

You introduced me to religion
In a newfound way;
Spoke to me with stardust dripping off your lips
And a gleam you named 'god's grace'
That halo sat atop your head
Made of smoke from all you'd cleansed
As you instructed me how angels must
'Of what you see, be not afraid'
As though you could somehow misbelieve
I may possibly fear your likeness
With such a righteous look upon your face

Paul and Moses; names found frequent in the webs your tongue would spin
Of Mother Mary I grew jealous, when you spoke of her in our bed.
But all your words were voiced in verses; stories from a life you hadn't led.
I just couldn't understand your language, unbound by rhymes and stanzas
Not like poems that I've read.
So my greed could not move past those misconceptions, and instead
Found its way to casual subtleties you swore were blasphemy and sin.

Now you continue to condemn and lecture me on the sacrilege I've said
And leave me kneeling to the lord above, on the floor where I've been shoved
But I'll always praise the angels; cherubs and seraphim
Not the one you insist I must; Father, Son, nor Spirit.