

Every church has a steeple  
And their own form of suicide  
And I'd like to think if I lived through the Bible  
Soon after, I would have probably died

But I have no weapons, just a lot of ammunition  
And the muddy waters I'm stepping in  
Until you showed me my own wisdom

I promised myself I'd never neglect another gray sky  
Take another trip to Van Nuys and stop at Best Buy  
To see if the record I wrote has sold enough  
For me to just fade out and let time pass by

And I don't know where I stand  
So I guess I'll just fall apart  
Because I know there's blood on my hands  
If there's still hate in my heart

I booked a flight back to Los Angeles  
I'll be back in the valley, I hope you can handle it

Because nothing says 'I love you' quite like your iron fist  
And I'm fine with it, as long as you're happy

I guess there's a reason the artist is rarely in the painting  
A self-portrait is too personal to create for sustaining  
So where is God in this creation, other than our clouds?  
This mystery we pray to, hoping it will water our grounds

And I don't know where I stand  
So I guess I'll just fall apart  
Because I know there's blood on my hands  
If there's still hate in my heart

Let this song be a memorial, to when I knew who I was  
I'm picturing out my burial, but my heart is afraid of love  
I'm afraid of love