

God vs Me

Sounds Under Radio

We're holding out for something else, you can't give back with all you sell
You gave it up, without love
You're dirty hands and picture frames hold images of broken shame
You gave it up without love You give and you sell and you break your back in the revelry
I'm all the things you'll never be all of the time With fracture hearts in disrepair, these funerals we'll always bear
You gave us up, without love
These photographs and guilty names are pointless tools deferring blame
You gave us up without love You give and you sell and you break your back in the revelry
I'm all the things you'll never be all of the time We sleep tonight, with fear and spite, but I can't let go of myself
The ghosts inside, collect my pride, as fractures fold, to fight control again You give and you sell and you break
your back in the revelry
Im all the things you'll never be all of the time We're holding out for something else, you can't give back with
all you self
Your dirty hands and guilt name can never hide the things that you have done.

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