

Anthrax, Potters Field

I was told to love you
I was told to try
I was born to save you
I was born to die
I'll always be your scapegoat
You'll never take the blame
You never had a chance
It was your soul to save
I am your one night nightmare
Pain is all you see
The blood is on your hands
I hope you're proud of me

I was told to love you
I learned how to hate
I was born to save you
Your choice became your fate
You can't take care of yourself
How could you care for me?
I am your retribution
When is my soul free?
I never asked for mercy
You told me to forgive
The blood is on your hands
I hope your proud of me
And what I've done to set you free
I can barely hold myself

Fascination, stimulation, stronger as I learn
By his hand, I understand
I was told to burn

Bastard son, your saving grace
Left alone I found my place
I find love in what I steal
You should of left me rest in Potters Field
I was told to.I was told to...

Your beliefs turned me into this
Bite the hand that feeds, you're so selfish
Thank you mother for giving me this life
I'll bring down the rapture
Then we'll see who lies