

Hurt, Talking to God

Mother is busy
She won't even miss me
And so busy praying
And won't see me waiting
I hate all your reasons
They just point to Jesus
You can't be awakened
When you're not mistaken
And I hate your voice,
And that fucked up noise
And your clichés and things that you'd say to me
When they burned me then
It still sears today
Embedded in a memory that won't change
How can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
When you won't talk to me?
Yea how can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
When you won't talk to
So I begged you just for a word
That through the day you might have heard and...she wouldn't listen to my words
Always I'll remember some good times, and
Some winters in times when I wasn't too dirty for mud.

When you'd hit your boys, in that fucked up voice.
On your black days,
Oh the things that you'd say to me
When they burned me
Yea, they burned me
Oh they burned me
Yea, they burned me
So how can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
How can you talk to God
When you won't talk to me?
I know every little word of all the things that I have heard.
So how can you talk to God
When you won't talk to me
When HE won't talk to me
Someday you'll be better than me,
Yea someday you'll be better than me
But you won't talk to