

# You Will Die In A Prison

Showbread

sometimes i feel broken  
and there are things that i never say to anyone  
like sometimes i don't feel rescued  
and sometimes i don't believe you love me at all

when i allow myself the fantasy that i might have made  
you proud  
i feel ashamed

i honestly believe with all of my soul that you love  
the whole world  
just maybe not me

it's not that i feel overlooked or that you've done me  
wrong  
maybe at the end of the day, i just don't love myself

when i try to impress you i hate myself  
and i could run better if i could stay on track  
and every time i turn around, every time you welcome me  
back  
it's hard to love someone so big and be someone so  
small  
and i'm afraid that you're the one who thinks that i  
don't love you at all  
but i do

you rend the veil that hides your face  
you speak light into the dark  
you've beaten back the hoards of death  
you tear their crowns apart  
no more aching and crying  
you lift the burden of my shame  
no more breaking and dying  
you remember my name

(i can see it coming:)  
the ill and the affirmed leave their sickness behind  
all disease is crushed in defeat  
the shadows shrinking back, disappear in the light  
the paralyzed rise to their feet

the broken and oppressed overflow with joy  
the abused become royalty  
darkness and despair are banished for good  
and death can find no loyalty

the tormented see peace in the fading night  
and all the brokenhearted feel their hearts begin to  
mend  
the lowercase gods are all crushed by the King  
the hungry and the destitute will never go without  
again

war and poverty are vanquished  
no pain, no suffering, no dismay  
evil, death and all their friends are forever washed

away

our faith in you will cry out for the day  
our hope in you will not be misplaced  
for now we see through a fogged piece of glass  
but soon we will see face to face

you rend the veil that hides your face  
you speak light into the dark  
you've beaten down the hoards of death  
you've torn their crowns apart  
come Lord, come! let the last be first  
wipe every tear from the face of the earth  
put all wrongs to right  
make everything new  
the cancer of death is defeated by you