

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.