

Paper Jesus

Staind

You take this all for granted.
All the things that used to be you.
By keeping you distracted
Just long enough to bleed you... dry

A reason for your anger,
It's what I need, it's what I need.
To recognize the truth
It's what I need, it's what I need.
So burn your paper Jesus
It's what I need, it's what I need,
And all the things you do,
It's what I need, it's what I need.

Question what they tell you
All the lies that they are teaching,
And they've made a corporation
Out of desperate people's feelings... of fear

Somebody chose these words for you.
Interpretations of the truth.
Somewhere behind your fear they hide.
To fill the holes inside.