

Six Feet Deep "Congruent"

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You look something beautiful, smeared it all with blood
Both hands out in front of you when push comes to shove
Proudly you cash in on those that you violate
Standing tall for everything that I've come to hate

I want to see you fall... down.
You will not succeed, you will drown, choked by your greed.
Hatred swells inside my head, blind and only seeing red.
Ludicrous, lost in thought, this anger inside is all I've got.
Unaware of what it costs, absent of love I'm already lost.
I call the kettle black
And black is my state
What is wrong and right
My bitter heart cultivates hate.

So consumed by your intentions,
My own blood becomes fermented,
Clutching my own will, and I've already killed.
I call the kettle black
And black is my state of mind
What is wrong and right
Forgiveness is hard to find

Just beneath the gnashing teeth
Of pride and animosity
I feel my heart still beating
I hear myself still breathing
There comes a time when we have to face
The reflections of the world in our ways
For all have sinned and fallen shy
Of the grace that's shown in both our lives.

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