

I'm defensive never questioned
I commit to no direction
I won't break down into weakness
If it feels good, it's a sickness

I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers
I recognize that the difference is my spirit
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved

The reflection in the mirror
Is the vision any clearer
Though it may seem that I'm angry
Your reaction is what makes me

I won't give up until the blood soaks my fingers
I recognize that the difference is my spirit
Rise up in the fold -- I'm saved