

It's Myself Vs. Being A Man

Inhale Exhale

Who said this won't be perfect?
After all we know what's right
And the sounds of bodies clashing
Enough to make them cry

You know this can't be perfect
Even when it's feeling right
And the sounds of bodies crashing
Echo through the night

Dreams are gone
Nightmares are here to stay
Not doing when you know
Is the greatest crime

Wake up spilling hatred
For each other everywhere
How cheap is your love?
Lying to keep a peace

And oh, how we've ended up in this place
This place we're trapped by greed

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Silence, something's not right in this house
This room, I lay my head is haunted by mistakes
Crimes of passion?
Or was it the way they were raised?

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Echo through the night

Darkness fills this as does the empty bottles
I wait for the day you come home
When this house is no longer standing

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