

Crucified

All

Unaware and all alone
His faith is God and he has none
Beaten down, torn apart, bleeding hands

Was I the first to be crucified?
King of fools or king of pride?
I'll be the next to be crucified

Salvation is clawing at my back
Temptation is tearing through the cracks
Frustration is always bringing me back

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Cast a light left and right
Searching high and low
Just to find my place
Ere and dale, no avail
It's a race to the death

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Ere and dale, no avail
It's a race to the death
It's a loss of faith