

## Crucified "Thread"

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started off as little, but look,  
how it's grown...  
you were so carefree in your sin  
now you reap the seeds you've sown  
you thought you had control  
but who's controlling who?  
your life is like a vice  
closing in on you  
bottles then the needles  
as you watch your loved ones die  
you're slowly sliding down a pit  
screaming as you slide...

you lie awake, at night it's damp  
it's cold  
you're looking back at the  
seeds you've sown  
it's hard to sleep when there's  
fire in your head  
what can you do?  
when your life is hanging  
by a thread  
nightmares leave you screaming  
so real, but who can tell?  
nausea, the sickened state  
your life's a living hell  
swimming in your vomit

it's the same thing everyday  
your life is just a cancer  
that slowly eats away  
lying on the floor  
with your head between  
your knees, realization hits  
with crushing force  
your world can't fill your needs  
on that floor Christ appears  
saying simply: "come to me"

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