

Spare me your affliction  
And abandon your own  
Beliefs and believers taking control of  
The way they all watch your sun enlighten their lives  
Just blame it on the situation

Stand where I am and remember your aim  
No apology  
Read in me from the mud on your lands  
Save one last breath, should you choke to your death  
Cold is cutting through  
Reading you from the blood in the palm of your hands

Quick to judge me yet so slow to understand  
Slit your grudge and anger on what lingers on

Craving for attention  
In your delusion  
Your beliefs and believers taking control of  
The way they all watch your sun enlighten their lives  
Through mystics and messiahs  
Art of persuasion, blame it on the situation  
On the wolf in the sheepfold deciding who should live or die

Stand where I am and remember your aim  
No apology  
Read in me from the mud on your lands  
Save one last breath, should you choke to your death  
Cold is cutting through  
Reading you from the blood in the palm of your hands

Quick to judge me, yet so slow to understand  
Slit your grudge and anger on what lingers on