

# Crucified, Path To Sorrow

sitting here thinking back  
on the better days, the days gone past  
before the change, the way things were  
when everything was new and pure  
when life was free and filled with hope  
when everything was explained in full  
those days are near forgotten  
the ache of today replaces them  
what about tomorrow?  
will I have reached the goal?  
or died forgotten,  
with nothing to show?

"don't get your hopes up son,  
there are no guarantees in life but one  
that eventually you'll die.  
that's a guarantee you cannot escape from."

so i'm sitting here - all alone  
it's always worse when no one's home  
why should I continue on  
if death is the only final outcome?  
to pursue some mythical success  
that some have been fooled to think exists?  
only to meet frustration and die  
still they go on trying and trying and...  
I refuse to live that lie  
but then what is there but to die?  
I knew I require some change  
but every day comes up the same...fruitless

failure - so many say  
I slow them down i'm in the way  
spineless - got me convinced they've reached security  
weakling - got me pegged  
as if alone they've reached success  
hopeless - all I am, the difference between

this world betrays  
this world, it feasts upon me

failure - far too weak  
can't even stand on your own two feet  
spineless - you could never make it in this world of ours  
weakling - they scream at me  
inside your self is the strength you need  
hopeless - the strong survive the weak are devoured

failure - I feel defeat

but I see now they're hiding something  
spineless - draw my attention far away from hope  
weakling - away from God, away from love  
shake their fists at him above  
hopeless - could it be? he shakes the world the lie they hold

my loneliness is evidence of my failure  
to stay would mean to pursue some goal  
which has eluded me so far  
they say I need no one else, only myself  
unfortunately that way of life leaves me nothing but hell