

# Gaudi

## Brian Reitzell

God's dead, this state is torture.  
Find me shade and bring me water.  
Holding on.  
I'm thirsty for your sage.  
Back at the ranch I just got slaughtered.  
Too many shoulds, too many orders.  
Better come out, holding onto faith.  
Let the sun begin to shine through your night  
Let the light reveal disguise in your life.  
Work kills! it's killing me slowly

And what is the point in being so lonely?  
Who do you love?  
Who do you love above all?  
If you want to live some life gets slaughtered  
But they'd sell their sons and daughters  
Who do you love?  
Who do you love above all?  
How can we fail less we really want to  
Under the drum of some local voodoo curse  
We can change our fate  
Let the sun begin to shine through you night  
Let the light reveal disguise in your life

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