

## Sheavy "Imitation Of Christ"

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Who am I deceiving when I place my trust  
Devotion saved by mysteries, two thousand years of  
rust  
If evil is the enemy, dish it out in spades  
Crucified, now you decide just how this world was  
made

Meditation on the death of all I think and feel  
Behind a wall of solitude, who can see what's real  
Vanity's a poison pill, you fail at every turn  
Glorified, you can't decide, and now you'll never learn

I can feel the desolation, chaos in my soul  
Promising a new beginning, still I lose control  
So they say that my reflection pales next to you  
How can I trust myself to see it through with you

Everyday, a new temptation, something I can't say  
Trusting my imagination, blind in every way  
Would you say that I'm a thief for imitating you  
Why would you even trust me if I do, should you

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