

Dillinger Four, Holy Shit

High and dry you've got a hold on the fucking truth. You've got nothing but a
Blank hand don't you? In the end it's just a tired explanation, and
I can't sit still for the duration

You raised me with your hands raised to the sky, I guess there was
A time I believed your ways. I learned to read between the lines,
I learned to question what they say

And it gets worse before it's over, there's no truth in the clouds above,
No luck in clover. And I don't believe I'd have it any other way.

Sunday school at age nine, I thought I was on the winning team, because
I wanted to see it, I wanted to need it. It was nine years of holy
shit and I believed it.

You raised me with my hands behind my back, I guess there was a time
When I broke away. I learned to disregard the lies, I learned to
Question what they say.

I won't look through your lens, tainted by intolerance and based
On false morality. All in the name of greed. Amen