



I've Got My Own

(P. Kennemore, D. Meniketti)

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Don't sell me your fear
Don't sell me your guilt
'Cause I, I've got my own
Don't sell me your vision
Your God or religion
'Cause I, I've got my own

Time after time
The voices of doom, they will rise
Say give - give, do or die
As the fear build up inside

You play my emotions
Question my faith
You paint the pictures and headline the pain

I don't want your fear - sell it somewhere else
I don't want your guilt - I can live with myself
I don't want your God - and I don't want your hell
'Cause I, I've got my own

As tears roll by
For the desperate hearts of the night
Alone, alone I will try
But the guilt, I just can't buy

No, money aint mercy
But I can feel your pain
You spell out the danger and ask who's to blame

I don't want your fear - sell it somewhere else
I don't want your guilt - I can live with myself
I don't want your God - and I don't want your hell
'Cause I, I've got my own