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, 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)
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, 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)
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?
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The damage left inside?
If You should ever see the pain in me
You'd wish it away
How could You really know?
How could You really know?

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