

Bride, Evil Geniuses

To All my critics the cynics who want me want to go away
What keeps me going why don't I quit?
I'm not a loser like you a reviewer like you
A liar or a hypocrite like you
I'm not a frustrated beaten musician like you
I would rather be a Has Been than a Never Was

The public is funny
They love you one minute
In the same breath, they hate you your old news
Then they beg you to play old school
Then they want it back like it was / what to do?
Like before, they get bored; keep score, your ignored, strike a chord
The cycle is your reward.
Then they hate you again, then they hate you again

They buy God they sell God, I'm numb
Baby Jesus Love Dolls, Everybody wants one
They rob God, create God I'm numb
I dropped the BOMB!

These are my words
That make you burn, that cleanses your soul that wakes the dead
The same fire you condemn me in, I've been baptized in,
Purged in, matured in, not hurt by, been blessed by, been purified
Just because you don't understand me, Don't mean I ain't justified
Maybe you have a learning disability I am sanctified

You wouldn't come to me when you had a problem with me
You took it to the press, like all the rest
To the promoters, my manager
even my mom, You created a mess
If your life is so redundant, so boring so routine, so bland,
Uninspired, that you got to invade mine,
Get into my affairs, infiltrate my beliefs
Get out of me, away from me,
Stop terrorizing me

Watcha you wanna email me, rail on me, accuse me, cut down on me
I give my heart to you; I'm not your therapist
You say I'm in sin, you judge me,
you stone me I can't help it if you are blind; you act like you own me
I preach the same Christ, the same grace, the blood saves,
abundantly above all that we ask or think, freely,
don't grieve me, Pain me with self righteousness
You won't be there to cry with me,
You won't be there to bleed with me,
You won't be there to rise with me;
You won't be there to die with me.