

Open Wounds

Those Poor Bastards

Follow me down into the pit
There's blood on my hands,
And tears on my lips
I did not believe what you claimed to be
But the murder of you,
It was the murder of me

Oh Lord, won't you send down the pain?
I'm ready to suffer again

I don't know why I bother to pray
My knees grow so weak,
My head starts to sway
The room fills with fire, shadows do howl
The paint on the walls, boy,
It all starts to curl

Oh Lord, won't you send down the pain?
I'm ready to suffer again

Tell me Lord
Tell me now
When will it end?
When will it end?

Look at the filthy lives we all lead
We are just open wounds exposed to Thee

Mercy I beg, but mercy from who?
Satan won't have me, and neither will you
And everything ends just as it began,
With the half-hearted prayer of a weak worthless man

Oh Lord, won't you send down the pain?
I'm ready to suffer again

Tell me Lord
Tell me now
When will it end?
When will it end?

Look at the filthy lives we all lead
We are just open wounds exposed to Thee

Lord won't you send down the pain?