

# The Process

Sullivan

Break the code of silence  
Forget your conscience  
And baby, you'll be fine  
Grab a book of matches,  
Half empty gas can  
And get these hands untied

You made me who I am

Blame it all on the process, darling  
Draw my blood from stone  
Sorry about the mix up, sweetie  
But this had to be said  
You made me who I am

Lift your broken posture  
Reset your shoulder  
And plant you in the soil  
I recall the moment  
When I first struck and  
Your twisted limbs recoiled

You made me who I am

Blame it all on the process, darling  
Draw my blood from stone  
Sorry about the mix up, sweetie  
But this had to be said  
You made me who I am

You think you've seen the worst of me?  
Well, think again  
You made me who I am  
Your body slumps over a hole I dug for when  
You made me who I am  
You made me who I am

Break the code of silence  
Forget your conscience  
And baby, you'll be fine  
Grab a book of matches,  
Half empty gas can  
And get these hands untied

You made me who I am, oh

Blame it all on the process, darling  
Draw my blood from stone  
Sorry about the mix up, sweetie  
But this had to be said  
You made me who I am

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