

# If

Manticora

Caught in the afterlife, or in limbo... Who can tell  
Save me from the everlasting grief that they call hell  
Eight internal bleedings; Stigmata - 1 per sin  
I committed all of them; My cleansing can begin

"Blood pressure weak... Broken and torn  
A sinner who was cursed from the day he was born"

Looking at the whitened ceiling through a cloud of  
blood  
Drifting in and out of consciousness in memory-flood  
In my search for the light, I travel back in time  
For my deadly sins to be uncovered as a holy crime

"Cellular death... The soul has left his eye  
Nothing to do - nurse, please take him away to die"

What if my mortal remains are all that proved I was  
here?

What if I didn't leave a mark in people's sphere?  
What if my deadly sins were my way to make you see?  
To make all you non-believers believe in me...