

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