

Good Monsters

Jars of Clay

All the good monsters open their eyes
To see the wasteland where the home fires rise
And the people shouting, "Why, why, why"

Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?

All the giants wake from their sleep
And roll outside of safety's keep
And the pain makes them feel so alive

Do you know what you are; do you know what you are?
We are bored of all the things we know
Do you know what you are; do you know what you are?

Not all monsters are bad
But the ones who are good
Never do what they could, never do what they could

All the good monsters rattle their chains
And dance around the open flames
They make a lot of empty noise

While all of the bright eyes turn away
As if there wasn't anything to say
About the justice and the mystery

Do you know what you are?
Do you know what you are?
We are bored of all the things that we know
And we are forms of everything we love, we love..

If good won't show its ugly face,
Evil won't you take your place?
Nothing ever changes, nothing ever changes
By itself

We are bored of all the things that we know
Do you know what you are?
Because we are so in love with ourselves

We are forms of all the things we love.