

With Nothing Underneath

36 Crazyfists

You should've called out,
made amends, broken hearts breathe unison.
I was trying to gather mine.
All my tragedies are my enemies,
all my enemies are mine.

And we carry on, just to lighten the load.

Never had I been such outsider,
eyes of the blamed,
while I was trying to reclaim.
All my tragedies are my enemies,
all my enemies are mine.

And we carry on,
just to lighten the load,
and silently we sleep with nothing underneath.

With weary hands and driven nails,
I begin to rebuild myself.
The bruises uncover the scene,
the taste of the clean.

And we carry on, outlasting,
just to lighten the load,
silently we sleep
with nothing underneath.

With your voice I keep you.
Never used like this gently.