# Friendly Crossfire

## Hotel Books

Sometimes even tolerance is void of compassion
So I'll ask if we can somehow ration some fashion room for fast action
Removal of passion from the last stand we took against happenstance and
Move past the future of perfection with conviction
A numbness of remission or retreat of mission
Until we're fishing for compliments and opposite opinions
And strategically place neglect of excuses
I've buried enough dreams, I've cut out the wrong seams
Stitch up these guts, let's make us love, let's make us bleed
It's what we need can form no facade baby
Make me believe it, make me see it
It's fortified past the bonafide excuse past the lucid bigotry
I am the composition of notes to a melody
Were sung by a chorus of familiar sympathy
I'm not worried about singing in key with the confrontation of conformity
I'm just worried about you listening
I guess I was too much to ask for
I guess I don't know who I am anymore
I'm sorry, I'm sorry
I am confiding finally
Love, take this gun from me
I'm not going anywhere until these demons start to leaveI spoke in the tongues of angels but every floral arrangement still didn't turn human beings back into ideologies
They are all so much less threatening shielded by the pulpit
A clashing gong doesn't ring as deep as my pockets seem
With hands buried as far as the east is from the thirsty light
I love social justice just enough to smoke it socially
Like fear is the opposite of love so let it be, a lie regardless
I never knew you or your idol theologyI'm on my broken knees
Begging for your voice to see
I'm on my broken knees
Hoping these demons will finally leave
What if this is all a lie
What if this is all a lie
What if this is all a lie
Then I don't have to tryPromise me it's all a lie
Promise me we're just a lie
Promise me it's all a lie
It's all a lie

So I don't have to try

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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