

I am angry at my god.

all you do is run your mouth all over our little town,
let's have it out, right here,
Patron Saint of all the Non-Believers that you had once under your thumb,
now am I the one that got away?

I am angry at my god, whether he knows it or not, he owes me and he won't settle up.
it's not enough when I am angry with our god, whether I believe in him or not, he let me down and
couldn't give a fuck and I've yet to hear his word,
so who am I to go speak first?

how about you beat me to the punch for once?
do you see a little bit of me in yourself when you look down on us?
do your mountain ranges seem a little dull with their melted-diamond glaciers cause you're alone?
well I, for one, I don't believe, and you owe me.
and you owe me, yeah, because seeing is sincere and I double-dare you to show your face around here
anytime in the near future.

I am angry at my god, whether he knows it or not, he owes me and he won't settle up.
it's not enough when I am angry with our god, whether I believe in him or not, he let me down and
couldn't give a fuck and I've yet to hear his words,
so who am I to go speak first?

who am I to speak up first?
when all you do is run your mouth all over our little town,
let's have it out:
we are waiting, we are waiting here like deer in front of trains, your headlights wipe us away.
we are waiting, we're still waiting, we are waiting here but I'm not scared.
I'm not scared.
am I the one that got away?
am I the one that got away, oh?
fuck it.

"you know that ringing in your ears? that 'eee'?
that's the sound of the ear cells dying, like their swan song.
Once it's gone you'll never hear that frequency again, enjoy it while it lasts."
(taken from Alfonso Cuarón's *Children of Men*)