

Brand New, Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ, that's a pretty face
The kind you'd find on someone that could save
If they don't put me away
Well, it'll be a miracle
Do you believe you're missing out
That everything good is happening somewhere else?
But with nobody in your bed
The night's hard to get through
And I will die all alone
And when I arrive I won't know anyone
Well, Jesus Christ, I'm alone again
So what did you do those three days you were dead?
'cause this problem's gonna last more than the weekend.
Well, Jesus Christ, I'm not scared to die,
I'm a little bit scared of what comes after
Do I get the gold chariot?
Do I float through the ceiling?
Do I divide and fall apart?
'cause my bright is too slight to hold back all my dark
And the ship went down in sight of land
And at the gates does Thomas ask to see my hands
I know you're coming in the night like a thief
But I've had some time, O Lord, to hone my lying technique
I know you think that I'm someone you can trust
But I'm scared I'll get scared and I swear I'll try to nail you back up
So do you think that we could work out a sign
So I'll know it's you and that it's over so I won't even try
I know you're coming for the people like me
But we all got wood and nails
And we turn out hate in factories
We all got wood and nails
And we turn out hate in factories
We all got wood and nails
And we sleep inside of this machine