

False Ideas Of Perfection

Bloody Sunday

i will never believe
this is all we are meant to be
too many unanswered questions
for a world with all the answers
how can we rely on us
when we don't know
who we are
or why we are here when you look to the sky
what do you see
does your mind go on
forever or are you lost
in the limitations
of human frailty
the weakness of our eyes
you think you've seen all
it but really you've been blind i see my father looking down on me
i feel his presence in the air i breathe
communication is a source of corruption
impress false ideas of perfection i won't let you cry for me
you think my faith is built on ignorance
i am not blinded by humanity
this world plays home to the godless your ambivalence guides you
you will die in your sins
change your ways
and fall away from this creation
we near the bitter end you spent all your life
living in denial
so what you haven't murdered
faith isn't judged by works alone
to earn your place
in the kingdom of heaven
you've got to separate yourself
from this world i will fight
til your tragic end
to defend my king
i will lift
lift his name up high
for all to hear

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