

Go Be the Voice

Beartooth

Go be the voice of god
Go live the life putting death to shame I wasn't force fed what I think
And I don't care if you think I'm brainwashed for what I believe,
But it sure wasn't from people reminding me that I'm still a
Failure every Sunday morning It's my fault
It's always my fault
Every time I have a problem that can't be solved Tell me I've made progress
All I want is to make you proud
Are the lungs in my chest still working
Cause sometimes I wanna shout where's my savior now Life and death is all perspective Just don't give up you
know it's not worth it
Life and death is a matter of perspective
Give in you know it's your purpose
Even if you know you'll never deserve it God where are you
God where are you now There's no substance
Nothing's real anymore
But I'm still swinging
Fighting like never before

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