

# Gypsy Kyss, Peccavi

In the struggle of surviving life there is but one goal;  
One purpose  
To suffer, endure, and remain  
And with time such challenges become a matter of course  
To face, overcome, and leave behind  
But, with what reason does God choose to inflict so many hardships on me?  
For the sins of Cane on Able? Or was it for Adam and Eve?  
Peccavi, peccavi  
Let them then suffer  
Punish them for the things that I do  
Suppose it is my bitterness that causes such things?  
The power of Karma with fingers of ice  
Then dare I not speak with words in vain;  
In tongues of anger with blood red snake eyes for the lord  
will surely strike me down  
But for what reason does God trip my stride and lay weight on my back?  
For the sins of men who cripple and stab?  
Peccavi yes I have sinned  
But, burden them as they have burdened me  
Peccavi yes I have sinned  
Yet, I am pure in heart but, left with them it would surely bleed  
God damn it. God damn them  
I'm so sick of it all  
If pain is what makes your garden grow, then just fertilize this garden flower  
If this is all life's got to show, then death shall be my finest hour  
Forgive me lord, as I speak in vain  
Our father who'art in heaven hallowed be thy name  
But, is it too much to ask you to free me from this hell when  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven  
Peccavi, peccavi  
Let them then suffer  
Punish them for the things that I do  
I have sinned  
I'm so sick of it all  
Do you caress with a tainted glove?  
I cannot see through a painted lust  
Please free me from these chains of love  
That tie me down through sweat and rust