

The Color Morale

"I, The Jury"

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There's a cure for all the dead,
In all the dead, all the dead.
It all started out as another failed attempt,
They all died underfed

For the sake of all that's failing,
I'd rather die on my knees
Than stand here with these same old
Tired and worn out feet of mine.
Walking circles,
Because my chords remain unbalanced.

This is not about me,
This is not about us.
Father, Father will they let you in, let you in?
Please forgive me,
I am one of them, one of them.
Father, Father will they let you in, let you in?
Please forgive me,
I am one of them.

So tear me open and reach right in,
They don't have to go the same way the came
Born to sin.
In due time, they'll all find
That they can be forgiven.

We all live in a world of convictions,
An ugly world with ugly surroundings.
You don't recognize your own faces,
'Cause there's more than,
More than just one side.
We are all our own jury,
Some day we'll be put on trial.

This is not about me,
This is not about us.
Father, Father will they let you in, let you in?
Please forgive me,
I am one of them, one of them.
Oh, let me in,
Oh, let me in.

So tear me open and reach right in,
They don't have to go the same way the came
Born to sin.
In due time, they'll all find
That they can be forgiven.

You don't forgive others for their sake,
You forgive for your own sake.
You don't forgive only for your sake,
For the sake of our falling, forgive yourself.

Today I stand tallest from my knees,
Today I stand tallest from my knees,
From my knees, from my knees.

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