Rapture

Hurt

In the life of the wrong a love lingered on,
Love lingered on to frustration.
And if our love is so wrong, what should we do alone?
Or am I just a picture in a photograph?
Why are we stuck in this pantomime fearing a god who died?
One who would not deny lovers?
And I don't care what they say, if what you need is your faith,
Then take a look at my face and know
That till your rapture falls to pieces
Until your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Simple things like suffering
Life had gone this way
Life is gone this way
Still in the life of the wrong we all moved along
Another life evolved to gestation
And so she made her way with the mistake we made
But she was still a picture from a photograph
So she walked in the baby's room
Knowing what she should do leaves me in
Absolute horror
She put her hands on its lips and gave it
One last kiss
And sang some tune that went
Until your rapture falls to pieces

Till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me, the room to breathe,
Simple things like suffering
And I would and I would destroy your god
Yes I would if I could destroy your god
Because you're born again
Until you're worn again,
Until your rapture falls to pieces
Till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Sinful things are suffering
Till your rapture falls to pieces
Till your rapture falls to pieces

But, this must be, then burn with me
Anything
Just don't leave
So find in me room to breathe
Sinful things like suffering
Till your rapture falls to pieces
She swore she heard the voice of Jesus
Telling her it was wrong to keep it
And one more thing, it looked like me
Back when it breathed
Rest in peace
Until the rapture comes to meet us

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