Slave to God

Should I turn left or should I turn right? One leads to darkness, one to light.

Slave to virtue or a slave to vice? City's a maze—we're just mice.

Running circles, chasing cheese, But that shit molds and starts to reek.

Bones go brittle, body goes cold, Time don't pause, and you can't stop old.

The soul? That's the only thing that stays. So think hard about how you spend your days.

Yeah, we're flesh—cut me, I bleed. We feel lust, pain, sorrow, and greed.

But when you stop needing, begging, and plead— You trust in God, and He will feed.