

Hurt, Rapture

In the life of the wrong a love lingered on, love lingered on to frustration.
And if our love is so wrong, what should we do alone?
Or am I just a picture in a photograph?
Why are we stuck in this pantomime fearing a god who died?
One who would not deny lovers?
And I don't care what they say, if what you need is your faith,
Then take a look at my face and know...

That till your rapture falls to pieces
Until your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe, simple things like suffering

Life had gone this way...
Life is gone this way...

Still in the life of the wrong we all moved along?
Another life evolved to gestation
And so we made our way with the mistake we made
But she was just a picture in the photograph
So she walked in the baby's room
Knowing what she should do leaves me in absolute horror
She put her hand on its lips she gave it one last kiss
And sang some tune that went...

Until your rapture falls to pieces
'Till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Simple things are suffering

And I would and I would, destroy your god
Yes I would if I could destroy your god
Because you're born again
Until you're worn again

Until your rapture falls to pieces
'till your rapture falls to pieces
Find in me the room to breathe,
Sinful things are suffering
'till your rapture falls to pieces
t'll your rapture falls to pieces

But, if this must be, then burn with me
Anything
Just don't leave...

Find in me...Room to breathe...Enmity...Suffering.....

She swore she heard the voice of Jesus
Telling her "it was wrong to keep it"
And one more thing, it looked like me
Back when it breathed...Rest in peace
Until the rapture comes to meet us