P.o.d.

I am the murderer, the pervert, sick to the core I am the unclean dope fiend, I am the whore I am the beat down, mistreated, sexually abused I have violated, fornicated and sexually used

I am the con artist, cold hearted, smooth preacher Cash stealer, emotion bleeder, the soul leecher I feed off the poor, but I'm a slave to the rich I'm in depression so, this reflection is making me sick

Are You the One that's come to set me free?

Cause if You knew who I am, would You really want to die for me?

They say You are the cursed man, the One who hangs from this tree I know this is the one and only Son of God

But tell me who the F\*\*K is He!

So tell me!

I am fake, a fraud, a phony, I'm known liar Anorexic, rejected, object of your desire Suicidal thoughts, keep one in the chamber I'm a turned out street walking heroin banger

I am a secret cutter, porn lover, the town, drunkard Next door neighborhood slut, I am somebody's mother Outcasted, arrogant bastard son I am the talk of the town but this story's just begun

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So tell me!

And I was ready like a deadly disease x3

But I won't let you bury me!

I am

I am what you reaped, I am what you sewed
I am that guy talking to himself, I am alone
I'm the forgotten child ravaged and raped through sex traffic
And since I'm a little strange, my daddy called me a faggot

I am insecure, Immature, even I discuss me In denial, pill pop'n, prescription junkie

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They say You are the cursed man, the One who hangs from this tree I know this is the one and only Son of God
But tell me who the F\*\*K is He!
So tell me!

I see demons, eyes bleeding, my soul impure
Already know that I'm the disease, But tell me what's the cure?

This is me, We are Him and I am you Old things pass away and all becomes new