

## 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're what I need

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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