

# Two-Headed Monster

## Showbread

it's easier to speak your mind when the world loves  
what you have to say  
oh they gyrate their way, they shout when they say:  
"let us never see the day the sun sets on your heart."  
but when i am alone in the dark i wonder where i've  
been, i wonder where i'm going  
is part of being strung along being helplessly  
unknowing?  
and what of the scoundrels who lead the sheep astray?  
oh they question their masters, their parents and  
pastors, and in the hereafter  
they're steeped in the dark  
and when i am alone, in my heart i wonder where they've  
been and where they're going  
is part of rebellion conceit of the unknowing?

is it difficult to speak your mind when the world hates  
the things you have to say?  
oh they screech and they bray, there is doubt and  
dismay, may the sun set on this day  
when you dragged all of them effortlessly straight into  
the dark  
while they where there they wondered:  
what if the kings that we've put on their thrones  
aren't really kings at all?  
what if they should fall?  
and all of the false gods that we're prostrated before  
have no gracious reign in mind  
what if we wake up to find ourselves coiled in their  
ashes?

we will finally start to wonder what it is that we  
should leave behind  
we'll see the signs and realize there's never been a  
better time to overthrow the principalities  
in all our words, in all our deeds  
and storm the gates of hell to show them they will not  
prevail

if all our hopes and all our dreams fall on deaf ears  
then let them see  
the gates of hell will not prevail  
and you've broken the chains on me

i needed to be vindicated for all of my frustrations  
but dragging all my grievances was heavy as damnation  
i don't need to feel so right, but I badly want to feel  
alive  
i'm done with a contest of wills  
and i'm not afraid to die