

Skid Row, Quicksand Jesus (Edited Version)

She caught the melting sky
It burned but still the winter passes
by and by
To the other side

A slow parade of wind
That blows through threes
That wilted with the seasons children
Are we saved by the words
of bastard saints
Do we live in fear or faith
Tell me now whos 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 whos behind the rain

What do we need where do we go
When we get where we dont know
Why should we doubt the virgin white
of fallen snow
When faiths our shelter from the cold

Quicksand Jesus Im so far away
without you
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away
without you
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away
without you

Quicksand Jesus I need you
Quicksand Jesus I belive you
Quicksand Jesus Im so far away