

# And the Smokers and Children Shall Be Cast Down

## Showbread

Sing with me child as my ears are bleeding  
Dreams that have, now seemed so fleeting  
And still your cradle with no effort sways  
Where this monochromatic record is played And Ill purse my lips to blow kisses, goodbye  
So easy if you never ask yourself, why  
My lungs will contract and give up a brief sigh  
Shall we say an appendage has finally died? Or is it easier to go on with a smile  
With flattering ease and talk for a while  
Words fall from your mouth and are lost on the floor  
And I cant go on singing anymore Oh, the tale you tell, oh the web that you've spun  
And the salt that was sprinkled on the things you have done  
Makes the anger, oh so sweet, makes the world fall at your feet  
Makes the pity that you pour over your head, quite a treat So go ahead and cry and go ahead and lie  
Begin every sentence that you vomit with an I  
And then Jesus will forgive you but oh what can I do  
To see if theres enough forgiveness left for me? But in all of Israel, Father did you see  
Someone who seeks himself so perfectly?  
The Pharisees would be content at sight of me  
Snakes would wrap around me, wed dance across the sea To ridicule you there, spit upon your face  
Unsheathe this wicked tongue and invite disgrace  
Isn't that the goal that I've always pursued?  
While I beg you, Lord to be used for you Under a light in Bethlehem, I was sifting through the sand  
Saline burned my eyes, I was looking for your hand  
Gave up on myself and left my pride disarmed  
I cried out, "Im alone, found myself in your arms Rest in me, oh my love,  
I've loved you before the world began  
Rest in me, oh my love  
You'll never to wander too far to reach my hand Did they not murder You? Did they not see You die?  
Hangin' on a tree as life had left your eyes  
Did we not torture You? Smiling as You died  
Or is it that You killed death itself and now we're all alive? I wont find you there, lyin' with yourself  
Sleep under a rock until your mouth is full of insects  
I wont look for you, prayin' to your ceilin'  
Swallow every snake and sing of your mistakes Sing of your mistakes, sing of your mistakes  
Sing of your mistakes, put lipstick on your mirror  
Cry into your hands

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