

The Burning Bush

From a Second Story Window

Hey there, you are a simple design
I created your lies Hold on, this is not fair for anyone
They all think they are alive This is my immaculate design
It's all been planned from the start Your slipping deeper and deeper
Destroying all you held Your words are losing their meaning
You choose to receive death I grow increasingly weary
And I'm tired of this jest Dear god, what made us all deserve this
There must be some other way My son, it's far too much to handle
Just know I do this in love You see, you are a disposable being Don't fear...life is fake We all exist in the same
space

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