

Rise Up! Rise Up!

Cursive

dear preacher, thanks for making time for me today
hope you don't mind if i hide behind the curtain
it's been fifteen years since my last confession
by your good book's standards, i've sinned like a champion
but that book seems a tad bit out-dated

please forgive me, for questioning divinity
it's an ugly job, but i think i'm up for it
i'm not saying who's right
i'm just saying there's more than one way
to skin a religion
there's more than one way
to explain our existence

reverend, sir, i don't want to seem malevolent
my teenage angst is far behind me
but father, certainly it's troubling to see
all these people kneeling, instead of dealing
with the fact that we are all we have

so, rise up! rise up!
there's no one to worship!
but plenty of life to lose!
i'm not saying "let's burn down the church"
but do you want to hear my confession?
it's my greatest sin..

okay, here it is:
i wasted half my life on the thought that i'd live forever!
i wasn't raised, to seize the day, but to work and worship
'cause "he that liveth and believeth" supposedly never dies

rise up! rise up!
and live a full life!
'cause when it's over, it's done
so rise up! rise up!
dance and scream and love!

you're not the chosen one
and i'm not the chosen one