Blind Faith

Bill Miller

Walk out into the streets
Tell everyone you meet, theyâ€™re dying
Does anyone really know
where the soul and spirit goes? Youâ€™re dying.
And ahhhh, youâ€™re dying.
And ahhhh, youâ€™re dying.

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

And ahhhh, youâ€™re dying.

So take a look around
See every sight; hear every sound.
Itâ€™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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Hear every sight; See every sound.
Itâ€™s all grace.
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Lyrics submitted by Valerie Grimes.

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