

## The Comfort in Leaving

Raunchy

Fight me  
Just fucking fight me  
I'll sacrifice it all so you can be set free  
Scream for me, you're just a concept baby  
Devastating lies; you're not being honest with me

You big fucking gun  
Son of gun

When you speak of sex it was easier to tell everything you wanted to hear

You big cigar

Kill me I'm not insane

This is for the coming  
Like the sun it weeps  
We long for more

It's a full moon and I'm off the shit  
Now I can't remember what I've said

It was easier to find comfort in leaving your sorry ass  
Than tell you how I felt  
Just how I really felt...

When I am god  
You are nothing  
Fire will burn away the sin  
You big fucking gun  
For all your glory

This is for the coming  
Like the sun it weeps  
We long for more

Now is the time for you to  
Pick up your clothes and go to  
That fucking place where you belong  
Take what you need to get there  
Just take it all, I don't care  
As long as I'm sure you'll  
Go away