

The Executioner

Disciple

I never was the picture of a model son
A crooked criminal they caught holding the gun
It got so hard to see the truth from all the lies
Slowly becoming more and more what I despise

I never should've left my foot inside the door
Never content and always craving something more
I feel the darkness closing in on every side
It's time for something deep inside of me to die

The executioner puts the cross upon my back
How beautiful, the breath that is my last

Start praying over me last rites
I'm giving up the ghost inside
I'm hanging on the nails I drive
This cross is where I come to die

And I've waited so long
This is the hill I'll die on
Start praying over me last rites
This cross is where I come to die

You're not allowed to see the cards against my chest
I never trust nobody with my wretchedness
So I sit and try to fight this fight alone
I fake allegiance, can't decide which side I'm on

So I scream, beat my head against the wall
Forget the walk, can't even crawl
I abuse the wounds that grace healed
You say you love me but it's hard to love myself

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Let the hammer swing down
I've made my peace
Said my goodbyes
There's no eulogies
When this convict dies

My beautiful executioner
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