

I'm defensive never questioned  
I commit to no direction  
I won't break down into weakness  
If it feels good, it's a sickness

I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers  
I recognize that the difference is my spirit  
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved

The reflection in the mirror  
Is the vision any clearer  
Though it may seem that I'm angry  
Your reaction is what makes me

I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers  
I recognize that the difference is my spirit  
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved