

# Rise

## Skrape

I'm defensive never questioned  
I commit to no direction  
I won't break down into weakness  
If it feels good, it's a sickness I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers  
I recognize that the difference is my spirit  
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved The reflection in the mirror  
Is the vision any clearer  
Though it may seem that I'm angry  
Your reaction is what makes me I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers  
I recognize that the difference is my spirit  
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved

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