

# Tortures of the Damned

Bayside

I hate myself,  
more than I ever let on.  
I'm burned out at 22.  
I lived too fast and I loved too much and I'll die too young,  
but I chose this cup that I drank from.  
Knew what I was getting into.  
But I couldn't let out what I had to keep in.  
I'm ashamed of myself and unspeakable sins,  
that I've committed and:

I've made mistakes,  
but I'll find my way.  
There's no explanation for,  
the things I've failed at before.  
They can't hold my hand.  
It just hurts to be a man,  
Through the tortures of the damned.

If I only had an axe,  
I'd sever the ties I've made with the world.  
Maybe I can be a stranger,  
in a strange place.  
If I start now, maybe I can be saved.  
If I only had a mask,  
I'd cover these bleeding eyes.  
They're bloodshot now but they'll be black by dawn.  
If I wake up now,  
I can be pure again.

Look at me now, I'm on the tracks with my back towards the last  
train leaving town. (4x)