

Giant Question Mark

I need to be forgiven for all the sins I've done.
From all the small transgressions, the big ones I hope will never come.

If I raised my voice in anger, or a fire leapt from my eyes.
Hope You're not witnessing the moment first-hand in some disguise.

You might be flying like an insect. A tiny ant I must avoid.
A person, place or maybe even an object inanimate.

I need to be forgiven for all the sins I've done.
For all my small transgressions. Big ones I hope will never come.

I'm seeking absolution. An unfolding of the Truth
surrounding all of this existence we call life on earth.

Take all the great Religions and distill one final drop.
Could we even make a measure of all the knowledge we ain't got.

I'm seeking absolution. Forgive these mortal sins.
I just inherited the garbage. Mankind's survival mechanisms.

But when my day is ended. Birds and cows have all come home.
I'll be stoking at the fireplace. Kicking back and keeping warm.

Despite endless speculation, I probably won't know til I know.
But I'm still seeking absolution from the **Giant Question Mark**.

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