

## Travail "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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