

Pale Forest, Stigmata

When I was down, you were up
never feeling the pain at all
When you were down, you kept shut
all the doors that made you small

Held your hand
thinking I was quite the man
to feed your soul
I couldn't see you running empty

I was digging in your sores
scarred myself inside the source
The wounds appearing with the tries
Made me feel like Jesus Christ

Some of the fears we made leave
left me thinking you heard my call
Somehow that made me believe
all the bricks in your wall would fall

Gave myself
a place upon the highest shelf
and for that sin
I'll always be condemned within

I was digging in your sores
scarred myself inside the source
The wounds appearing with the tries
Made me feel like Jesus Christ
now I pay the price