

## Rodriguez "Crucify Your Mind"

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Was it a huntsman or a player  
that made you pay the cost?  
That now assumes relaxed positions,  
and prostitutes your loss?  
Were you tortured by your own thirst  
in those pleasures that you seek,  
that made you Tom the curious,  
what makes you James the weak?

And you claim you got something going,  
something you call unique,  
but I've seen your self-pity showing  
as the tears rolled down your cheeks.

Soon you know I'll leave you  
and I'll never look behind,  
'cause I was born for the purpose  
that crucifies your mind.  
So con, convince your mirror  
as you've always done before.  
Giving substance to shadows,  
giving substance ever more.

And you assume you got something to offer,  
secrets shiny and new.  
But how much of you is repetition  
that you didn't whisper to him too?

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