

Jesus Christ

Dustin Kensrue

Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face.
The kind you find on someone that could save.
If they don't put me away...
well, it'll be a miracle.
Do you believe you're missin out?
That everything good is happenin somewhere else,
but with nobody in your bed
the night's hard to get through?
And I, will die, all alone.
And when I, arrive, I won't know anyone.
Jesus Christ, I'm alone again.
So what did you do those three days you were dead?
'cause this problem's gonna last, more than the weekend.
Well, Jesus Christ, I'm not scared to die.
I'm a little bit scared of what comes after.
Do I get the gold chariot?
Do I float through the ceiling?
Do I, divide, and pull apart?
'Cause my bright, is far too slight, to hold back all my dark.
And this ship, went down, in sight of land.
And at the gates, so Thomas, asked to see my hands.
I know you're coming in the night like a thief,
but I've had some time alone, to hone my lying technique.
I know you think that I'm someone you can trust,
but I'm scared I'll get scared;
and I swear I'll try to nail you back up.
So do you think that we could work out a sign...
So I'll know it's you and that it's over so I won't even try.
I know you're coming for the people like me.
We all got wood and nails
to choose that hate factories
woah, oh
We all got wood and nails
to choose that hate factories
We all got wood and nails
We sleep inside of this machine.

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