

Shepherd, No Sheep

Showbread

Forgive me children for I have sinned
I never asked you first
the way in which I wrote this song, the pen which
scribed the verse
I never stopped to think of you
Each chord change, each refrain
was done so with you not in mind
The farthest from my brain

Already gone and such a waste
Will you please put me in my place?
It's not enough to just say the things you do
I hate music because of you

Being the connoisseur you are, with all you listen to
You know exactly what we've done wrong and what we need
to do
Come to you before each note is ever written down
Find out exactly what you want before we make a sound

Already gone and such a waste
Will you please put me in my place?
It's not enough to just say the things you do
I hate music because of you

But I, in my arrogance, have gone my separate way
Music is dead and so are we, and soon will come the day
when every single stupid song and everything online
will turn to dust, the moth, the rust, decay and wasted
time

If I am honest, there's part of me that hopes it makes
you sick
I hope you cannot stand to hear it, or bear the thought
of it
I hope tomorrow you'll curse our name
You'll drill it in the dirt
I hope you'll not come back to us
I hope it always hurts

But at Your feet I admit defeat
My work is now in Your hands
If they want to hear stupid music so very bad
They can start themselves a band

Already gone and such a waste
Will you please put me in my place?
It's not enough to just say the things you do
I hate music because of you