

So Far From God

Spoken

Sophisticated whatever you call yourself,
you're robbing the blind to make a life for yourself.
You leave them violated and persecuted.
The city's on fire and you leave them in the gutter to die.
Pushed away from the life they had to give.
Pushed away from the life they had to live.
Forced to live upon the streets.
Forced to live with no soul to teach.
Do you want to be the one to make them hate you?
Nothing more than a son of hell, oh the odds that you deny.
You're longing to find comfort in a God that you deny.
Your lies are getting old, your body is growing old;
your tongue is a blade that punches deep into my soul.
God-fearing is not what you are, yeah; you're so far.
So far from God.
A man of his word, deliverer of truth,
descended from heaven, and he walked upon the earth.
Born of a virgin, raised like any man.
He was a maker of miracles,
and you still don't understand.
Why are we so far from God?