Crucify Your Mind

Rodriguez

Was it a huntsman or a player
That made you pay the cost
That now assumes relaxed positions
And prostitutes your loss?
Were you tortured by your own thirst
In those pleasures that you seek
That made you Tom the curious
That makes you James the weak?And you claim you got something going
Something you call unique
But I've seen your self-pity showing
As the tears roll down your cheeks.Soon you know I'll leave you
And I'll never look behind
'Cos I was born for the purpose
That crucifies your mind.
So con, convince your mirror
As you've always done before
Giving substance to shadows
Giving substance ever more.And you assume you got something to offer
Secrets shiny and new
But how much of you is repetition
That you didn't whisper to him too.

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