

Your Friends Are Fake

Showbread

People are afraid to say what they mean,
or keep on talking if it's not about them
I don't say I hate them before they hate me
I've just shut down cause I know what we're all thinking
we're just going by the numbers,
dragging along were just clinging on to someone,
anyone suck the blood and leave the carcass, now we're full.
lie to not disrupt the balance, it balances

We're all fake

We want to understand the point,
let us drive it through your naive head
murdered by self-righteous,
we've killed humility dead

So is the flesh weak and the spirit willing?
Or is Jesus inside a building?
the rituals, rules and things we make up,
it takes so much to wake us up to trade the funding and turn th
e cheek,
to exchange the proud in for the meek to say to our reflections
"I deny you"
feel the splintering wood on my back and follow

You love the men who drove nails through your wrists
I know enough to know that love does exist
if you bled for the fakes that are just like me
why do I want to make all the fakes bleed?

Jesus, forgive us...
we know not what we do
Jesus have mercy on us,
I am what I hate, but I want to be just like you