

Staple, Honor And Integrity

I've said all my "Hail Mary's" and I've recited all the right prayers.
I've done a lot in the name of God to gain this solace from your stares.
So break bread as I take unholy communion once more.
As righteous as filthy rags bleeding on the floor.
I'm sitting ripe, sitting fresh in my mire.
Behold the poison untold.
I've tried to show the world how great a man can be,
But this great man I've charaded is the farthest thing from me.
THE MAN THAT I'VE SHOWN IS A MAN I DON'T KNOW.

So shall it be: Sown lies shall reap.
Honor has died with integrity.

What can I say?
That I've lived what I've told?
They bought me, but I hate the manner through which I was sold.
I know exactly what to do, I know exactly what to say,
I believe every word; it's just so hard to obey!
Trojan horse lies filled with big butterflies and they bought me.
They took the bait.
Hook, line and false, flaky, dimple-creased smile.
Sit back and enjoy the show!
I'll have you hooked too, in just a little while.

So shall it be: Sown lies shall reap.
Honor has died with integrity.

I've lived all these lies.
No more compromising.
I know what to do.
I know what to say.
I believe every word; it's just so hard to obey!
I know what I've created - this mess that shadows me - it leaves my conscious tainted,
I want authenticity, integrity!
Jesus, forgive me!

So shall it be: Sown lies shall reap.
Honor has died with integrity.
MY HONOR HAS DIED WITH MY INTEGRITY