

## The Becoming "I Cry"

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Oh, how I love to feel the blade of self-inflicted pain  
Yet I long to dwell in purity  
My desire is for light to overcome my hate  
Yet I play a whore to darkness and remain unclean  
Let the hills hear my voice as I shout out my plea  
Let your perfect love our over me  
And I cry for the rain to fall  
And I pray that it drowns my soul  
Take my pain, I give it all  
I cry  
All my sins have found me out  
And you will know me by the mark upon my brow  
I am the killer free to roam  
Adulterer that casts the stone  
I am desolate due to the life I chose  
I am a servant of love  
And yet a lover of sin  
I'll do it over again and over again  
I've done it again.

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