Clean

This Beautiful Mess

you went out there on your own.
you went out there to carry the weight.
and nobody here goes free.
you went to wear the crown of thorns.
to throw the first stone at yourself.
cause nobody here is clean.
and you gave yourself away.
every finger is pointing at you.
everything is accusing you.
everybody is needing a scapegoat.
so you got out there.
you're hit in the face.
you're spit in the face.
now where is your god.
and where is your grace

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