

## Second Chances

Crucifix

Do you believe that God gives second chances  
When pain beats the rhythm and Lucifer dances?  
I ain't ready for hell, but I'll take my chances  
Praying God will forgive under the circumstances  
I'm sick of livin' life... sick of wastin' time...  
What's the point of tryin'? What's the point of cryin'?  
Aim the 45 dead between my eyes  
And pull that burner trigger cause a bullet never lies

Sweat drips from the top of my face  
My mind focused, eyes locked in blank space  
My thoughts heavy like a thousand tons  
Heart beatin' like the sound of a thousand drums  
I put my head back and look at the sky  
Take a minute and wonder what it feels like to die  
If it's pain I face then pain I embrace  
Knowin' this will be the last decision I ever make  
And I ain't lookin' for no pitty  
It's been me against the world since I left my mama's titty  
Why keep waitin' for the Reaper to come and get me?  
I'll end it right now cause life's so shitty!  
Ain't gon' be no sunrise tomorrow...  
One bullet in a six shot revolver...  
Lookin' down a dark barrel to the gates of hell... I ask myself

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Hmmm, that's a real good question  
With an answer about as far away as heaven  
Cause really if God had a purpose  
Then He could stop this damn bullet before my cranium splits  
I load the gun with a 45 shell with a hollow head  
To make sure I blow my face through the back of my head  
I spin it once for my friends... once for my foes...  
Take a breath, shut my eyes and slap the cylinder closed  
I put the tip of the barrel under the tip of my chin  
Cock back the hammer and take a moment to repent for my sins  
Then put my finger on the trigger and pull it!  
Once... twice... three times... still feelin' no bullet!  
Forth time... click. Fifth time... click  
What the hell is goin' on? Ain't this some bullshit!  
"God if you're tryin' to prove a point then this is it!"  
The last shot. I pull the trigger, then... click

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I can't believe it, what's the chance of a misfire?  
Did God come down from heaven to stop this bullet before I died?  
Knowin' I would kill myself before I would kill my pride  
And it would take an act of God to make me appreciate my life  
I take a minute to marinate on the thought at hand...  
What's my life in the scope of things? I don't understand?  
Constantly stuck between the man I was, and who I am  
God, You're the one that stopped this bullet... I hope you're listenin'!  
Why would you want me here to live in all this hatefulness?

"I'm less concerned for your comfort than your faithfulness"

But how can I be faithful when things don't progress?

"Not what you do, but who you are that determines your success"

But what about when it's who I am that causes me to sin, and after your forgiveness I've failed you again?

"My child, If you doubt me, remember what you've witnessed, and ask yourself this"

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