Talking To God

Hurt

Mother is busy, she won't even miss me
And so busy praying she won't see me waiting
I hate all your reasons they just point to Jesus
You can't be awakened when you're not mistaken
And I hate your voice and that fucked up noise
And your cliches and the things that you'd say to me
When they burned me then, they still seer today
Embedded in a memory that won't change
How can you talk to God [3x]
When you won't talk to me? [repeat]
So I begged you just for a word that
Through the day you might have heard and...
She wouldn't listen to my words
Always I'll remember some good times,

And some winters in times when I wasn't too dirty for mud.
When you'd hit your own boys in that fucked up voice
On your black days, oh! the things that you'd say to me
When they burned me, yeah they burned me
Oh they burned me, yeah they burned me
So how can you talk to God [3x]
When you won't talk to me?
I know every little word
Of all the things that I have heard
So how can you talk to God
When you won't talk to me?
When he won't talk to me
Someday you'll be, better than me [2x]
But you won't talk to me.

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