

You're living in a world of theory,
You're making my eyes go blurry.
You're seeing a world where people,
Are somehow less than the sum of the steeple.
And when you talk like this it gets scary,
It makes me incredibly leery.
You seem to see me under thick law codes,
As the grace of God within you erodes.
And all I become to you is less than a concept,
And all I can do with our friendship is regret.
I never asked for you to judge me right and just,
I wonder where you got this power lust.
I never asked you to do more than care,
For some reason I thought it was fair.
I'd rip apart this judgement you pass,
Heck, I'd theologically kick your ass!
But the fact is you're not interested in listening,
Just sign waving, screaming, and protesting.
So I'll leave you to your world of theory.
And live a life quite a bit more cheery.
I'll let you have your own little reality,
Even if it'll be your own calamity.
I'll wait for you to finally learn how to love,
And we'll talk, when hate you rise above.