

Obedience Through Desecration

Sinai Beach

God, what has become of me?
What will become of me?
I am just a man.
I am just a wretched mind that belongs to a selfish and busy man,
And the calluses on my hands are proof that I am.
Big complication.
Sum me up in one sad little sentence.
And You're so beautiful and bathed in perfection.
The stars, the Earth, and all that's within,
Put there by Your orchestration. Cut me and gut me
And hang me by the organs within me.
If that's what You'd like to see,
Then let it be,
'Cause I desire to be pleasing. What's wrong with militance?
You bled for me,
So I too must be willing to bleed.
I will live for You, then I will die for You.
What's so wrong with diligence?
What's so wrong with militance? Cut me and gut me,
And hang me by the organs within me.
If that's what You'd like to see,
Then let it be,
'Cause I desire to be pleasing.

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