

BATTERED-MAN

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LOOK AT YOUR MEMBERS ALL TWISTED AND MAIMED
LOOK AT YOUR WALKING, LOPSIDED AND STRANGE
LISTEN YOUR TALKING YOU HAD LOST WORDS
YOUR MIND IS TWISTED, YOUR SOUL IS BASED
LOVE A WORD ONLY, SEEMS WEIRD, SEEMS STANGE
SACRIFICE THE OTHER, NO GUILT NOR SHAME
BUT THERE IS A TELLING
YOUR SOUL'S SHAKING FROM FEAR
THERE'S ALWAYS DEATH REALLY NEAR
BLOOD DROPS DOWN
YOU ARE NEAR FAINTING
THERE ALWAYS THE FEAR
THAT YOU ARE NOT REALLY WORTHY
THE DARK OVERCAMES YOUR EYESIGHT
YOUR LIMBS ARE HEAVIER, WERE NEVER NIMBLE
YOU START TO WONDER SOMEHOW TO RECKON
WITH THE TIMES PAST,
MEMORIES BECKON
GUILT AND SHAME
ALWAYS THE SAME
BUT ALSO THE GLORY, NEVERTHESAME