

# Hurt, Talking to God

Mother is busy  
She won't even miss me  
And so busy praying  
And wont see me waiting  
I hate all your reasons  
They just point to jesus  
You can't be awakened  
When your not mistaken  
And I hate your voice,  
And that fucked up noise  
And your clichs and things that you'd say to me  
When they burned me then  
It still seers today  
Embedded in a memory that wont change  
How can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
When you won't talk to me?  
Yea how can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
When you won't talk to  
So I begged you just for a word  
That through the day you might have heard and...she wouldn't listen to my words  
Always I'll remember some good times,and  
Some winters in times when I wasn't too dirty for mud.

When you'd hit your boys, in that fucked up voice.  
On your black days,  
Oh the things that you'd say to me  
When they burned me  
Yea, they burned me  
Oh they burned me  
Yea, they burned me  
So how can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
How can you talk to God  
When you won't talk to me?  
I know every little word of all the things that I have heard.  
So how can you talk to God  
When you won't talk to me  
When HE won't talk to me  
Someday you'll be better then me,  
Yea someday you'll be better then me  
But you won't talk to