

Forgive Me For Asking

Propaganda

Question: and this is embarrassing
You ever been scared you had no idea what you were talking about?
Yeah, me too
Honesty perplexed
I've lied and so have you, Christians
Lying

Like you never had questions?
Like you've never had a moment
When your inner dialogues
Were all of a sudden in third person like,
"Are you really buying this?"
You're lying

Like your eyes are one-hundred percent always satisfied by your spouse
And you don't need accountability
Neither of which is biblical, by the way
Your eyes are never satisfied
Us, overgrown primates with egos, lying

You quote the devil when you declare yourself okay
You get it but you don't get it
Like you've never planted your Chuck Taylors firmly in the sinking sand
You're lying

We for centuries sing hymns of grace,
And this is why it's amazing
And if it's not, you don't understand
Or you're lying

Which is why your friends don't believe you
There is just as much Jesus' blood on your hand as there is his
You sure you understand the cross?

Forgive me for asking

And Muslims excuse my boldness but what if you're lying, too?
Like you don't ever have questions?
As if you've never wondered why Allah's ears only hear directionally,
And if you accidentally point it slightly north easterly then you've blasphemed?

As if the thought has never crossed your mind
That the Jihad has interpreted the Quran correctly
And you are what we Christians would call 'lukewarm'?
Which makes you much more like my evanjellyfish churchianity would allow me to admit
And you call me on it; I'll deny it, just don't believe me
Because I'm lying
I strain at gnats; I focus on silliness; I act like God has joined a political party just like you

As if you've never thought,
"What if I was paralyzed and I can't make my pilgrimage to Mecca
Yet I follow the text better than my whole family?
Is there enough mercy for me?"

I know it's wrong for me to front like I understand your theology
As well as I think I understand mine,
But I know we can agree on this:
Something is deathly wrong with us

And you, smarty pants, don't front
Like the little you know about our universe
You ready to draw conclusions about it's origins?
Maybe we don't know as much as we think we do
Science still can't explain yawning

Like you never took your world view to it's furthest conclusions?
That if human behavior is just what protoplasm does at this temperature,
Then there is no need for humanitarian effort,
Because these atrocities weren't wrong,
It's just the universe weeding out bad genes
Them is fingernail-on-chalkboard words, ain't 'em?
You're lying

Maybe I'm wrong, maybe you're right
Maybe we'll find out the day after the world ends
Yeah, I guess we're all a little inconsistent,
So maybe we can just show each other some grace

You ever bury yourself in self-righteous guilt?
Are there fresh tally marks on the walls of your brain's prison,
Hoping that the count of good deeds outnumber the bad ones?
Are your miserable failures your badges of honor?
And when you count those tallies,
And the day the good outnumber the bad,
Pat yourself on the back
You have joined the rest of humanity
You, too, are lying

Like you never thought,
"Someone might catch me in my contradiction"
Yeah, me too
You ever think to yourself,
"I have no idea what I'm talking about"?
Yeah, me too