

# Without A Cross, Sorry

Sufferer your wisdom  
was passed on to me  
Open heartache chance  
No one gave for free  
So we stand at the end  
Of our rope we hold tight  
Take me from my consciousness  
And hold on tonight

I'm sorry I'm not perfect  
As your last child was  
That fucker didn't do anything for me  
Why should I give him anything

Sufferer your greed  
Will surely make due  
At the alter or heavens gates  
When your judgment is thru  
So please ask respectfully  
Of what you are contrite  
For it's what you were  
That haunts you tonight