

I'm not the one you've read about
I'm not your sanctuary seat
I'm not the one they've told you about
I've never claimed to be of your belief

Yet the claims keep coming
The elaborate stories
When you dig up dirt it's your hands to be cleaned

And you are filthy from the grave you dig

I am a calloused hand from gripping the rock
I am short a feathered wing for the flock
But I'm not weathered
from your weightless voices bearing witness

I am not a hallow sound or a glorifying light of deeds
And I am not a conscience found
reciting lines down on my knees

And there's no mistaking all of you who fake it
When you dig up dirt it's your hands to be cleaned

And you are filthy from the grave you dig

I am a calloused hand from gripping the rock
I am short a feathered wing for the flock
But I'm not weathered from
your weightless voices bearing witness

I am a calloused hand from gripping the rock
I am short a feathered wing for the flock
But I'm not weathered from
your weightless voices bearing witness,
your weightless voices bearing witness

Can we not
Can we not
Can we not
Can we not
Can we not
Can we not
Can we not
Divide?

I am not a barricade
I'm just a different way to think
So make no mistake
I'm not your profane

I am a calloused hand from gripping the rock
I am short a feathered wing for the flock
But I'm not weathered from your weightless voices bearing witness

I am a calloused hand from gripping the rock
I am short a feathered wing for the flock
But I'm not weathered from your weightless voices bearing witness, your weig

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