The Dying Hymn

The Color Morale

Some days you're the pigeon and some days you are the statue
Some days you're meant to just sit back and observe
While the world takes its turn and just shits all over you
Some days you need the rain because no one gets paid
To come clean up the messes that life makes all over you
I don't know who I am in this moment
I know I disappoint you
You don't know who I am anymore
Well that makes two of us
Are you following a god and this song got in the way
I'm sorry I'm sorry but I am not sorry
Is this the truth, the light, the sight, the roots, or the noose
Everyone is religious only until they don't need to be anymore
That's not faith no not to me
All I have let to make are memories and mistakes
And new questions I'll take to the grave
Do you know how it feels to have your past sink it's teeth right into your back
Only to turn around and see yourself
Keep the hell away from me
The devil you know is better than the devil you don't
Keep the hell away from me
You can still lead a positive life with a negative mind
Keep the hell away from me

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