

Showbread

"The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things"

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Lines in my hands, light through the walls
I'm writing letters to you with my prayers
Long before what I've stood up will fall
Or who I thought I might be is ensnared

A man inside a fish, scales from someone's eyes
A family in a great big boat while the rest of the world
dies

You're making food to feed five thousand
You're saying "Let the children come to me"
In the corner of the classroom I am pulling back the
carpet
I'm afraid of what I see

What is truth? What is true?

How big are love and history, what hides inside their
mouths?
There are holes in me from things pushed in when I pull
them out
And out of which come questions that I cannot unwrap
What I once learned is not enough to hold the torrent
back

I feel as though the weight of questions has grown to
cruel to bear
And though I long to lift it now the load makes me
despair
Ask though I may the faces who once led me by the
hand
Their voices are unfamiliar
I'm not even sure they understand

And now my spine is bowed by the boxes on my back
I don't know how to open them
I want to give them back
And yet you will not stir to ease this burden that I carry
It seems as though you've piled them up and treated
me unfairly

It's this devastating world that laughs and steals upon
my back
And everything comes crashing down when my will
finally cracks
No longer will I tote the cryptic words of ages gone
When I was being broken, where were you all along?
The lessons recounted faithfully now fall like clumps of
wool
The men and women who lied to me are cockeyed,
panting wolves

They wave their flags and cast their stones and sneer
with lusty grins
Commanding me to follow a path they have never
believed in
They loe like cattle with bulging veins and militant fists
in the air
Join their flock or burn in hell and I'm not sure that I
care

Crawling out from the wreckage of all that I've been
taught
I'm leaving it behind
They fling their venom out at me when I resign

Outside the gates I drag myself into a world bigger
than I had believed
And inside they flay their sheep lest they follow me and
leave
But after everything I've done and everything I do
I can still remember you

Lines in my hands, light through the walls
I'm writing you letters with my prayers
After all that I've stood up falls
And I afford you none of my cares
If I ask you "What is truth" will you be silent still?
My questions and doubts have created a chasm
That I fear you can not fill

Perhaps the lens I've eyed you through
Keeps me from from the truth
I can't find what I'm looking for
And I still remember you
When I relent the shackles of all that I've been fed
I pull back the floor and find something beautiful
instead
After everything I've been through
I'm not sure I recognize myself anymore
Sometimes I think I might remember
But then I close the door

I walk away from everything and find myself made free
In all the tangles of who I am the truth is that you love
me
Just as I was, just as I am, just as I will be
In all the tangles of who I am, the truth is that you love
me

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