

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