

Two Steps Back

Hotel Books

There is a lesson to learn when someone can crash and burn.
Are we just waiting for our turn? Is there any concern?
We force-fed our own minds with something that was never mine.
We do this every time, we do this every time.
It takes two to make a relationship survive,
but it only takes one to make it die.
That's why I'm here to sever my ties.
I'm sick of this sickness, with God as my witness, I'm fine.

Mocking and hating those with the truth.
Flocking and rating the knot on this noose.
Are we acting in the name of edginess
or deep down is this just an act of prejudice?

Tightening the ropes of understanding and manhandling the stand
s rambling with crowds of widows and orphans
ready to be fed with nourishment of the body. But when we break
bread, we feed heads.

We suffocate minds to ignore life and only see the consequences
of death.

Blind sheep can't use grass and feed as their shepherd.
We must not let our heart and mind be severed.
Cause where is the religion in love and the love in religion?
We're taught if we want to go to heaven we must keep them mutua
lly exclusive.

We're told tradition is the misleading of staggered preaching,
the seeking of reaping what was sown by the heavy hearts
and shackled hands of men that we don't even love but rather se
e as utility.

But the progress we seek is not always rooted in love,
sometimes just rooted in the need to seem unique
but still similar to the masses when we get on our hands and kn
ees

to avoid shaping into a windowless view in the first four pews
as we spew cyclical phrases at an altar to alter the altered st
ate of refuge

we never saw when we were clung into what we were taught would
teach us how to pray.

Is everyone like this? No, I doubt it. But I can tell you somet
imes I am, and it makes me sick.

I used to be scared that I wasn't sharing love honestly,
and now I'm not scared at all. Now I'm not scared at all.
And that's what scares me the most. Forgive me, forgive me.