

Profane

Wovenwar

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 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 weightless voices bearing witness

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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