

It's Hard Not to Shake with a Gun in Your Mouth

Zao

I am not a prophet or a teacher
I am a failure of God
Standing in a circle of my brothers
Their fangs out
Every thing I had I gave to you
Every time I tried I would lose
It's hard not to shake with a gun in your mouth
Every time
I try I hear my mother's voice
And see my mother's eyes
But when hers close
I'm scared so will mine
You are no brothers
Filing out the church of
Cain
Like a thousand foot pious snake
Hiding its sins deep in its stomach
Digesting them one at a time
And your voice is a sounding trumpet
Announcing the mountains that you've moved