

Six Feet Deep "Angry Son"

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Born into a world I knew nothing of.
No concept of pain, I didn't know what it was.
But I was young, innocent, and so naive,
And I soon found out how it is.
Born into a world I knew nothing of.
No concept of pain, I didn't know what it was.
I thought I could trust, I thought I could lean
On this world, but I soon found out what it means...
...to fall face to the ground.
Try to get back up, pushed back down.
Outstretched hand, broken wrist.
One more name on my blacklist.
Didn't take me long to learn,
That if you trust, you get burned.
Put a name to my pain life.
Attempt after attempt, can my heart
Ever be free of contempt?
The scars in this flesh chronicle my life best,
Eternal memories of why I've come to this.
The thorn in my side, the knife stuck into my spine,
Never again to trust anyone.
Father, heal your angry son.
The portrait of hate, I stare myself in the face.
Mirror haunts, my fist bleeding, broken glass.
It twists, it writhes. It sinks it's teeth into my mind
Bending me against everyone.
Father, heal your angry son.
Please, set me free, I'm becoming the epitome
Of what I oppose.
Father take the pain. Blood of Your
Only Begotten paid ransom of my suffering.
To Your cross this albatross I bring.
Template life led long ago,
Son of God, cleanse my soul.
This hardened heart turn to clay.
Father, heal your angry son.

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