PIG, My Sanctuary

Doubting, trying
Not to look at the face of the man who is dying
To look for the face of the man who is lying
The ambler gambler is low and loaded
His rusty steed turns to burn into my soul
I hear the cries
My body lies in sanctuary
The long way home I cannot seek
He knows the pain its special place
I know its look I know its face

White silver draws black lines
Bright whites the killing kind
Two wrongs don't make a right
Two blacks don't make a white
Devotion isn't what it seems
The broker of my broken dreams
Hell is all that I see
My cell is my sanctuary

There's a black space where my soul should be
A gaping wound where my heart could be
I feel so low I feel like Christ
I see my head is turning white
The knuckles twisted raw and I'm so empty
And there's no respite
You prey together on the small
Hell-vision shows it every night
The ambler gambler is low and loaded
His rusty steed turns to burn into my soul
I hear the cries
My body lies in sanctuary
The long way home is what I seek
He knows the pain its special place
And I know your face