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Picture "Darwin's Song"

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Pry open eyes on a Sunday morning, Now I can see you're overdressed. Take a step inside and say you're sorry To your imaginary friend I wear seven sins upon my chest I'm not a victim to the text Written in lies You'd stake your life On hollow faith that knows you best To place the world in His hands

You'd abandon truth for comfort

[Chorus:] This life is in your hands You're living for the end These fables can't explain The beating in my chest This life is in your hands You're living for the end These myths they can't explain The air I'm breathing in *I'll die for my own sins*

Wrapped up in lies to satisfy Your need to know why we exist You lead a life where morals lie inside A threat haunting your head I wear seven sins upon my chest I'm not a victim to the text No false sense of existence

Abandon truth for comfort

[Chorus]

[Guitar Solo]

[Chorus]

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