# They Faced Each Other

## Chariot (The)

You can't stop the race.
People moving in place.
Running a crooked path from place to place to place.
Paved in gold.
The chords from which we hang, weaken everyday.
They beg for strength, but they are blessed by our blade.
Questions on our minds.
Buildings on the rise
Diamonds, instead of our eyes and corporate fights.O'busy, busy, bees walking to and from, what if we close our eyes?
What if we can't wake up?
I hope you all rest in peace.
I hope you find what your looking for.
But if that is all that you got, well, there's got to be more.They lay carpet that's made of red and we walk paths made of gold
but we are blind just past the nose in this tree covered earth.
Yes, that is right.
Can we disappear from all we got?
We are scattered on God's grace but we are a drip,
we are a flash,
we are a mist,
we are a speck,
but we got time.

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