

# Rodriguez, Crucify Your Mind

Was it a huntsman or a player  
That made you pay the cost  
That now assumes relaxed positions  
And prostitutes your loss?  
Were you tortured by your own thirst  
In those pleasures that you seek  
That made you Tom the curious  
That makes you James the weak?  
And you claim you got something going  
Something you call unique  
But I've seen your self-pity showing  
And the tears rolled down your cheeks.  
Soon you know I'll leave you  
And I'll never look behind  
'Cos I was born for the purpose  
That crucifies your mind.  
So con, convince your mirror  
As you've always done before  
Giving substance to shadows  
Giving substance ever more.  
And you assume you got something to offer  
Secrets shiny and new  
But how much of you is repetition  
That you didn't whisper to him too.