

Terminal

Jon Foreman

The doctor says I'm dying
I die a little every day
He's got no prescription
That could take my death away
The doctor says, it don't look so good
It's terminalSome folks die in offices
One day at a time
They could live a hundred years
But their soul's already died
Don't let your spirit die before your body does
We're terminal
We're terminalWe are the living souls
With terminal hearts, terminal parts
Flickering like candles
Fatally flawed, fatally flawedThe moment I start cursing
At the traffic or the phone
I remind myself that we have all got
Cancer in our bones
Don't yell at the dead
Show a little respect
It's terminalEarth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust
For our days here are like grass
We flourish like a flower of the field
The wind blows and it is gone
And its place remembers it no more
Naked we came from our mother's womb
And naked we will depart
For we bring nothing into the world
And we cant take nothing awayWe're fatally flawed in the image of God

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