

Lift

Godhead

Can't you see there's nothing left to do;
Nothing left to say.
Memories of you
Never fade away.
Deception from the start;
A hole inside my heart;
Sanity is through.
Now I ask you...

What are you?
Where are you?
Who are you?
What are you?

As I see them rotting far within,
The saint mixes with sin.
Mixing very well,
Heading straight to hell.

What are you?
Where are you?
Who are you?
What are you?

You want to lift me up so I can't run to save myself.
You want to push me down so I can't run to save myself.

Can't you see the game of lies you play
Makes me rot away? Killing me with you...
Now I ask you...

What are you?
Where are you?
Who are you?
What are you?

You want to lift me up so I can't run to save myself.

You want to push me down so I can't run to save myself.