

Made Of Stone

Envy on the Coast

I don't believe in much of anything
I threw that away when I found out
Jesus never learned to sing
I'll wear the crown if you say that it fits
You say my head has grown but it fits through the door
And you think...

And you think I'm made of stone,
I'm chiseled out of brick.
I'm a vase that shatters
Holding such beautiful things.
I'm made of stone,
I'm chiseled out of brick.
I believe in this,
I believe in this,
I believe in this...

I'm a machine,
I'm made of recycled clicks
To keep you in line when you step out of time,
I rule with my iron fist
I think about the plan the whole world wrote for us
And sometimes it hurts,
Sometimes it hurts,
Sometimes it hurts...

When you think I'm made of stone,
I'm chiseled out of brick.
I'm a vase that shatters
Holding such beautiful things.
I'm made of stone,
I'm chiseled out of brick.
I believe in this,
I believe in this,
I believe in this...

I believe in this [3x]

Stoned in my room,
Yeah they would stone me in my sleep
I learned to stare the way that he did
The way that Jesus watched his sheep
I do this to breathe into the choir,
I preach
You know how it feels,
You know how it feels,
You know how it feels...

When I start to think you're made of stone,
You're chiseled out of brick.
You're the vase that shatters
Holding such a pitiful thing.
You're made of stone,
You're chiseled out of brick.
I still believe in this.