

## Litter G (Liturgy)

when you sit and the silence is loud  
and you feel yourself open to the questions and doubt  
fill yourself with the sound of the singing man  
the sound is sufficient to make you devout

he is love and he is free but does he claim divinity  
and is he one or is he three or is he the infinity  
what is there but sin in me don't sing to me of prophecy  
and all your words mean naught to me for language is futility

but you put your faith in a world of sensation  
your demons are real but you can't seem to face them  
your eyes are dilated but they don't draw the light in  
you can't seem to hide that your empty inside  
from me

and you best pick up your litter g  
na na na na na na

(repeat opening verse)

I look for him in all I see he leads me to eternity  
my fleeting eyes can fail me the agents of hypocrisy  
truer thoughts they worship me and live in their apostasy  
cast them down upon the street but best pick up your litter, g

you're idly watching your own idolization  
mindfully waiting for the words of creation  
you'll weather the wake for as long as it takes  
is it real or fake is it will or fate

best pick up your litter (pick up your liturgy)  
best pick up your litter, g (pick up your liturgy)  
best pick up your liturgy your liturgy your liturgy

one and one is always three in the language of the liturgy  
and one and one is always three for language is futility