

Showbread

"And The Smokers And Children Shall Be Cast Down"

Visit "[And The Smokers And Children Shall Be Cast Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sing with me child as my ears are bleeding
Dreams that have, now seemed so fleeting
And still your cradle with no effort sways
Where this monochromatic record is played

And I'll purse my lips to blow kisses, goodbye
So easy if you never ask yourself, why
My lungs will contract and give up a brief sigh
Shall we say an appendage has finally died?

Or is it easier to go on with a smile
With flattering ease and talk for a while
Words fall from your mouth and are lost on the floor
And I can't go on singing anymore

Oh, the tale you tell, oh the web that you've spun
And the salt that was sprinkled on the things you have
done
Makes the anger, oh so sweet, makes the world fall at
your feet
Makes the pity that you pour over your head, quite a
treat

So go ahead and cry and go ahead and lie
Begin every sentence that you vomit with an I
And then Jesus will forgive you but oh what can I do
To see if there's enough forgiveness left for me?

But in all of Israel, Father did you see
Someone who seeks himself so perfectly?
The Pharisees would be content at sight of me
Snakes would wrap around me, we'd dance across the
sea

To ridicule you there, spit upon your face
Unsheathe this wicked tongue and invite disgrace
Isn't that the goal that I've always pursued?
While I beg you, Lord to be used for you

Under a light in Bethlehem, I was sifting through the
sand

Saline burned my eyes, I was looking for your hand
Gave up on myself and left my pride disarmed
I cried out, "I'm alone?", found myself in your arms

Rest in me, oh my love,
I've loved you before the world began
Rest in me, oh my love
You'll never to wander too far to reach my hand

Did they not murder You? Did they not see You die?
Hangin' on a tree as life had left your eyes
Did we not torture You? Smiling as You died
Or is it that You killed death itself and now we're all
alive?

I won't find you there, lyin' with yourself
Sleep under a rock until your mouth is full of insects
I won't look for you, prayin' to your ceilin'
Swallow every snake and sing of your mistakes

Sing of your mistakes, sing of your mistakes
Sing of your mistakes, put lipstick on your mirror
Cry into your hands

Visit [Showbread](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.