

Michael John LaChiusa

"Confession/Last Year"

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Yes, I've put on the collar again
But no, I'm not celebrating mass...
Not yet, Monsignor
Maybe, in time...
My life now, is... is like...
A sentence in which every word seems to be missing a
letter

(Bless me Father, I have sinned
My last confession was...)

You've been very gracious to me, Monsignor
Very... patient
I haven't been able to speak about what happened
It's time to...
Time

Last year, last year
I saw the world exploding
I felt a wierd forboding
Before I watched the city fall
In silver clouds
Consuming crowds
Of unsuspecting souls

How wrong, I thought
That God would hath no pity
He'd let a gleaming city
Be crushed and leveled to the ground

Around me, I heard praying
Crys of grief, and praying
But I remember saying
"What for?
Who is listening to us?
Who hears our prayer?
Is there such a thing as heaven?
Is there no there there?"

Last year, last year
Before the endless grieving

I went to bed believing
That God would always be a friend
But when the smoke finally cleared
My faith in God had disappeared

So I let go of hope
And that's how I could cope
Last year, last year

(Bless me Father, I have sinned
My last confession was...
Bless me Father, tell me why
All of the great and innocent die!?)

Stop! I can't answer you!
There isn't any answer!
There never was an answer!

All of these years I've been living a lie
A lie, a lie, a lie, a lie
My Aunt Monica was right

(Religion is tyranny!)
Born in Rome, she became a communist
After Mussolini was deposed
Then she immigrated to America

(Salute the worker!)
A terrific cook

(Socialism or die!)
And a dedicated Atheist

(You did WHAT?!)
I remember how unhappy she was
When I announced I was entering the priesthood...

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