

# Barren Cross, Somewhere Far Away

Let me out I'm getting sick of it all  
Living loaded with my back on the wall  
Alter my state; make me irate  
I'm black 'n' blue, hell with you  
Life for me is so nice and wonderful  
Since I've been a killer that no one knows  
I seem all right but deep in fear  
Wish someone could get me out of here

[Chorus]

I'm a sick individual, sick like no one knows  
I'm a sick individual, my time to kill, and your time to go

Look who's here now they have figured me out?  
Loaded shotguns surrounding my house  
Hey man get down on the floor now  
Can't escape, murder rape  
Life for me was so nice you understand  
No one got to see who I really am  
Not until I wake up in a cell  
Change is coming fast like a train to hell  
I'm a sick individual, sick like you all  
Know I'm a sick individual  
I love you mamma, gotta go

[Lead]

Life for me is so nice and locked up well  
Gideon's Bible's all I got in my cell  
Reading is much better than suicide  
But hell, I ain't ready, to meet God when I die

I'm a sick individual. Sick but not for long  
I'm a sick individual until the doctor came along

Realize that there's a God in the sky  
Realize it from the tears in my eyes  
No more blindness, no more sickness  
Forgive me. Enter me. Save me