

God Lives Underwater, History

You fall like a waterfall
Pulling down your insincerities
I erode 'til you're bedrock
And in the fossils the inscription reads
If you think you've made history
You're not as huge as you thought
So pull the safety pins out 'yer palms
There's no more room on the cross
So step off ..
Your presence is a gaping hole
A wound from which your contradictions bleed
It's documented in my laptop
And it just reaffirms statistically
That
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