

The Crucified "The Wrong One"

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You're up in my face, spitting and screaming
Your composure is gone, gone away
Calling me "fool" the insults abounding
And you're shocked to find my mind hasn't changed
You say God's for the weak, if he exists
To punish man for the wrongs he has done
You're simply a hindrance to those who are seeking
But in the heat of your pride you have overlooked...

His love

How could you be so very wrong?
(can't stop thinking it's true...)
How could you miss it all along?

The sucker...was you

Allow for that possibility
Like you would expect from me
Could the wrong one, could it be you?
Is God not what you assume?

You say, "don't stereotype, don't generalize me, I
alone represent myself."
But it's o.k. for you to do that to me?
Could it be that you don't know me quite that well?
You live double-standard, the law of convenience
Such as the right to freedom of speech
Name any religion - you'll take the lecture
But you'll pull the plug once Jesus Christ is preached?

"it's o.k. to speak beliefs, as long as I agree
Censorship is wrong - but only if you censor me.
I'm open to the truth, accepting of change
But not if that means repentance because they're really
not the same."

You've taken my God and attempted to turn him
Into something you know he is not
(place one lie here and another one there
And then you've got a god with whom you can find
fault)

But the fact still remains, and the flowers still fade
God is true and forever more
If you would open your heart and honestly seek
He would open your eyes and you would know the truth

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