

# Crucified

## Soil

Look down at your hands  
At the stake your about to drive  
Feel the tears on your cheeks  
Empty needle in your mindLook into your blood red sky  
Where your feeling fly so high  
Every once in a while friend  
Everyone needs a helping handDon't crucify me  
I'm not ready to die just yet  
I've got something to say, to see, to be  
CrucifiedTheive me one last chance  
To prove what I can  
Not made of brittle glass  
I'm not a broken man.. no

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>