

Hunting By Echo

Alabama Thunderpussy

My time alone was well spent but now seems wasted
Even though I had grown old enough to shy away from childish decisions
Keeping occupied with limited pleasure and hours of sorrow to hide
I'm burning alive every moment on fire everyday of my life

Tried facing the world one on one
Yet fairness has always remained unknown
Letting go

Changing inside hidden by my expressions on the outside
Praying that sunrise will brighten the darkness of a once peaceful mind
Sleepless again drenched in sweat pillows collapse with sheets
to shed the fragile wood
Frame bends beneath my head

This knife stuck in my side crooked and wide
The blocking of blood steal bone collide
Leaving me helpless completely defenseless
My access denied (4x)

Who was it that said all wounds will heal
Guess they were never ill
Explanations only for some of us
How close can one come to the doorstep of death?
Before the bell is rung
A few already know... already know

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