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.

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