

Sins of Omission

Frantic Bleep

On the fringes of torso and lips
Straining to hear the voice of gospel choir
Pummeled plains and beaten fields
We're never broken in spirit withinBut I feel like we're coming around
Yes, I feel like we're coming around, tell meCloud burst teeming, insects wave and bite
Yes it's true, we are not alone
TV silence, it's a narrow entrance
It's a sometimes leading into future timeBut I feel like we're coming around
Yes, I feel like we're coming around
I feel like we're coming aroundSins of omission, no love
Sins of omission
Sins of omission, no love
Sins of omissionI heard it once before in shepherd's isolation
Over the horizon in blue and white now, now
Now overcome, you can outrun it
When the roarings cease and the right stuff weaves
And fits into your lifeAnd I feel like we're coming around
Yes I feel like I'm coming around, tell me
I feel like I'm coming around, one more time
I feel like I'm coming around, tell meSins of omission, no love
Sins
Sins of omission, no love
SinsLet's go

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