

Confessional

Janet Devlin

There's a secret on the tip of my tongue
And it's burning a hole between my lungs
There's no grace for what I have done
But I must face what I've become
Hiding six feet under has always been my way
And though the honesty hurts
The lying was worse
Can't take it to the grave

This is my confessional
Of things that I have buried low
This is my confessional
Please will you redeem my soul?

Holy water on the tip of my tongue
There's so much sin for just 21
Hear my penance and all I have done
This self-destructive war I've won
I've come out from under to die another day
And though the honesty hurts
But the crying was worse
Now tell me I'll be saved

This is my confessional
Of things that I have buried low
This is my confessional
Please will you redeem my soul?

Throw stones if you want to (my confessional)
Break bones if you want to (my confessional)
That high horse have a good view? (my confessional)
I confess