

Cursive

"Opening The Hymnal/Babies"

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Opening the Hymnal:

Welcome one and welcome all

To our small town

The lyrics are the exit and the roses are the same?

Inside this town, you'll find the guilt

That fills the quarry of the residents residing in

14 hymns for the heathen

1st hymn: the son of God complex

2nd hymn . . .

Babies:

Now baby, baby, this world must seem so immense

Compared to the womb

And baby, baby, your head must seem so much
smaller

Than you assumed

Your whole world seems to center around you

It'd be easy to make the mistake

That maybe you're why the world was made

Baby, baby, baby, you learn so fast

You seem to carry a special gift

Maybe you've been given to this world to make a
difference

Such delusions we all struggle with

But the beautiful truth of it is

This is all we are, we simply exist

You're not the chosen one

I'm not the chosen one

But we don't need anyone

Let's not choose anyone

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