

Same Graves

Storm the Sky

How easy it is to detest you.
You hold your head so high.
Higher than the world you think you own,
but I know you're alone.
No one sees your intentions, you're just a distraction.
The only fake fucking arrogant waste of time
and these are the words unspoken.
I see straight through the hope that you inspire.
You keep the truth subliminal.
You hide it behind your desire.
Nothing's heaven sent.
Your god ain't got no throne.
He's in a bed of roses, with a blanket of thorns.
Did you really think you'd live forever?
I see straight through the hope that you inspire.
You keep the truth subliminal.
You hide it behind your desire.
I can feel you tremble a thousand miles away.
You're living like a criminal.
You're hiding behind your faith.
God is like a lover that's left and never coming back.
Gets you thinking you're part of a plan,
and when your heart stops beating
takes your place up in the sky
and gives it out to someone who died more righteous.
I just can't help
but question the love that he claims he has for the human race,
that he herds in and out of the gates to his home.
Disciples stuck inside the fucking friend zone,
left to die alone with nowhere to go but up.
But still I see you screaming at the sky.
(You're just another sinner when you keep the truth subliminal)
. .
Forgetting everything that you took from him.
(You profit from manipulation, living like a criminal).
The sacrifice you say saved your life.
But still you wait to see the other side,
leaving behind the world he designed,
preferring to die,
when heaven is right in front of our eyes.