

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Jesus And Tori

The soiled ground for the sacrifice
Dispelled. crippling. faulty. holyland.
I am your martyr, your stigmata
The tears turn to blood beneath my eyes.
My body listens... as you whisper
My fingers bend... as I'm nailed to your cross.
The splinters etch... hearts in my back
I denounce this crucifixion, I demand another sacrifice.
A cast shadow over this narrow hill
Pulling my fingers from these nails
There will be no use for a second coming