

Potter's Field (Extended Mutated Version)

Anthrax

I was told to love you
I was told to try
I was born to save you
I was born to die
I'll always be your scapegoat
You'll never take the blame
You never had a chance
It was your soul to save
I am your one night nightmare
Pain is all you see
The blood is on your hands
I hope you're proud of me I was told to love you
I learned how to hate
I was born to save you
Your choice became your fate
You can't take care of yourself
How could you care for me?
I am your retribution
When is my soul free?
I never asked for mercy
You told me to forgive
The blood is on your hands
I hope your proud of me
And what I've done to set you free
I can barely hold myself Fascination, stimulation, stronger as I learn
By his hand, I understand
I was told to burn Bastard son, your saving grace
Left alone I found my place
I find love in what I steal
You should of left me rest in Potters Field
I was told to. I was told to

Songwriters

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