

New Sights

Sam Ock

Life goes on
But it own't be long
'til you and me
find new sights to see Mr. Sandman, give me a dream
of my life in harmony, living out peace
but I know in reality, guided by my faculties,
there is but tragedy of apathy inside of me...
There's a battle within while I'm livin'
to reconcile my passion and purpose with what I'm given
'cause I'm compelled to follow the man Christ,
but why does life seem so much better in short sight?
If only they knew who the real "me" was...
walkin' a thin line of hypocrisy and love
I'm being ambiguous, so I'll say it out straight,
"LORD, I want to live out the things that You say!"
For You paid in blood for the things I deserved
and from what I've seen, You're pretty true to Your WORD, so...
I want to set a standard of light shinin'
'cause life goes on in HIS good timin'
Ockie with another one.
awkward when the walk is not a one-on-one
how can I be positive He's gonna come
sloppy when I'm living straight,
stop me when I'm sinning, wait, kidding
ain't feeling like I'll ever change so what's the point?
a true believer. but when he slips then who believes him?
and under pressure you can see a person's true allegiance
the cost of spitting how I really feel
i can say that my fear that I'll offend you's my achilles' heel
my feet are planted on the rock like my first name
still i sway back and forth during hurricanes
the fight is hard cuz life is hard and doubt raises
but to say you lost your foundation's outrageous
how great He is, that He enters in our radius
it's a blessing and it's something that we'd hate to miss
love unconditional, until the day we fade to dust
a lot of you still to hate to trust. but we got to pray because.
When I'm caught in the middle of wiggling over to the tree
I often twiddle and fiddle the blame away from me.

Tryna keep the reprimanding to a minimum,
pushing it to the side like it's a complicated riddle, yo.
I skirt the issue, cover myself with garments
of fig leaves; upon it, man, I simply put some garnish on
cause I hear the voices calling me a varmint,
and the only way to rid 'em is to try to clean the tarnish off.
Then I recalled that I had better attire.
A marvelous robe drooping on a metal wire
given to me; only fit for the King,
made and tailored for my mold, but chose to sling it aside.
I'm tryna live-up my life; the flesh eating me alive though
pride and humility never see eye-to-eye, bro
Want to live-out what you intended -- to be a sign post
to Christ who's given power to my soul without a nine-volt! When I write a sixteen I mix my dreams with a beat
that's a portion of reality and a passion to me
But once the competition sets and I'm feeling another threat
I have a tendency to vent through expressions like I'm the best
But what's the point of having pride rule the best of me?
What's the point of a self-destructive destiny?
Especially when I was crafted with a mission
To be focused on the lost now I'm tossing and turning because I'm sleeping?
And the numbers can be really quite deceiving
Diving in the deep-end of a million plus views
Take another cruise into the reason of existence
You can take all of my music just move me by your presence
I don't care about 'the best' that's just pride talking
What I care about is you God in my mind often
If that's a bass drum with a touch of the keys
Then I will drive until the E blinks and ride to the beat
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