

Showbread "Matthias Replaces Judas"

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It is so that my transgressions have born a withered
fruit
The sun has scorched the rising plans, alas they have
no root
The bleached bones of animals bound by leather strips
Dance through the air with laughter as I wield this
wicked whip

As you did warn me carpenter, this world has
weakened my heart
So easily I disparage, self-seeking the work of my art
And there you have come to me, at the moment I bathe
in my sorrow
So in love with myself, sought after avoiding tomorrow

Where do you find the love to offer he who betrays
you?
And offer to wash my feet as I offer to disobey you
Your beauty does bereave me, and how my words do
fail
So faithfully and dutifully I award you with betrayal

The weak and the down trodden fall on broken legs
As I walk past a smile I cast, fervor in my stead
But my bones like plastic, do buckle backward now
I lay in this field by Judas', anticipate the plow

I cannot be forgiven, my wages will be paid
For those more lovely and admirable is least among
the saved
And where would I fit, Jesus? What place is left for me?
The price of atonement is more than I've found to offer
up as my plea

Jesus, my heart is all I have to give to you, so weak and
so unworthy
This simply will not do, no alabaster jar, no diamond in
the rough
For your body that was broken, how can this be
enough?
By me you were abandoned, by me you were betrayed

Yet in your arms and in your heart forever I have
stayed
Your glory illuminates my life, and no darkness will
descend
For you have lived forever and your love will never end

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