

1-800-WORSHIP

Clarence Clarity

My missing fortune
Must be holed up
At the end of time
The slowest tortures
Kick my thoughts into
Another line
But if your teachings
Juxtapose with prose
From other rhymes
We'll write our contradictions
You've got yours
And Good Lord I've got mine But I've read a few things about it
So forgive me if I sound sincere
But i'm circling my own self doubt
And I'll shout when I get the fear: Help me to remember
Help me to remorse
Help me to remember
Help me to reform
Cos this won't do
Cos this won't do
Cos this won't do, ever.
So help me to help you Unsung Zen Masters
Drop like flies, blinded in
Their own light
Unearth my secrets
And I'll preach it like my
Second lightning strike. Now I've learnt a few things about this
Now she's harbouring a lump for love
My waters are clear, but I'm
Swimming in a back-stream, choked by fear Help me to remember
Help me to remorse
Help me to remember
Help me to reform
Cos this won't do
Cos this won't do
Cos this won't do, ever.
So help me to help you

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