

Walking the Line

Vision of Disorder

You walk under twilight.
Reborn into moonlight.
So easily we're chosen.
So easily unwoven. Jesus came that morning.
Jesus gave no warning.
I feel strange.
I don't remember anything. Chorus:
I've been walking the line. Jesus came that morning.
Jesus gave no warning.
I feel strange.
I don't remember anything. Chorus:
I've been walking the line. We all transcend,
To a bitter end.
To silent grooves. To other lives,
Under skies of granite stone.

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