

CRUCIFIXION

Mamma i can feel
the nails driving into my palms
oh Mamma,
i haven't done anything wrong
oh, have i done something so wrong?

they crucify me with words
when my back is turned
they are wolves, ferocious wolves
and i held them gently like sheep

they look so similar to sheep

they bit the loving hand that feeds
my hands
and look who's bleeding now - it's me
i thought they were like sheep
but they're driving the nails in deep
and it hurts, Momma,
this pain, Momma,
oh this searing pain

Momma, i can feel
the nails driving into my palms
Momma, while we laughed
they crucified me all along

these people they shove
every breath from my lungs
naked, battered,
hands nailed out on both sides
and i, oh i
oh i am defenseless -
still i will not cry

they tell me its business
and it takes precedence
that i'll learn as time goes on
but if that's education
i prefer ignorance

oh Momma,
i can feel
the nails driving into my palms
they want me begging for alms
Mamma,
i haven't done anything wrong
or have i done something so wrong?

Momma,
precious Mamma,
i can feel the
nails driving into my palms.