

Six Feet Deep "Condemnation"

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Finger points, direction unknown.
Judgments fly, killing stones thrown.
Words like venom, spill from ignorance,
Born in fear, but spoken in confidence.
Words received, defense builds quick.
Anger speaks, ignites the wick.
Fuse burns fast, tempers explode.
Walls are built, and hearts grow stone cold.
You, accuser,
You, you judge?
Look within yourself, what do you find?
Condemnation belongs to God.
Judge not your brother, lest you be judged.
God holds the gavel, and only He knows us.
As you judge others, so you'll be judged.
God holds the gavel, and only He knows us.
I won't judge you, that's not what I'm out to do.
Don't you judge me, we've got to evaluate our own
lives, see?
We've got to search ourselves, be honest about what
we find,
Come face to face with what we've kindled inside.
Ask yourself the question, "Are you ready to go bro?"
Don't look at me, you oughta know!
'Cause when you stand before the throne,
It's just you, and you're all alone
There ain't nothin' to point your finger at,
Where your at, is where your at, and that's that.
No you can't shift the blame again,
God knows where you're at and where you've been.
He sent His Son to make us clean through,
But first, you gotta learn to deal with you.

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