

I Sea Monsters

"Scott Stapp, Stand Up And Clap"

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Bite your tongue
Twist it into sentences
Block your ears
Leave no room for critique

Preach your nonsense until all cry murder

Your world it crumbles to your feet
Why change your habits now?

A knack for panic and a fever for terror
A pair of shoes to get you there
And a Sunday school tie to match

Why, it's just tough love
You're the first one to throw stones
And the last to plead guilty
Pray to God there is nothing left
Pray to God that's all that's left
Nothing

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