

# 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