

## Pale Divine

### "Stigmata"

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[L.M. Jenssen / E. Brox]

When I was down, you were up  
Never feeling the pain at all  
When you were down, you kept shut  
All the doors that made you small

Held your hand  
Thinking I was quite the man  
To feed your soul  
I couldn't see you running empty

I was digging in your sores  
Scarred myself inside the source  
The wounds appearing with the tries  
Made me feel like Jesus Christ

Some of the fears we made leave  
Left me thinking you heard my call  
Somehow that made me believe  
All the bricks in your wall would fall

Gave myself  
A place upon the highest shelf  
And for that sin  
I'll always be condemned within

I was digging in your sores  
Scarred myself inside the source  
The wounds appearing with the tries  
Made me feel like Jesus Christ  
Now I pay the price

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