

## Scarred "Stones"

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As I came, they all turned their back  
Whispers buzzing to my ears,  
They molded my statue,  
And dressed it with a straight-jacket,  
Such a beautiful artefact,

Like insects feeding off the bleeding beast  
Attracted by bouts of pain,  
They turned me into a scapegoat,  
Splashing red over my naked body

Never justify nor deny,  
I saw it coming with my third eye,  
Pitiful liars who made up their fucking minds,

I saw it coming with my third eye

These stones thrown at my face,  
Only make my fire grow,  
I'll transform the stones into gold,  
Crucified

As they drew the picture of a scarecrow,  
Leaving me hollow and unreal,

They jailed me in a coal chamber,  
Where walls snigger endlessly

Like insects feeding off the bleeding beast  
Attracted by bouts of pain,  
They turned me into a scapegoat,  
Splashing red over my naked body

Never justify nor deny,  
I saw it coming with my third eye,  
Pitiful liars who made up their fucking minds,

I saw it coming with my third eye

These stones thrown at my face,  
Only make my fire grow,

I'll transform the stones into gold,  
Crucified

Sacrifice the lamb  
You can try but it will be futile in the end

Rusting in my hands  
These nails are rusting in my hands

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