Quicksand Jesus

Skid Row

She caught the melting sky.
It burned but still the winter passes by and by to the otherside
A slow parade of wind that blows through trees that wilted
With the season's children
Are we saved by the words of bastard saints? Do we live in fearor faith
Tell me now who's behind the rain

A maze of tangled grace
The symptoms of "for real" are crumbling from embrace
But still we chase...the shadows of belief
And new religion clouds our visions of the roots of our souls

Are we ashamed of our own fate
Or play the fool for our own sake
Tell me who's behind the rain

What do we need where do we go when we get where we don't know
Why should we doubt the virgin white of fallen snow
When faith's our shelter from the cold

Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away without you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away without you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away...away
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away

Quicksand Jesus I need you
Quicksand Jesus I believe you
Quicksand Jesus I'm so far away

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