

Half-Handed Cloud

"They're Bad, But We're Worse"

Visit "[They're Bad, But We're Worse](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm about to faint
No one remembers you when they're dead
Or praises you from the grave
I can't sing if I'm six feet under
Weeping and it's flooding in my bedroom
Tear ducts running
You list each one within Your record
Enter tears into your ledger
Consider all our sighs
We lay requests before in expectation
My thoughts trouble me but so do gaping stares of the
wicked
Open up their mouth-throat
It's an open grave it's a misquote
They love each harmful word whatever is unbecoming
And the fuzz won't quit
We have sinned today even our fathers did
We traded in the God of glory
For an image of a cow that eats the pasture
Offered as a sacrifice all our children to the demon
We've heard a lot and hurt a lot of kinship
Pry us loose from this grip

Visit [Half-Handed Cloud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.