

Unbelievable Truth, Agony

"Could I
break through
the wall you put me in,
Can I,
be sure,
You even keep me here,

blood on
my fingers,
seems to testify
to my
imprisonment,
but I have my doubts.

I fade
the sound
away...
I will,
choose,
silence..

Do I,
resist,
when you bring me bread?
am I,
still tempted,
when you promise more?

Silence,
I like the sound of it
If I keep it up
then will you let me go?

Blood on my fingers,
Jesus was that really me?
SorryThankYou, SorryThankYou, SorryThankYou, ThankYou, let me go.

Keep me here? Keep me here?

Am...
I..
Tempted...
When you...
Promise...
The world...

Blood on my fingers,
Jesus was that really me?

SorryThankYou, SorryThankYou, SorryThankYou"