

Damaged

ATB and George Acosta

 Didn't You hurt yourself?
 Couldn't You wash the blood away?
 Didn't You love yourself?
 (God, God, God, God, God)
 Couldn't You see the truth?
 Didn't You wake to see the light?
 Couldn't You hear the truth?
 (God, God, God, God, God)
 God, You're so shameless
 Stand up to me, I know what You'll say
 God, You're so shameless
 Why don't You wake up and stop all the pain?
 How could You really know as Your blood flows
 The damage left inside?
 If You should ever see the pain in me
 You'd wish it away
 Didn't You hurt yourself?
 Didn't You love yourself?
 (God, God, God, God, God)
 Couldn't You find yourself?
 Such a shame, it's a waste of life
 Couldn't You save yourself?
 (God, God, God, God, God)
 God, You're so shameless
 Stand up to me, I know what You'll say
 God, You're so shameless
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 The damage left inside?
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 You'd wish it away
How could You really know?
How could You really know?

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