

# Cursive, Sinner's Serenade

Oh God, no - please don't tell her  
what I've done  
I can hardly look at her  
everything I love, I hurt  
Oh God, yes - she is love  
she is sex  
But I used her for the game,  
A scapegoat to carry the blame  
for a hate song  
For a hate song  
It's like masochism - I hate  
these hate songs  
Holding a dove  
then clipping it's wings off  
Someone you love  
and you give them the kiss off  
Someone to love - and you fuck it up!

How I hate these dirty words I emulate  
How i hate ruining what I create  
How I hate this (and I hate that  
you don't fall for it) - this  
sinner's serenade  
This hate song (this self defecation)  
isn't helping anyone  
Save the sinner  
Save the sinner  
He knows not what he's done to himself  
What he's done to others  
He hides behind words  
he hides behind liquor  
He hides in his bedroom with his guitar  
screaming, "Sinner!"

Oh God, look what I've done  
in the bedroom.