

# Confessional

## Second Coming

Take a load off of your mind  
Let's pray to be sane  
Wooden chair and captured air  
Pose witness as she  
Spills her guts to Monsignor  
In a time of shame  
When peace of mind is a rare find  
Observance is grand  
She picks a man that trend  
Has set forth to conquer with  
The air is damp with forgiveness  
I've taken your words to heart  
Don't leave me this way again  
I fall then I see you smiling  
Hail Mary, our father's dead  
She sees a sky of perfect blue  
A winter chill runs through my veins  
Her stone white skin will draw me near  
As it begins to rain  
Eyes glazed like almonds in my hand  
Stay with me  
I'll show you things that haven't been  
Just stay with me  
"Whoever you are God,  
Give her back to me."

Lyrics provided by

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