Blind Faith

[Bill Miller](#)

Walk out into the streets
Tell everyone you meet, they're dying
Does anyone really know
where the soul and spirit goes? You're dying.
And ahhhh, you're dying.
And ahhhh, you're dying.

Now is the time and place
to look life in the face.
You're dying
Sell everything you own,
Go walk out on your own.
You're dying.

And ahhhh, you're dying.

So take a look around
See every sight; hear every sound.
It's all grace.
Though all things have a reason,
Their own time and their own season,
Their own place,
Any moment it could change
Like the sun turns into rain.

Blind faith.

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Lyrics submitted by Valerie Grimes.