

## Dead Jesus

# "Perfection And Uncertainty"

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Taste the tears, I tried so hard  
This can't be real, it's a grand illusion.  
Taste the fear uncertainty brings In your fucked-up life  
there is no solution.  
Here I sit alone again bound by name tied to myself.  
Thoughts droning my conscious decay what to do.  
Which way to die.  
My life a repetitive wheel spinning out of control to no  
avail.  
Nothing to look forward to, not a bright spot in sight.  
What's the use what's the matter when will my mind  
decease?  
Lost in society gone to the world nobody will care  
I envision my rotting corpse laying there it makes me  
smile.  
It will have to happen, happen anyway.  
Can't find love.  
Stuck at a dead end job.  
Nothing goes right no matter how I try.  
Cast out my self contained cell.  
The stage is set, rehearsed now taste the blood.  
The music stirs, murmurs fade to lights.  
Act one, first scene begins our plot  
As the heroine rips my soul apart.  
Here I sit again thinking to myself, thinking what a loser  
I am.  
Listening to all her thoughts, all her vicious lies.  
Deceit, love, betrayal.  
All I want to do is end my fucking life  
And put the past behind me forever.  
So many ways to die which one shall I choose?  
Pills, they take too long.  
Tried to hang myself,  
Can't tie the fucking rope, knife is way too messy.  
Taste the tears, I tried so hard  
This can't be real, it's a grand illusion.  
Taste the fear uncertainty brings  
In your fucked-up life there is no solution.  
Put the cold steel into my mouth oh god it feels so  
damn good  
Ready to pull the trigger what is that sound  
What an inconvenient time for the fucking phone to

ring  
What should I do answer the phone all I want to do is  
die.  
All alone here on my knees praying it's her  
Look at the caller I'd and I'm ready to die.  
Feelings pushed aside the show goes on.  
I've played this part so many times before.  
Nothing ever matters and nothing will.  
In the final scene fate removes her veil.  
Tied to myself.  
Why must everything always go wrong?  
Brought me to my knees.  
Now this performance has come to an end.  
Do they love or hate this play?  
How can I tell through all of this noise?  
My mind races through the air or is it  
acknowledgement.  
Darkness I see.  
I don't know.

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