

Black Synagogue

Angel Haze

And the light, the light can make everything feel beautiful
It can make it feel safe, so safe that like in the night
We spend all of our time running away from our truths
And then we meet someone who tells us, "God will always love you
No matter what you do, the only thing that will never stop loving you is God
."

And because of all of our darkness, which at night I still run from
Which at night all still run from, we get stuck chasing light
That's a black synagogue

And God said, that the maker shall inhabit the Earth
But there shall be masses, I said masses, of bloodshed first
And that will open the floodgates of Heaven, and pour down upon us His blessings
From the floor, to the ceiling, but only if you praise Him, I said praise Him
Shall you receive His healing

Save me from the pain
I'm falling down
Don't you hear me calling?
I need you now
Fill me 'til I'm full with your holy light
Give me sanction
Can you bring me back to life?
Save me from the pain
I'm falling down
Don't you hear me calling?
I need you now
Fill me 'til I'm full with your holy light
Give me sanction
Can you bring me back to life?

I been running from the pain in my brain
Got stains on my scene while I search for the real me
Search for the real me, lost in the night
I only talk to angels when I'm lost in a height
I don't really wanna get lost in my mind
So I pray until I feel I'm getting lost in the vibe
Then I took the bottle up and I drink it to my what?
Yep, drink it to my fucking souls lost in my eyes
But I don't really wanna drown no, cuz I'm not that trusting
But I'mma keep coming 'round though, till I'm sure that I found something
And when I tell you what it is, you better talk to God, remember
No feelings, no thoughts allowed
And if pain's a trapdoor then I need God
So send someone to come walk me out
But don't think, don't talk about it
Wait, don't sing, don't tell nobody
Wait, don't drink, don't fail your body
Wait, don't scream, no, fucking shout it
See, these voices in my head are the fucking loudest
So belligerent, so fucking rowdy
And my tunnel vision's so fucking clouded
And I don't really have a motherfucking outlet
So, I talk to God, but I don't really know if He can hear me
But you know him well, and I think that you could bring him near me

So I keep praying, every word that I keep saying
Every part of me that I needed shield from
Every part of me that needs saving

None of this's real, when it calls to
Thought I found you, now I'm lost too
I've been listening to service sermons
A lotta redefining, a lot of words reworded
A lotta thoughts detected and thoughts suggested
A lotta stuff that resonates with certain persons
I've been searching for the truth but it's embedded in lies
Read every single verse until I'm red in my eyes
And God only hear you when you offering ties
And protection is the truth
But when the Devil's a lie
But what am I to do when the Devil is I?
And everything I touch seems to shrivel and die?
My mama always said I was a rebel inside
But now I'm looking for some peace and a benevolent I
And how it feels to need that, some humbling pie
And how long it will take when it comes from the sky
Means I'll probably be waiting until I crumble and die
And just wrestling with Satan while I'm struggling by
So, I think, I talk about it
Wait, I drink, I tell somebody
Wait, I sink, I fail my body
Wait, I scream, I'm fucking shouting
Cuz these voices in my head are the fucking loudest
So belligerent, so fucking rowdy
And my tunnel vision's so fucking clouded
And I don't really have a motherfucking outlet
So, I talk to God, but I don't really know if He can hear me
And you know him well, and I think that you could bring him near me
So I keep praying, everything that I keep saying
Every part of me that I needed shield from
Every part of me that needs saving

Did he die on the cross for this?
Do you have any fucking proof?
Everything here is man-made
And I'm just searching for some fucking truth
Cuz everything they told me not to do
Has always made me question what freedom is
Why listen to the words when they not from you?
And why feel judged when I freely live?
Now I know what the fucking root of evil is
And why peace is dead, but evil lives
Everybody thinking they can talk to you
And what they believe in they hearts are true
Now they feel that they had the right to persecute
Judge, Now I don't really know who wrote the Bible
But nothing under the sun goes unrecycled
Take every shot you have with a fucking rifle
Cuz you rarely ever get a chance for revival
So, just think, just talk about it
Wait, just think, just tell somebody
Wait, don't blink, don't fail your body
Wait, just scream, just fucking shout it
So the voices in your head fall abruptly silent
And the blood in your veins flows rough and violent
And you see everything with your lifted eyelids
And every burden you carry is eventually lighted
And you talk to God, even when you ain't sure he hears you

When you give it to Him, tell Him, He can keep the pain and fears too
And you keep praying, only now you don't repeat saying
Cuz you know when you let it go, then you receive saving

How many people here look for Jesus to solve their problems?
Lots of people
And how many of those people are fixed?
None of them know fucking about shit
They're all fucking fucked up
Anything to help you escape
It takes it, it takes something to just say
"Fuck it! This is reality, I'm gonna deal with it"
But do we ever really deal with it?
Deal with it, stop running, stop trying to find these substitutes
Stop trying to find Jesus in strangers, and Jesus in church and God
And find God in yourself
Powerful thing, yeah?