

Thoughts & Prayers

Motionless In White

I don't want this, I don't need this
I don't give a single fuck about your thoughts and prayers
Salvation in destruction / and I am the apostle of pain
There's more money in tragedy, and more net worth in self pity
So you're doubling down inside of your screen / hiding behind attention you seek. There's
nowhere left for you to hide the bodies Don't pray for me, when you're the one to blame
Don't think of me, when you go up in flames
Don't pray for me when you're the one enslaved
No miracle, just fantasy So spare me your pity symphony
Wake up and get up off your knees
Handcuffed by Sunday fallacy
Crucify the saint in your soul
An addict for plaudit you get your cruci-fix Don't pray for me, when you're the one to blame
Don't think of me, when you go up in flames
Don't pray for me when you're the one enslaved
Don't wish me well, in your fantasy You know the dead can't hear you
The holy well is dry
So when you face the truth
Open your fuckin eyes Preying on the violence
You fabricate a script
Preaching to fill your pockets
But your god is counterfeit You love to play the victim
Can I get an amen?
Yet you canonize yourself
While you wear this crown of shit
You get what you pray for
You don't get anything playing the part when it's insincere
So give up the pain, give up the game
Just give up the holy ghost
You won't get what you pray for, won't get what you pray for
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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