

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