

You and I are in the same room
We both think we're fair
We both live for truths
But then how are we to define something so subjective
Living under the same roof
So here, these battles of wills
They beg for some proof
Of right versus wrong
Your approach seen as better than mine
Though it's working for you all I feel is disconnection

So now it's your (your) religion 'gainst my (my) religion
My humble opinion 'gainst yours
This does not feel like love
It's your (your) conviction 'gainst my (my) conviction
And I'd like to know what we'd see
Through the lens of love... love... love... love

And so now your grand assessment
Is that I'm not in your group that I'm not your kind
And so we're locked in a stalemate with you
In your corner and me dismayed in mine

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And this stance keeps us locked in boxing gloves
And this lie remains about us being separate

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