

Brand New, Jesus

Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face
The kind you'd find on someone that could save
If they don't put me away
It'll be a miracle

Do you believe you're missing out?
That everything good is happening somewhere else
With nobody in your bed
The night's hard to get through

And I will die all alone
And when I arrive I won't know anyone

Jesus Christ, I'm alone again
So what did you do those three days you were dead?
Because this problem is gonna last
More than the weekend

Jesus Christ I'm not scared to die
But I'm a little bit scared of what comes after
Do I get the gold chariot
Or do I float through the ceiling

Or do I divide and pull apart
'Cause my bright is too slight to hold back all my dark
This ship went down in sight of land
And at the gates does Thomas ask to see my hands?

I know you're coming in the night like a thief
But I've had some time, O Lord, to hone my lying technique
I know you think that I'm someone you can trust
But I'm scared I'll get scared and I swear I'll try to nail you back up (Everyone now)
So do you think that we could work out a sign
So I'll know it's you and that it's over so I won't even try
I know you're coming for the people like me
But we all got wood and nails
We turn, turn out hate in factories
We all got wood and nails
We turn, turn out hate in factories
We all got wood and nails
We sleep inside of this machine