

I've been growing fond of cutting up my hands again
But this time it's not from writing songs, it's throwing fists
Not even therapy can fix the damage dealt
My God, my God, my God

I've spent so much time alone that I can barely tell
That my bloody knuckles were the only pain I felt
Not even therapy can make me love myself
My God, my God, my God, yeah

But you're doing just fine without me, aren't you?
While I've been living two straight years of suffering right th
rough
Not even Jesus Christ could save me from you
You ain't God, you ain't God, you ain't God, yeah
I was lonelier when I was with you

I've been going hard to make something good out of myself
I'm chasing sanity while they're out here chasing clout
Even on the movie screen, I'm still judging myself
My God, my God, my God, yeah

But you're doing just fine without me, aren't you?
While I've been living two straight years of sacrifice too
Not even Jesus Christ could save me from you
You ain't God, you ain't God, you ain't God
My God, my God, my God, yeah
I was lonelier when I was with you

But you're doing just fine without me, aren't you?
While I've been living two straight years of suffering right th
rough
Not even Jesus Christ could save me from you
You ain't God, you ain't God, you ain't God, yeah
Ain't God, you ain't God, you ain't God
I was lonelier when I was with you