

# Thoughts and Prayers

## Stoned Jesus

Every morning there's a ritual  
There's a routine  
When you're reading all the news  
In the world from the screen  
For a second sense of powerlessness  
Fills you up  
People suffer, people die  
And this will never stop

But as years go by you learned  
To stay under control  
So you're lying in your bed  
Going numb from it all

In gardens of stone  
We die alone  
Waiting for someone  
To guide us back home  
But nobody's there  
And nobody cares  
Our only answer is still  
Thoughts and prayers

Ages spent just waiting  
For the justice from the cloud  
Hoping for the higher forces  
To sort it all out  
Since technology and science  
For you don't make sense  
Hollow empathy's now  
The only way of defence

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