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

ey 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, Mamma,  
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  
Momma,  
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.