

Godhead, Unclean

You're never satisfied with what
I want to be You're never
Satisfied with how you control me
You're never satisfied with anything
You see And you'll never let it be

Forever taking what
Was never given out
You never thought of those
That had to do without
You were the chosen one you
Had to take that route

And you make the martyrs shout
And I don't know what you mean
When you say that I'm unclean

And I don't know why you hate
Everything that made you great
Forever looking down on what
You used to be
Forever holding us
From ever being free

You have killed the
God in me And I don't
Know what you mean
When you say that I'm unclean
And I don't know why you hate
Everything that made you great

You're never satisfied with
What you are today
You're never satisfied with
What you had to pay
You're never satisfied with anything
I say But I'll never go away

And I don't know what you mean
When you say that I'm unclean
And I don't know why you hate
Everything that made you great

And we don't know what you mean
When you say that we're unclean
And we don't know why you hate
Everything that made you great