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It feels like jesus on the cross.
It's so religious in it's loss:
A graven image in the mud,
like when I shed my precious blood.
I am a loser,
I am satan,
I am jesus christ,
I'm me.
There are no winnners in this fucked reality. (2x)
Atrophic interludes weave through my life far too often
for me to fight the biggest enemies.
I have no feelings, like love or pain, it makes me go insane
when I see what's happening to me... I say:
I am a loser,
I am satan,
I am jesus christ,
I'm me.
There are no winnners in this fucked reality. (2x)
There are no idols, no heroes in a world of death.
It's all a joke and so are you,
and so am I... think? just look and see...
It's a fucked reality. (4x)
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