

## **Bloody Sunday**

# **"False Ideas Of Perfection"**

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i will never believe  
this is all we are meant to be  
too many unanswered questions  
for a world with all the answers  
how can we rely on us  
when we don't know  
who we are  
or why we are here

when you look to the sky  
what do you see  
does your mind go on  
forever or are you lost  
in the limitations  
of human frailty  
the weakness of our eyes  
you think you've seen all  
it but really you've been blind

i see my father looking down on me  
i feel his presence in the air i breathe  
communication is a source of corruption  
impress false ideas of perfection

i won't let you cry for me  
you think my faith is built on ignorance  
i am not blinded by humanity  
this world plays home to the godless  
your ambivalence guides you  
you will die in your sins  
change your ways  
and fall away from this creation  
we near the bitter end

you spent all your life  
living in denial  
so what you haven't murdered  
faith isn't judged by works alone  
to earn your place  
in the kingdom of heaven  
you've got to separate yourself  
from this world

i will fight  
til your tragic end  
to defend my king  
i will lift  
lift his name up high  
for all to hear

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