

Kyss Gypsy

"Peccavi"

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In the struggle of surviving life there is but one goal;
One purpose
To suffer, endure, and remain
And with time such challenges become a matter of
course
To face, overcome, and leave behind
But, with what reason does God choose to inflict so
many hardships on me?
For the sins of Cane on Able? Or was it for Adam and
Eve?
Peccavi, peccavi
Let them then suffer
Punish them for the things that I do
Suppose it is my bitterness that causes such things?
The power of Karma with fingers of ice
Then dare I not speak with words in vain;
In tongues of anger with blood red snake eyes for the
lord
Will surely strike me down
But for what reason does God trip my stride and lay
weight on my back?
For the sins of men who cripple and stab?
Peccavi yes I have sinned
But, burden them as they have burdened me
Peccavi yes I have sinned
Yet, I am pure in heart but, left with them it would
surely bleed
God damn it. God damn them
I'm so sick of it all
If pain is what makes your garden grow,
then just fertilize this garden flower
If this is all life's got to show, then death shall be my
finest hour
Forgive me lord, as I speak in vain
Our father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name
But, is it too much to ask you to free me from this hell
when
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in
heaven
Peccavi, peccavi
Let them then suffer

Punish them for the things that I do
I have sinned
I'm so sick of it all
Do you caress with a tainted glove?
I cannot see through a painted lust
Please free me from these chains of love
That tie me down through sweat and rust

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