

Left Your Body

Bad Books

We were sitting there nervous trying to keep our eyes from making contact
You were laying there looking worse than you had looked the previous Sunday
I was trying to imagine how it felt for you and you released it
Tried to put myself inside your shoes and felt like that was selfish
I don't know what it looks like where you are but I mean it must look better
Than just laying around and counting down until you meet your Maker

I imagine that He held your hand and showed you that you're far from perfect
That every single person he created has been a screw up you can't help it
Might as well just take that blame take off your shoes start getting comfy
There is nothing but forgiveness here the journey's over glad you met me
There is nothing but deliverance here pure and logic than you could be
And all the judgement that He yelled about is more about yourself than you'd think

I'm a 7 page laundry list of sinful deeds I swore were not me
And I felt you're the shadow of my death still scares the soul out me
I couldn't even wrap my head around how I could find a throne for judging
Still I sat there quietly, resenting you, resenting daddy
And all that I can do is hope and hope and hope that the Lord will treat me
The way that I believe he treated you when you left this earth and body