

Sermon of Sorts

Dot Hacker

Here on your doorstep
With history before you
Watch me fuck up again
I'm always punishing
Say a prayer for me now

With all the beauty in the world
At our vile little fingertips
I can't help where the gavel slams

Elephants tied to a daisy
Babies left on doorsteps
Slow erosion of all hope and faith
I wish I could say it matters
You claim and you cry
Histrionics and all the lying
I was sworn to protect you from the crazy, the crazies, the crazy out there

I am the son
I am the sun
I am the son
When you are done with me
Let me go free
I swear I won't bother anyone
I am the son
I am the son

All I ever wanted to be
Was your angel
Peace be you and also with

I've got my work cut out for me
Climbing the resistance mounting
You can run but you can't come anywhere near hiding
We are likely to bleed for a bit
You can climb and crawl to the top of the cliff
That I'd fall you off of
You said I would fly

Head for the sun
Get lost in the son
I swear I'd follow you anywhere
We are the sum
Of all we have done
Beware who'll follow you
Beware of what comes
After all we have done
Can't stay this dumb forever
Let this be done
So we can get on
You can laugh at me all you want