

## Crucified

## The Restarts

Like blood that doesn't wash  
Your neck up on a block  
Events wont bring a stop  
It's up against the clock  
And with no fence to sit  
Up to your neck in it  
The scales are forever tipped  
To end under the whip

Either way you are crucified

The left and to the right  
Redemption out of sight  
A tunnel without light  
A long drop from a height  
Whatever to ensure  
You don't know what to do  
Dismiss catholic guilt  
To suffer to the hilt