Rise Up!! Rise Up!!

Cursive

Dear preacher, thanks for making time for me today
Hope you don't mind if I hide behind the curtain
It's been fifteen years since my last confession
By your good book's standards, I've sinned like a champion
But that book seems a tad bit outdatedPlease forgive me for questioning divinity
It's an ugly job, but I think I'm up for it, I'm not saying who's right
I'm just saying there's more than one way
To skin a religion, there's more than one way
To explain our existenceReverend sir, I don't want to seem malevolent
My teenage angst is far behind me
But father, certainly it's troubling to see
All these people kneeling instead of dealing
With the fact that we are all we haveSo, rise up, rise up
There's no one to worship but plenty of life to lose
I'm not saying "Let's burn down the church
But do you want to hear my confession?"
It's my greatest sinOkay, here it is
I wasted half my life on the thought that I'd live forever
I wasn't raised to seize the day, but to work and worship
'Cause, "He that liveth and believeth, supposedly never dies"Rise up, rise up
Live a full life
'Cause when it's over, it's done
So rise up, rise up
Dance and scream and loveYou're not the chosen one
And I'm not the chosen one

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