

Artist: travail

Title: Weaking

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Boldness escapes me
Cowardice seems so easy
If only I could be more like the one I see
I've failed you I've lied to you
Yet you forgive and let me live
Oh God help my weakness
Oh give me your strength
Father help me
I'll go to any length
On my face, on my chest, on my knees
God help me please
My spirit is willing but my flesh is weak
I've got these beats raging through my head
And someday soon this body of mind will be dead
No more crying or laying on no death beds
No more tears or fists across my head
Only escape from hate and ill fate
Bringing me down
Making me look like some kind of clown
Receive my crown, lay it at Christ's feet
Only then do I get my DHD
My devil hating degree
My courage growing, the wicked I'm throwing
Disgust for hate ever showing
On my face, in my heart, in my soul