I spend my life scratching in the dirt trying to find someone to clean me up and give back what I deserve there's footsteps from behind there's knocking on my door but there's nobody there I said I didn't need them any more Picking up pieces trying to make them fit thinking about Jesus shivering in the heat up against the world like a dead end kid you spend your life bleeding I see faces on the ceiling when I lie awake in bed and I can never shed the tears always damming up my head it's so easy to pretend I don't believe in all that I said Picking up pieces trying to make them fit thinking about Jesus shivering in the heat up against the world like a dead end kid you spend your life bleeding... You spend your life blaming the gods you believe in redirecting Valentines from Eden you've been trying you've been lying you've been crucifying you spend your life bleeding with the times I see myself silhouetted at the wheel like an alien without a friend nothing to conceal so I climb into the back seat and I wonder if it's love when it's down to getting naked it's just like any other photograph Picking up pieces trying to make them fit thinking about Jesus shivering in the heat up against the world like a dead end kid dreaming up speeches the rebel hypocrite

only one step ahead
of lying in the street
you spend you life bleeding