

I lived twice after my suicide  
In the future or the past, I could not decide  
Which one I hate the most  
My body has become a sacramental host

When you're once the son of god and you're still unemployed  
Offered up salvation, surrender to the void  
Perspectives crushed  
I might be living in two places at once

Cross these world, it's self-destructive

So am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross  
Tales, cross, tales, cross  
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Tales, cross, tales, cross  
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Tales, cross, tales, cross  
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross  
Tales, cross, tales, cross

No subside, I attempted suicide  
I could not die, no matter how hard I tried  
So I was bored  
I wanted to die, so I spilled out on the ground  
They put me in a hospital, they said I need to rest  
After all, now father knows best for all  
I can't say  
Tales speak day after day

Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross  
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross  
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross  
Tales, cross, tales, cross

Tales, cross, tales, cross

(Self-destructive)  
(So self-destructive)