

Bride, Tomorrow Makes No Sense

I didn't choose this face
Or this shell of skin I'm trapped in
You're not worthy to loose my shoes
You don't know where they've been

I am my own enemy
I will lie to myself
I will talk to God
But He won't talk to me

I want no sin, I want no fear
No sting of conscience, no care of death
I want peace, not as the world gives
Tomorrow makes no sense

Only Jesus sees my heart
My hope is that He knows my mind
He will bring me out of this
If I can scratch the crust from my eyes

Inflict my own wounds
Torture my own soul
I choose to be the beggar
Break the bonds of my yoke