

Shiver

A Plea for Purging

Cheap steps make for easy regrets but keep your words of contempt.

You are no friend, my enemy, you tear me down, keep me weak.

I wear no crown of weakness, His is no crown of weakness.

I wear no crown of weakness, hide in your own contempt.

Iron sharpen iron but your judgment's dulling me.

I answer to no man.

You're no gods or masters of this world.

Maybe I'm wrong.

Maybe I'm damned.

I pray I don't wake up in hell.

If I were God we'd all be dead.

The devil's hands have been busy.

Grace sustains but I thirst for revenge.

The world would be destroyed if I were God.

Demons are fallen angels.

Remember that when you think you're a saint.

Fallen angels I'm coming for your wings.

Fallen angels I'll cut off your wings.

If I were God we'd all be dead.

Lord knows I'm a cynic but won't give up, won't give in.

Lord knows I'm a cynic but I won't give up without a fight.

The devil's hands have been busy.

Turning liars to masters, demons to gods.

But we're no gods, we're no masters.

We're only fallen angels in this world.