

Hey you, Mister Holy One don't let no dirty soul get through th
at door
Stand tall as the wicked ones drag their dirty sins across your
floor
I see right through the emptiness in you
Hollow shell straight from hell

Scarecrow save yourself
Hollow soul I don't need your help
You stand on the weak
Turn down the lost
Save me from all that you are

Don't cast your judgment down by empty words that know no love
at all
Redemption finds its way to the willing ones so broken from the
fall
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