

## Darwin's Song

Picture Me Broken

Pry open eyes on a Sunday morning,  
Now I can see you're overdressed.  
Take a step inside and say you're sorry  
To your imaginary friend  
I wear seven sins upon my chest  
I'm not a victim to the text  
Written in lies  
You'd stake your life  
On hollow faith that knows you best  
To place the world in His hands

You'd abandon truth for comfort

This life is in your hands  
You're living for the end  
These fables can't explain  
The beating in my chest  
This life is in your hands  
You're living for the end  
These myths they can't explain  
The air I'm breathing in  
\*I'll die for my own sins\*

Wrapped up in lies to satisfy  
Your need to know why we exist  
You lead a life where morals lie inside  
A threat haunting your head  
I wear seven sins upon my chest  
I'm not a victim to the text  
No false sense of existence

Abandon truth for comfort