

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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