

Confession

"We Don't Write The Headlines, We Just Make Them"

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Brothers and Sisters,
Welcome to our lovely congregation.
A protest of oppressed
And you are now my choir...
All of these beautiful people
Are offering the world to me.
An enchantress advances
Any wish that I desire...

You are a part of this.
It's time I brake you down.
"Since we're being honest,"
She said, "My life has gone to hell."
These street lights
Remind me of the night
She blessed me twice
In the backseat of her car.
This is who we are.

So we dance the rituals around
Their broken, lonely cities.
Their romances with ashes
Are just what they deserve...
I just can't wrap my head around
This thing they call eternity.
If reason's a demon
Then I guess we'll all be burned...

Hallelujah

Before you fall asleep at night,
Do you pray for me?

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