

# Give Up The Ghost, The Last Supper After Party

Jesus and all his saints couldn't save our wretched face  
And no man parting some sea could keep you from me  
We had to walk away from the streets that knew our names

I stutter soft and say  
"I'd give you anything,  
anything and everything  
And you can tell the town  
We're down till we're underground";

We lost the heartache sound when our order was found

I burned a testament and misused 'heaven-sent'  
We made a comeback and it, it was received quite well  
The earth, for all its worth, never seemed so far from Hell

Preach on and on  
Spread the good word of the holy healing  
Breathe in, breathe out and on  
Likely lifers put to song and dance  
and air has never seemed so clear  
I got a love/hate relationship with love and hate  
I get lost here and there  
You could say I was into the fact you even cared  
I'm a believer of there's nothing up above  
that could or should replace my Sunday's saving grace  
I repent the times that I said you don't exist  
My gospels from the Church of Stereo Activists