

# The Rapture

## Sick Since

I waited for the light to come  
To change my life, to change my life  
But I am blind, my faith is gone  
I'm finding out the good book was wrong  
And I must face  
That I won't be saved  
We're destined to all die alone  
I buried my cross with a rose  
I won't kneel at your alter now that I know  
It's a table for a magic show  
I'm getting up from off my knees  
The guilt is gone and I can finally breathe  
But there is not a plan for me  
You're making my tired ears bleed  
And you can pray  
But I won't be saved  
We're destined to all die alone  
I buried my cross with a rose  
I won't kneel at your alter now that I know  
It's a table for a magic show

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