Joseph Arthur, Crying Like A Man

You must destroy All who you employ To protect your last invention Work hard its destruction Ignore your good intention You must ignore the wrong voice Whose voice A peculiar choice Well I'm sure You and I can't remember Living like a backwards trainwreck trying to disguise the deceit Intrinsic in our step When love's got us by the neck Why can't we just surrender I'll be quiet I won't wake you up Don't whine Drink wine Like terpentine Cleaning out your inside in line From your toes up through your spine Pretend you're a conductor Maestro without music God without man Me without you Holding your hand Falling like a leaf Crying like a man We silently confess through open eyes Setting fire to the web spun right behind In my mind's a spider And in your heart's a fly When you're meek you are malicious Somehow still suspicious

Faithlessly religious