

The Family Ruinå™'ä'•

Oh, Sleeper

She finds him by the fire...
His claws of God are dripping from his crimes.
He beckons her, "Sweet daughter..."
The voice that once avenged her younger life.
He's got the voice of a con,
The same one,
Who cut down in the name of his God,
Who took on the robe of a judge,
Without a license to kill without cause,
He's not worth it,
He's not worth it,
He's not worth it.
Remember what he did that made you question all the words he said.
From the book, the same book,
That's reeling you home after so many years of silence.
And the daughter watches father...
As he sleeps and dreams she brings the knife to light.
Cuz she knows he can't go farther,
And he'll never wake to see his daughter cry.
Don't lose control or you will learn
To go back, to this time, and rewrite your thought.
Because you're about to choose what you called so ironic.
It's ironic, it's ironic that you're contemplating murder while
I'm educating you with mercy.
You say you want, you say you want,
The means to believe, but don't change who you are,
Because who you are is who I made you to discover Me.
The steel marries the skin.
No, it's not worth it, it's not worth it.
I cut him down, I cut him down.
You didn't have to fall, it's your fault.
It's your fault, you lost control.
And now you long to go back and rewrite your thought.
But I won't let you slip away.
Not this time, not this time.
This time you're gonna learn what it means to receive the very mercy
That you denied, when you denied,
The means to believe,
I'll keep feeding you the proof that you need.

But you spit it out to further your doubt.
And now he can't go farther,
Because he'll never wait to see his daughter cry.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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