

Poor God

As Hell Retreats

You have done nothing
And You're becoming nothing in my life
I'm pushing You out, I'm getting rid of my faith
Because I want no part of this name
Because I don't want to be a part of this shame that we have created

I'm becoming a bastard, a fatherless son
My attempts to bring you back to the righteous core
Isn't working anymore.

"What were you thinking giving up on him?" They would ask me.
It's because it feels like He is never with me...
That monster.

As I sit back and watch the world take you over with greed and power
All I can think to myself is poor God.

Poor God, I've given up on him.
Poor God, for his name is being used for malice and violence
I'm going to try to pour God back in my life
And I'll fight, and I'll fight, and not hide.

But will it be worth it? Or will I still hear nothing?
Come on, you monster. Give me something.
I am waiting. I'm only waiting...