

Penitent

Burn Down Rome

Once I stood alone so proud
Held myself above the crowd
And now I am low on the ground
From here I look around to see
What avenues belong to me
I can't tell what I've found
Now what would you have me do
I ask you, please? I wait to hear
The mother and the matador
The mystic, each were here before
Like me, to stare you down
You appear without a face
Disappear but leave your trace
I feel your unseen frown
Now what would you have me do
I ask you, please? I wait to hear
Your voice, the word, you say
I wait to see your sign
Would I obey? I look for you in heathered moor
The desert and the ocean floor
How low does one heart go? Looking for your fingerprints
I find them in coincidence
And make my faith to grow
Forgive me all my blindnesses
My weakness and unkindnesses
As yet unbending still
Struggling so hard to see
My fist against eternity
And will you break my will? Now what would you have me do
I ask you, please? I wait to hear
Your voice, the word, you say
I wait to see your sign
Would I obey? Now what would you have me do
I ask you, please? I wait to hear
Your voice the word, you say
I wait to see your sign
Could I obey?

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