

Stigmata

The Weeks

Well, I met the man who took my mother
He put holes inside her arms
No, they were not marks of stigmata, lord
Just a drug pumping empty heart
Well, I met the man who took my father
Put him in jail and locked him away
Well, they say he forgot his children lord
He might remember us again someday
Well, I met the man who killed my grandmother
He took her mind as the shotgun blew
A year later my grandfather followed her
He'd had enough and shot himself too
Well, I met the man who took my good friend
Oh, When he was only seventeen
I saw him laying in a cushioned coffin lord
It wasn't him staring back at me

I blame the devil, what else could it be
I blame Jesus he ain't answering me
Don't call me depressed, don't call me sad
I'm giving up on this life I had

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I met the man who raped my childhood
Oh but we were never young it's true
But when everyone around you keeps dying lord
What the hell are we supposed to do
Well, I met the man who took my sister
In a new family she will stay
And it's true that my mother's a sinner lord
She let another family fade away

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