

Sam Phillips, Smoke Screen

You smoke-screen with your judgemental words.
But when the air clears you're just a scared little child.
You smoke-screen, but your fearful inside
That God doesn't love you
You let fear run you wild

(Chorus)

When someone is wrong you write them off
Never give a second chance
What if God had been that strict with you
And destroyed you without a second

You smoke-screen with your angelic face
You look so holy, but you're struggling inside
You smoke-screen when you point the finger
Cuz no one's looking
To see you problem with pride