

Lack Of Contrition

Whiplash

While we wait for an answer
On how we should live
You feel like a cancer
On all that we give
All the sermons you're giving
From your pulpit so tall
Yeah, you're making a living
On the blind faith of all

And no one believes you
And yourself still deceives you

Every time you say you're sorry
You bleed a little of me out
Every time you change your story
You've got one less to lie to now

While they all kneel repenting
To heaven they cry
Their god they're resenting
As lives go awry
You speak of damnation
How they're led astray
You secure their salvation
With money they pay

You lead them to follow
Orations of sorrow

Every time you say you're sorry
You bleed a little of me out
Every time you change your story
You've got one less to lie to now

While we wait for an answer
On how we should live
You feel like a cancer
On all that we give
You speak of damnation
How they're led astray
You secure their salvation
With money they pay

Every time you say you're sorry
You bleed a little of me out
Every time you change your story
You've got one less to lie to now.

You lead them to follow
You'll repent tomorrow

Every lie, it cuts and scars me
It bleeds a little of me out
Every time you change your story
You've got one less to cry to, lie to - now.