

## Talking to God

Hurt

Mother is busy, she won't even miss me  
And so busy praying and wouldn't see me waiting  
I hate all your reasons they just point to Jesus  
You can't be awakened if you're not mistaken  
And i hate your voice and that fucked up noise  
And your cliches and the things that you'd say to me  
Where they burned me then, it still seers today  
Embedded in a memory that won't change

How can you talk to God (3x)  
When you won't talk to me? (2x)

So i begged you just for a word  
That through the day you might have heard and...  
She wouldn't listen to my words  
Always i'll remember some good times,  
Some winters in times when i wasn't too dirty for mud.

When you'd hit your boys in that fucked up voice  
On your black days, oh! the things that you'd say  
To me when they burned me, yeah they burned me  
Oh they burned me, yeah they burned me

So how can you talk to God (3x)  
When you won't talk to me?

I know every little word  
Of all the things that I have heard  
So how can you talk to God  
When you won't talk to me?  
When he won't talk to me  
Someday you will be better than me (2x)  
But you won't talk to me.