

## Grouch "Grouch's Prayer"

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[sample from some movie]

"I just wanna know, don't you believe in God anymore?"

"Well, my faith is gone. To answer your question,  
yes I do believe in Jesus.

Yes, I do believe in God, but do I love him?"

[Grouch]

I'm lost upon this voyage and I'm searching for truth.

They told me to believe, but I want to see the truth.

I'm tired of your lies, so now you feel my anger.

How could I ever trust my soul with a stranger?

Now, dear Mr. Bigshot, let me ask you a question.

Put you on the stand,

raise your right hand.

I want to hear your confessions.

My family is stressing out 'cause there's nowhere else  
to go.

We're looking for a higher power. You dodge, just hit  
us low.

In church they said that it was free.

Your love would always be.

I'm steadily giving mine, but where is yours for me?

I couldn't see it, so I stray.

You took my dreams, I prayed.

I wanted to get them back, but you laughed and I'm  
afraid

I made the wrong decision.

You killed my hopes and visions.

I thought you had arisen,

but this is more like prison.

I'm giving my all daily and maybe it's all for nothing.

I never hurt anyone, so why do you keep me suffering?

I stay tough and you lay it on

thicker and I say it's wrong.

I'll play this song 'till you answer,

give you another chance to appear

'cause we dying out here. I see no light.

All I ever did was care and try to do what the fuck was  
right.

I'm lost upon this voyage and I'm searching for truth.

They told me to believe, but I want to see the proof.  
I'm tired of your lies, so now you feel my anger  
How could I ever trust my soul with a stranger?  
( x2 )

I trained all my life for it.  
I would have died for it.  
Man, you took it from me,  
bully crummy friend,  
got the nerve to say I've sinned?  
I tend to feel abandoned 'cause you left me in the dark.  
The light of my life was gone and I'm searching for a  
spark.  
Sure, the mark of the beast is near,  
so we're all living in fear.  
Noone holds a clear head,  
so people appear dead for a reason  
and I'm breathing.  
Not even demons scare me.  
Is it necessary to panic?  
By now I feel prepared. See, I planned it to be one way,  
but of course it  
never works,  
forever quirks within the system.  
Am I a victim or a jerk?,  
with a sickened spurt of questions,  
guessing without your blessing,  
testing my own limits. I can feel the walls compressing  
and within it I ain't shit, but to me I'm all there is.  
Sometimes I hate my life when I look at the next man  
and compare his to mine  
and it is the time for me to rise, so let me.  
They labelled me a child of God, so help me or forget  
me.

I'm lost upon this voyage and I'm searching for truth.  
They told me to believe, but I want to see the truth.  
I'm tired of the lies, so now you feel my anger.  
How could I ever trust my soul with a stranger?  
( x2 )

[another sample (probably the same movie)]  
"I don't care if you're a preacher, a priest, a nun, a  
rabbi, or a Buddhist  
monk. Many, many times during your life you will look  
at your reflection in  
the mirror and ask yourself: 'Am I a fool?'

(Simultaneously played:)--"And then, one day, you're  
just going to wake up  
and say 'fuck him'."

--"I'm not going to relapse. What I've  
experienced is closer to awakening."  
"I didn't say 'fuck him'."

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