

And the Smokers And Children Shall Be Cast Down

Showbread

Sing with me child,
As my ears are bleeding,
the dreams that we have now, seemed so fleeting.
still your cradle, with no effort sways,
where this monochromatic record is played.
and i'll purse my lips to blow kisses goodbye,
It's so easy if you never ask yourself why
my lungs will contract and give up a brief sigh.
shall we say an appendage has finally died?

Or is it easier to go on with a smile, with flattering ease,
And talk for awhile, Words fall from your mouth and are lost on the floor,
And I can't go on singing anymore

Oh the tale that you tell, oh the web that you've spun
and the salt that was sprinkled on the things that you have done
makes the anger oh so sweet,
makes the world fall at your feet
makes the pity that you pour over your head quite a treat,
so go ahead and cry, and go ahead and lie,
begin every sentence that you vomit with "I"
And then Jesus will forgive you,
but oh what can I do
to see if there's enough forgiveness left for me

But in all of Israel,
father did you see
someone who seeks himself so perfectly,
The Pharisees would be so content with the sight of me
The snakes would wrap around me and we'd dance across the sea,
to ridicule you there and to spit upon your face
Unsheathe this wicked tongue, and invite disgrace
Isn't that the goal that I've always pursued?
While I beg you, Lord to be used for you

Under a light in Bethlehem i was sifting through the sand
the saline burned my eyes
i was looking for your hand,
I gave up on myself, and left my pride disarmed
I cried out "I'm Alone!" and found myself in your arms

Rest in me oh my love
I have loved you before the world began
rest in me oh my love,
you will never wander too far to reach my hand
Did they not murder you?
Did they not see you die?
Hanging on a tree as life had left your eyes
Did we not torture you?
Smiling as you died.
Or is it that you killed death itself, and now you are alive?

I won't find you there,
lying with yourself
sleep under a rock until your mouth is full of insects
i won't look for you, praying to your ceiling
Swallow every snake and sing of your mistakes,

Sing of your mistakes
Put lipstick on your mirror
Cry into your hands.