Stigmata

Pale Forest

When I was down, you were up
never feeling the pain at all
When you were down, you kept shut
all the doors that made you smallHeld your hand
thinking I was quite the man
to feed your soul
I couldn't see you running emptyI was digging in your sores
scarred myself inside the source
The wounds appearing with the tries
Made me feel like Jesus ChristSome of the fears we made leave
left me thinking you heard my call
Somehow that made me believe
all the bricks in your wall would fallGave myself
a place upon the highest shelf
and for that sin
I'll always be condemned withinI was digging in your sores
scarred myself inside the source
The wounds appearing with the tries
Made me feel like Jesus Christ
now I pay the price

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