

New Song

Avail

I keep saying don't beat yourself down you never had much and never asked for less than truth, not promises the truth is I still live in hell treading pools that are shallow when I touch the bottom. the bottle still I reach up although my hands hurt and aim high in a world so confined I'd rather die with my face all torn up wrists in handcuffs with pride than believe lies I keep saying this time you won't be let down, you've learned to touch, to bond, to share, to act and move, to rebel. the fact is I just keep on talking blindly and you can't relate, I know the game you act like you care when you don't