
If you could take my life would you still ask for moreI though about what you said
Something occurred to me
You wouldn't ask me to turn my back on anything
If you believed that I believeTruth is I would love to show you
Take faith and works to another higher stage
So there is little time for words you've heardLife and death are only steps
I'm not afraid of what comes next
What is enough in your opinion
Perhaps my death would bring
Some substance to my claimsVanity of vanities
This life, love, art and sex
Each breath you breathe
Is grasping at the windHe is my everything
We cannot both be right
About right and wrong and God and man
Right and wrong and God and manI want what you ask of me this time
Please step up to the line
He's my everything action begs reactionWhat is left to be said
Anything less has all been done before
So put to rest your wondering
If you could take my life you'd still ask for more

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