

The fury in your house should have saved me from the debris of
my car
And the blood held in my mouth from when my teeth had been knocked out
There's always static on the end of the line to heaven
So what pain must I endure before you feel like coming down?

Lord, is it true that I am such a waste that I am easy to ignore?
No sermon that I've ever sung has ever summoned you
So maybe you're not there at all

When I was sick and I was dying
I was alone
It wasn't empyrean fire guiding my way home
Only the voices of my friends
My mother and my father
You sat in silence
Left me crying out for you to take my life

Oh Lord, is it true that I am such a waste
That you're ashamed to show your face
And grant me just a gleam of grace
In even your most sacred of spaces?
And if that's the case, then

How could I know peace?
How could I know peace?
How could I know peace?
How could I know peace?
How could I know peace? (Should I be afraid?)
How could I know peace? ('Cause in the end)
How could I know peace? (I know that death will)
How could I know peace? (Greet me as a friend)
How could I know peace? (Should I be afraid?)
How could I know peace? ('Cause in the end)
How could I know peace? (I know that death will)
How could I know peace? (Greet me as a friend)