

Bruce Dickinson

"Faith"

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You knew I wouldn't go
That's why you threatened me
Would I stay?
Said I was sick, and I'd be alone
Said my mind was not my own
I didn't learn...
You crawled up on your knees
A victim's pretty-please
Would I stay? would I stay?
And I stayed...

(how many more times)
How many more times
Till I broke down from that guilty mess?
(how many more times)
You taught me to hate to love you
That's because you love to hate yourself

I wish it had a happy end
Like the fairy tales pretend there can be
But things are not the same
When your life love was a game of make-believe
You've got everything you want
But not everything you need
And it's true...
You receive what you achieve

(how many more times)
How many screaming fights, tears of rage
Until it ended?
(how many more times)
How many more times till I say who I am
And don't pretend?

(how many more times)
How many more times
Till I broke out of that guilty mess?
(how many more times)
How many more times till I say who I am
And don't pretend?

