

August

Avail

I felt it all, the holes are burning
Still I hold my throat and I'm watching all the laughing pass m
e by
If I could just turn the clock back
All this time's left me feeling jaded
I nearly lost my mind, let me stay here
One more moment buried
Broken glass from window panes feel down on my backyard
And I cut my feet, got dirt ground in the wound
If there's such thing as a payback
How high's the price on my head?