

A Plea For Purging "Finite"

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We're the ones you run to when your world is crashing
down.
This choice made years ago is such a heavy crown.
I didn't know it would be so hard.
That my words would mean so much.
I'm not your priest.
I'm not your prophet.
I'm not a saint.
I'm not god, so what now?
How did we all get here, and what did we do?
How can I lead you when I'm just as weak as you.
This was built on the backs of the broken and it would
be so hard.
That my words could hurt so much.
I am no leader but I won't give up on them.
I'm not your priest.
I'm not your prophet.
Open your eyes and see.
I'm not a saint.
I'm not a god.
Don't put your faith in me.

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