

Forgive Me for Asking

Propaganda

Question: (And this is embarrassing)
You ever been scared you had no idea what you were talking about?

Yeah, me too.

Honesty perplexed.

I've lied and so have you, Christians.

Lying.

Like you never had questions?
Like you never had a moment
when your inner dialogues
were all of a sudden in third person like,
"Are you really buying this?"
You're lying.

Like your eyes are 100% always satisfied by your spouse
and you don't need accountability
neither of which is biblical, by the way.
YOUR EYES ARE NEVER SATISFIED.
Us, overgrown primates with egos, lying.

You quote the devil when you declare yourself okay!
You get it but you don't get it.
Like you've never planted your Chuck Taylors firmly in the sinking sand...
You're lying.

We for centuries sing hymns of grace,
and **THIS IS WHY IT'S AMAZING!**
And if it's not, you don't understand?

Or you're lying.

Which is why your friends don't believe you.
There is just as much Jesus' blood on your hand as there is his.
You sure you understand the cross?

Forgive me for asking.
Forgive me for asking.

And Muslims? excuse my boldness? but what if you're lying, too?
Like you don't ever have questions?

As if you've never wondered why Allah's ears only hear directionally,
and if you accidentally point it slightly north easterly then you've blasphemed?

As if the thought has never crossed your mind
that the Jihad has interpreted the Quran correctly
and you are what we Christians would call 'lukewarm'?
Which makes you much more like my evanjellyfish churchianity would allow me to admit.
And you call me on it; I'll deny it, just don't believe me
because I'm lying.

I strain at gnats; I focus on silliness; I act like God has joined a political party? just like you.

As if you've never thought,
"What if I was paralyzed and I can't make my pilgrimage to Mecca?
yet I follow the text better than my whole family? Is there enough mercy for me?"

Forgive me for asking.
Forgive me for asking.

I know it's wrong for me to front like I understand your theology
as well as I think I understand mine,
but I know we can agree on this:
Something is deathly wrong with us.

And you, smarty pants, don't front
Like the little you know about our universe
you ready to draw conclusions about it's origins?
Maybe we don't know as much as we think we do?
Science still can't explain yawning.
Like you never took your world view to it's furthest conclusions?

That if human behavior is just what protoplasm does at this temperature,
then there is no need for humanitarian effort,
because these atrocities weren't wrong,
IT'S JUST THE UNIVERSE WEEDING OUT BAD GENES.

Them is fingernail-on-chalkboard words, ain't 'em?

You're lying.

Maybe I'm wrong, maybe you're right.
Maybe we'll find out the day after the world ends.
Yeah, I guess we're all a little inconsistent,
SO MAYBE WE CAN JUST SHOW EACH OTHER SOME GRACE.

Forgive me for asking.

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You ever bury yourself in self-righteous guilt?
[Huh, me too.]

Are there fresh tally marks on the walls of your brain's prison,
[Mine, too]
hoping that the count of good deeds outnumber the bad ones?

Are your miserable failures your badges of honor?

And when you count those tallies,
and the day the good outnumber the bad,
pat yourself on the back:
YOU HAVE JOINED THE REST OF HUMANITY.
You, too, are lying.

Like you never thought,
"Someone might catch me in my contradiction."
Yeah, me too.

You ever think to yourself,
"I have no idea what I'm talking about"?
Yeah, me too.

Forgive me for asking.
Forgive me for asking

Lyrics submitted by Captain.

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