Crimson Cord

Propaganda

The pain that guides us
The strings that tie us

The coincidence that proves to us God's existence

Joy we misplaced

Beautiful mistakes

The scarlet thread

The Crimson CordWear your scars out loud

That's the fingerprints of The Lord

A crimson cord, baby, a crimson cord

A timeline, a scarlet thread

A crimson cord, baby, a crimson cord

Let me celebrate your crimson cord

And that's beautiful, a crimson cord

No regrets, boy, a crimson cord

Evidence of God's love, that's a crimson cord

What it do to a boy's brain to see his father through glass walls

While Algebra homework less important than last calls

Collect calls come from up state

You eventually grow numb, it's a sad state

And it's hard to conceive, let alone believe that you're worth it

When your little brother's blood is still stained on your converse

And system leave him hanging, they still binge on syringes Filled with self-hate, that's why we fly off the hinges

Self-medicate, still struggle at the smell of that fresh kush

Even after salvation, it's tough

Looking back at wasted life, who never had a chance to begin with

Ya'll talking about a lamb that's sinlessThe pain that guides us

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Evidence of God's love, that's a crimson cordWhat it do to a girl's brain to see her father

through face time

Why, if you call her pretty, you can have her at lunch time
American dream has filled her Mama with botox
And personalized license plates, dinner dates, he went to Jared's
Can't conceive or believe that you're worth it
When rather than hanging with you, they buy you designer purses
And you ain't pose' to be mad, your dad buys you everything, right?
We should all wish to have your life

While she self-medicates with packages and purchases
Oxycontin morning after pills no condoms
Suburbia good school, healthy church folk parents
Hittin' death, cover-up

Mac product, not enough The pain that guides us
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