

The Last Supper After Party

Give Up The Ghost

Jesus and all his saints couldn't save our wretched face
And no man parting some sea could keep you from me
We had to walk away from the streets that knew our names

I stutter soft and say
"I'd give you anything,
anything and everything
And you can tell the town
We're down till we're underground"

We lost the heartache sound when our order was found

I burned a testament and misused 'heaven-sent'
We made a comeback and it, it was received quite well
The earth, for all its worth, never seemed so far from Hell

Preach on and on
Spread the good word of the holy healing
Breathe in, breathe out and on
Likely lifers put to song and dance
and air has never seemed so clear
I got a love/hate relationship with love and hate
I get lost here and there
You could say I was into the fact you even cared
I'm a believer of there's nothing up above
that could or should replace my Sunday's saving grace
I repent the times that I said you don't exist
My gospels from the Church of Stereo Activists