

## A Plea For Purging "Shiver"

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Cheap steps make for easy regrets but keep your  
words of contempt.  
You are no friend, my enemy, you tear me down, keep  
me weak.  
I wear no crown of weakness, His is no crown of  
weakness.  
I wear no crown of weakness, hide in your own  
contempt.  
Iron sharpen iron but your judgments dulling me.  
I answer to no man.  
You're no gods or masters of this world.  
Maybe I'm wrong.  
Maybe I'm damned.  
I pray I don't wake up in hell.  
If I were God we'd all be dead.  
The devil's hands have been busy.  
Grace sustains but I thirst for revenge.  
The world would be destroyed if I were God.  
Demons are fallen angels.  
Remember that when you think of a saint.  
Fallen angels I'm coming for your wings.  
Fallen angels I'll cut off your wings.  
Lord knows I'm a cynic but won't give up, won't give in.  
Lord knows I'm a cynic but I won't give up without a  
fight.  
The devil's hands have been busy.  
Turning liars to masters, demons to gods.  
But we're no gods, we're no masters.  
We're only fallen angels in this world.

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