

A Real Place For Real People

The Bunny the Bear

Every piece of me was shattered and left for you
Dreaming brought the only way out,
It was the latest context that I'd interpret and soon see through
Underlining, still, sweeping emotion
Lost in the truth
Your back still reads as a mattress scar, a bruise brings the truth

The stone was thrown,
Yet sunk straight through
Listening, (Seemingly content with the words that you said)
But never shown to be true
The stone was thrown
Yet sunk straight through
A splinter of what's left of me,
(And I won't open the door until
You break straight through)

Listen to you
Listen to you
Sickened with truth
I spill a sermon and the words collide

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"We are so oblivious, starting fires,
That couldn't be maintained or kept,
Yet, we sleep through the night?"
"Simplistic as the time we spent
Burning down the only exit in the church,
The only chance left for these people"
"He will not forgive"

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It's getting harder to ask for your pity
It's getting harder to ask for your pity
It's getting harder to ask for your pity

I'll never be clean,
I'll never be content,
I'll never hear you say "Well done, your time was well spent"
I doubt I'll ever understand, until it falls apart
This stone could never cleanse
The shame that still dwells in my heart
Let the blame fall on you

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