

Sullivan, The Process

Break the code of silence
Forget your conscience
And baby, you'll be fine
Grab a book of matches,
Half empty gas can
And get these hands untied

You made me who I am

Blame it all on the process, darling
Draw my blood from stone
Sorry about the mix up, sweetie
But this had to be said
You made me who I am

Lift your broken posture
Reset your shoulder
And plant you in the soil
I recall the moment
When I first struck and
Your twisted limbs recoiled

You made me who I am

Blame it all on the process, darling
Draw my blood from stone
Sorry about the mix up, sweetie
But this had to be said
You made me who I am

You think you've seen the worst of me?
Well, think again
You made me who I am
Your body slumps over a hole I dug for when
You made me who I am
You made me who I am

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You made me who I am, oh

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