

My God

This Beautiful Republic

I'm losing contact
Forgetting what is real
Able to touch, but not able to feel
It's easier, to shut out everyone
I'm chasing after my newest distraction to escape it all

My God, oh, my God
What have I become?
The self-addicted one
My God, oh, my God
You never failed me
You're what I need

So often, I'm the sleeping prayer
More often, I'm the weeping betrayer
Sometimes I play the martyr, become the traitor
The humbled sinner
Has never been a role I knew to play

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You never failed me
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Treason
A pound of flesh is the debt
Leaving a crippled man
I'll give You all I have left
A straining outstretched hand
Is it enough?
Reach down
Take me back

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