

## City and Colour "Make Believe"

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I was raised in catholic school,  
Taught to obey that one golden rule  
That is, He who sits in the Heavens above  
Deserves all your praise, devotion and your love  
Because He had a son who had died for our sins  
And with that sacrifice came a sense of contrition  
That we all seem to feel when we're down on our knees  
Looking up to die hoping He'll answer all our needs

But I tend to believe that it's all for not  
And when the sun does set, all our souls will rot  
Along with our flesh and our bones and our blood  
Will seep into the earth reconnecting with the mud  
And I think to myself, what a beautiful lie  
To waste being devote to what could all turn out to be a  
lie  
To be a lie

Now I do not know, but I have been told  
If you don't believe in Him, well then the devil owns  
your soul  
But let us just examine what's below this land  
It's the story of a man with a pitchfork in his hand  
Could you honestly believe in such a tall, tall tale  
Something that sounds so make believe  
Just like the sailor and the whale

Well I guess that this song has sealed my own fate  
Lucifer won't take me, ain't crossing through no pearly  
gates

But if either one exists well that's fine by me  
I will gladly spend the afterlife waiting in purgatory,  
purgatory

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