

American Tragedy, The "If This Is Beauty"

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I climb on
A parked car
And yell up at God
But He doesn't yell back
I don't think he's listening
Just give me a good sign
I am still breathing

It's out of my hands

So I cut them
Accuse them
Refuse to use them
Won't fold them
Can't feel them
I might as well kill them
It's all out of anger
I manage to mangle
This city is dead here
But I don't care, I don't care

And I lay my back down
So I can sleep
And I care not a thing
About beauty
If this is beauty

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