

Trauma

"Dead"

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Iâ€™m dead, iâ€™m crucified whit Christ
Not only in my dead, I die to self whit His strength
You hear te words i said
I sacrifice myself, His peace is how iâ€™m fed
You hate my standard and wish to fill me full of lead
Iâ€™m dead in Him
I hate mi flesh, because of it my body dies
Amazing grace flows freely and opens up my eyes
I hate de devil, to me heâ€™s lied so many times
I love my God because if Him, my soul will rise
Life is a joke, i fell kinda like a spoke
In a wheel one of many which is taken for granted
This society has demanded the ignorance of
conformity
They reject my attempts at individuality
Not only does society demand conformity
But my gender demand just so extraordinary
While my God demand change within the dark
recesses
Of my soul, yet this lust whitin me leave an empty dark
hated hole
I hate my flesh

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