

The Crucified "Thread"

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Started off as little, but look,
How it's grown...
You were so carefree in your sin
Now you reap the seeds you've sown
You thought you had control
But who's controlling who?
Your life is like a vice
Closing in on you
Bottles then the needles
As you watch your loved ones die
You're slowly sliding down a pit
Screaming as you slide...

You lie awake, at night it's damp
It's cold
You're looking back at the
Seeds you've sown
It's hard to sleep when there's
Fire in your head
What can you do?
When your life is hanging
By a thread
Nightmares leave you screaming
So real, but who can tell?
Nausea, the sickened state
Your life's a living hell
Swimming in your vomit

It's the same thing everyday
Your life is just a cancer
That slowly eats away
Lying on the floor
With your head between
Your knees, realization hits
With crushing force
Your world can't fill your needs
On that floor Christ appears
Saying simply: "come to me"

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