

I lived twice after my suicide
In the future or the past, I could not decide
Which one I hate the most
My body has become a sacramental host

When you're once the son of god and you're still unemployed
Offered up salvation, surrender to the void
Perspectives crushed
I might be living in two places at once

Cross these world, it's self-destructive

So am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross
Tales, cross, tales, cross
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Tales, cross, tales, cross
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Tales, cross, tales, cross
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross
Tales, cross, tales, cross

No subside, I attempted suicide
I could not die, no matter how hard I tried
So I was bored
I wanted to die, so I spilled out on the ground
They put me in a hospital, they said I need to rest
After all, now father knows best for all
I can't say
Tales speak day after day

Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross
Am I sleeping on a floor or am I nailed to a cross
Tales, cross, tales, cross

Tales, cross, tales, cross

(Self-destructive)
(So self-destructive)