

Jesus Wept

Lillian Axe

First to cast the stone
I'd rather walk my miles alone
Last to take the blame
I'd rather take the hit than devastate the lame

Your eyes are blind
Your tongue is tied
Dumb to the gifts that we've received
Listen deaf ears
Strands of the march
Nothing has changed, all wasted years

Burning the home crushing the bone
Wasting the precious moments
Living to die draining the seas
Stealing the gems with hands unkept

Jesus wept

Air too thick to breathe
I watched the demons play naïve
Blood too thick to taste
I pull the leeches from my arm so not to waste

Gorged like the pig fat like the tick
Carrying bellies set to break
High on your throne ruling alone
Preaching commandments of your own

Leaving your home nursing the bone
Savoring precious moments
Dying to live filling the seas
Laying at the gold sheets where you slept

Jesus wept
Bleeding from holes
On my body beat and broken
I don't give a damn
How you accumulated tokens

Leaving your home nursing the bone
Savoring precious moments
Dying to live filling the seas
Laying at the gold sheets where you slept

Jesus wept