

It's a cause that makes me suicidal.  
It's all the same to me just comic books and bibles.  
The righteous man wasn't right he was just a man.  
I gripped onto faith but it shattered in my hand.  
Goddamn the hand that holds back the man.  
So I razor blade the truth to gut out the facts.  
I didn't find proof so I sat back and laughed.  
All the will that I wasted and the hope that it took,  
They still talk about god like they read it in a book.  
Goddamn the hand that holds back the man.  
Dear god, don't walk away we need to talk about this and all the  
Unheard prayers and the childhood I missed.  
I wonder why you won't answer me.  
Then I realize you don't exist.