

Tithe

Menomena

spending the best years of a childhood horizontal on the floor
like a bobsled minus the teamwork and the televised support and nothing sounds appealing
percentage of the tithe that paved these roads
they lead to nowhere but they're still gridlocked, made of Solomon's pure gold
beneath the door frame waiting for earthquakes after the rapture comes and goes
the saints went marching, the trumpets salving, the chosen ones are phoning a goal and nothing sounds appealing

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