Stoned Cold Sinner

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Enduring the struggle
Through mountains and streams
To be standing in ruins
Of his broken dreams

The road to the promised land
Was a dead end
So he aimlessly wandered
‘Til he could build again

Stoned Cold Sinner

I am not clean
Nor do I claim to be
But let he who is without sin
Cast the first stone at me
These words cut deep
Right down to my very soul
After all it is me
for whom the bell does toll
I am exposed by the light of day
But there is a side of me
You will never know
Demons I must face alone
A desert I must walk through on my own
It is for me to decide
If I will be coming home