

Stephen Speaks, Filthy

Filthy, dirty
Something that I can't explain
I'm so unworthy
Of this gift you give me every day
And sometimes
I just can find the reason why
You die everyday to cleanse the dirt off me
And I cry, o my God what have I done,
I have nailed all these nails to your only son,
Oh and you still call me the precious lamb the chose one
I'm filthy and you make me clean

How deep the blood
Oh that washes me away
How pure the blood, I'm not filthy anymore
What have I done
Oh, but laugh at you and run
Still you cleanse me and I'm not filthy anymore

And I try to get by
without your blood that covers me
and I sigh, as I die, with each breath eventually
You're leaving no escape I fall into your way
And drink the love that washes over me

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Oh that washes me away
How pure the blood, I'm not filthy anymore
What have I done
Oh, but laugh at you and run
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