

Get Me Out of Here Alive

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

I'm starting to believe that there's a god and he hates me.
I'm starting to believe that my mom lied about grace and divinity,
And it hurts like a sunburn,
Wakes me up from a deep sleep. I parked on the street out in front of St. Mary's.
I watched people leave, from the mass in the evening.
With my windows down, I can still hear the gospel choir singing.
I stayed in the car, and the light from the stained-glass window didn't reach me. The cicadas are deafening,
Their voices caught in the breeze.
You're not walking next to me.
All alone is all I'll ever be.
You're not walking next to me. I'm getting by.
The only faith I had left was a lie.
The leeches died, it turns out my blood was poison the whole time.

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