

Mama tried  
I sold my soul to the devil  
I never fit the mold  
A young revel  
Future is bleak  
for this black sheep  
Left out for the wolves to eat  
I'm a product of my mistakes  
Try to run from my past  
but i could never escape  
I turn and I face the music  
and leave the rest up to fate  
There are things I left behind  
and lived to fight another day  
I cut some ties  
I lost some friends  
Made enemies along the way  
I walked a line  
I changed my mind  
I didn't like how the game was played  
So crucify me if you will  
for all the choices I have made.