

# Stigmata

Varials

I'm stuck in this rut again  
I really dug myself deep this time  
I can't escape these holes in my hands

Do it

Soul crushing

There's a target on my back  
And life is the firing squad  
Content with a shot to the head  
No repentance for what I've done  
Ergh  
All of my sins have come back to haunt me

No fear of death

The hollow point has become my master  
Wasting time is getting old

Six feet  
That's all I need  
Six feet  
To separate you from me

What I want  
And what I deserve  
The things I've said  
The things that were heard

Can you feel your hands?  
I've lost my sense of touch  
Can you feel your hands?  
I've lost my touch

Silence is fucking golden  
I won't settle for less  
God above please speak to me  
I can't fight back again  
Move  
Stigmata  
This is the holy war  
Death to all who fail