

Of Priest And Pretenders

Intohimo

Pretending, Oh pretending!
I'm the king of pretending that I love being the king of me.
Oh my hollow heart what is this all worth?
What am I really worth?
What am I?

Because I've betrayed myself to many times,
Selling myself to the things I want,
Too cheap, And too fast.
to the things that make me numb!
It's pitiful I'm the slave of my eyes!

This king that's me feels unfamiliar
though I know it's bitter taste oh so well.

Because I've betrayed myself to many times,
Selling myself to the things I want
Too cheap, And too fast.

But God if you say that we're all your beloved,
loved through our sin and shame,
then who am I to say you can't?
That I'm not worthy when you died to set me free.

Because I've betrayed myself to many times,
Selling myself to the things I want,
Too cheap, And too fast.

And my only way out is to know
my freedom is having you as my king.