

## The Weeknd

### "Stigmata"

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Well I met the man who killed my mother  
He put holes inside her arms  
No they were not marks of stigmata lord  
Just a drug pumping empty heart

Well I met the man who took my father  
Put him in jail and locked him away  
Well they say he forgot his children lord  
He might remember us again someday

I blame the devil

Well I met the man who killed my grandmother  
He took her mind as the shotgun blew  
A year later my grandfather followed her  
He'd had enough and shot himself too

Well I met the man who took my good friend  
Oh, but he was only seventeen  
I saw him laying in a cushioned coffin lord  
It wasn't him staring back at me

I blame the devil, what else could it be  
I blame Jesus he ain't answering me  
Don't call me depressed, don't call me sad  
I'm giving up on this life I had

Well I met the man who raped my childhood  
Oh well we were never young it's true  
But when everyone around you keeps dying lord  
What the hell are we supposed to do

Well I met the man who took my sister  
In a new family she will stay  
And it's true that my mother's a sinner lord  
She let another family fade away

I blame the devil, what else could it be  
I blame Jesus he ain't answering me  
Don't call me depressed, don't call me sad  
I'm giving up on this life I had

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