

I don't know who you are, and it's too hard
To keep pretending that you're more
Than the mark of an old scar
That doesn't hurt anymore.
And I've grown numb of the fear
That everything I've done
Was being controlled by the father, by the son,
By the holy ghost you've become.

But I would fold my hands and buckle to my knees,
And I would pray the sky would fall down on me.
And I would stumble to the shore to be baptized in the waves
If it meant that everything we know doesn't go away, someday.

And I know my mother cries
When she realizes I don't love you like she does,
But still she bows her head and prays that you forgive me.
So what does that make me?
The unloving, ungrateful son of a saint?
What if that makes me the monster an angel raised?

But I would fold my hands and buckle to my knees,
And I would pray the sky would fall down on me.
And I would stumble to the shore to be baptized in the waves
If it meant that everything we know doesn't go away,
Someday.

It's so cold in the shadow of their faith,
But I will not be crushed for heaven's sake.

But I would fold my hands and buckle to my knees,
And I would pray the sky would fall down on me.

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If it meant that everything we know doesn't go away,
Someday.