

# Congress, Thirteen Stabwounds

Thirteen stabwounds cover my skin from the favours of "real friends".  
Angels turned to demons as soon as I turned my back.  
And when you least expect it, fate slaps you in the face.  
Take a bite out of life, and life bites back at you.  
Ask the fool for advice, the blood runs out of his mouth.  
Choose your God, ask your master if he could stop your pain.  
Every morning you beg, every evening you pray:  
"Please God, take the suffering away,  
from these thirteen stabwounds covering my skin."  
Now the time for revenge has come  
with hatred strong enough to feed the whole planet,  
hitting hard as nails through your skull.  
The dirt underneath my shoes and the scars on my skin,  
make this life worth living, the struggle is hard  
but the struggle is beautiful, it's the through meaning of life.  
While others wheep in complacency,  
I put that picture out of my head