

Kilgore, Senorita Beefeater

Everyone's footsteps pound like hammers
to my brain
And all the lives I've broke
And all that remains
Everything, everyone around me reminds me
Of my sins
If I was Mr. Turtle Man
I'd pull my head back in
I'm not your Jesus
I'm not your
Here in my shell, alone I dwell
My so called friends come with pitchforks
And drag me off to hell
Cuz I made too many promises
That I can't alter
I may look like your Jesus
But I can't walk on water
I'm not your Jesus
I'm not your
False, indifference
Not really here right
Just a lump of clay with a crown of thorns
Could've been the leader of the master race
Or a Greek poet before I was born
My soul is not my own
It's shared with a thousand fading dreams
Exposed to the naked eye is why
I'm always picked last on the team
I'm not your Jesus
I'm not your