

# A Question of Faith

Gary Numan

I'll crawl for you  
Hurt if you want to  
I'll be the thing that you feed.

I'm not asking  
For love or redemption  
I'll sell my guilt to your need.

I'll breathe for you  
Die if you want to  
I'll mourn with you by my grave.

I dare you to judge me  
Now God has disowned me  
I've come to you to be saved.

They say I sold my soul.  
We all reap what we sow.

I'll shine for you  
Burn if you want to  
You'll be the prize for my pain.

I'll kill your god  
And pray for salvation  
I'll be the in to your sane.

I'll lie for you  
be your conscience in you  
Sacrifice reason for shame.

I won't ask for  
Faith or forgiveness  
I'll be the blood in your veins.

They say I lost my way  
I'll wait for judgement day.

Don't pray for my soul.  
Don't pray for my soul.  
Don't pray for my soul.  
Don't pray for my soul.

I'll be your darkness  
In the light  
I'll be your vampire calling  
In the dead of night

I'll be your demon  
Shadow man  
I'll be your one confession  
And if I can

I'll be your nightmare  
And scream for you  
I'll be your one possession  
If you want me to

I'll be your secret  
Memory,  
I'll be your exhibition  
Of atrocity.

They say I sold my soul.  
We all reap what we sow.

They say I lost my way.  
I'll wait for judgement day.

Don't pray for my soul.  
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They kneel down, praise God  
Shout allelujah,  
Lift up their eyes when they pray.

When children kill children  
Don't it make them wonder?  
Don't it make them question their faith?