

Crucified

SOiL

Look down at your hands
At the stake your about to drive
Feel the tears on your cheeks
Empty needle in your mind

Look into your blood red sky
Where your feeling fly so high
Every once in a while friend
Everyone needs a helping hand

Don't crucify me
I'm not ready to die just yet
I've got something to say, to see, to be
Crucified

Theive me one last chance
To prove what I can
Not made of brittle glass
I'm not a broken man.. no