

Poor Isaac

The Airborne Toxic Event

Oh and God just leave that Abraham alone
He wants a son, he wants a son
Don't we all just want a home?

Though I'm not quite sure if poor Isaac would agree
My God, he said "What did I do
to make you wanna watch me bleed?"

And I feel sick tonight, I feel just like
The dancing flame in a funeral light
And I'm not sure if I want you to save me

And I'd be less uptight if I knew the sight
And blood is just a weakness, right?
And not the whole reason you made me

But sometimes I think it is...

Oh and God just go and leave me all alone
I'm not your son, I'm not your son
Everybody dies alone

In your world, was it not quite hard enough for you
I guess like anyone, you've got
Your own scores to settle too

And I'm so pissed tonight, I feel just like
The last remainin' Canaanite
And I'm not sure if I want you to save me

And I'd be less uptight if I knew the sight
And blood is just a weakness, right?
And not the reason that you made me

How does it feel?

And the sorrow that I feel when I'm alone, I can't express
All these darling angels singing in my ear
And the comfort of their touch, it cuts right through this loneliness

And it's everything I want
And everything I fear

That child was my friend
I spent a long time with his curse
I can feel him trembling beneath his plea

And I don't know if there's a water
All I know is there's this thirst
And it might be for the best

Though I'm not quite sure if Isaac would agree