Hands on the mirror, can't get much clearer Can't make this all go away Now that you're bleeding you stare at the ceiling Watch as it all fades away

From what you do, because of you
You know I can't be there
Each time that you call
I swore not to come, but I m here after all
I know by the look that I see in your eye
I won't stand around and I won't watch you die
From what you do, because of you

What you do, what you do What's become of you? What you do, what you do What's become of...?

Now that you did this, you ask for forgiveness Doctor could you be my priest You say you're mistaken, but look what you've taken You laugh as you lie through your teeth

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