

## Tomorrow Makes No Sense

Bride

I didn't choose this face  
Or this shell of skin I'm trapped in  
You're not worthy to loose my shoes  
You don't know where they've been

I want no sin, I want no fear  
No sting of conscience, no care of death  
I want peace, not as the world gives  
Tomorrow makes no sense

I am my own enemy  
I will lie to myself  
I will talk to God  
But He won't talk to me

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No sting of conscience, no care of death  
I want peace, not as the world gives  
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Only Jesus sees my heart  
My hope is that he knows my mind  
He will bring me out of this  
If I can scratch the crust from my eyes

Inflict my own wounds  
Torture my own soul  
I choose to be the beggar  
Break the bonds of my yoke

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