

# I'll Call This My Own

## Beneath The Sky

I spent my years believing in the good that's from within  
some philosopher along the way considers it a man's conscience  
But I've grown weary of making the same mistakes  
Defecating on everything where I once found grace

But Yeah I still get up and try (Though I deny)  
To make the most of my life  
'Cause up here I feel I've got a message to deliver (Though to  
deaf ears)  
Whoa-oh I just started to believe  
But now I see Reality  
No matter the thousands surrounding me I will always be alone  
No one to trust nothing to call my own

I spent the last two years believing in a bottle and a drink  
What fills me with ecstasy will soon make my hands shake  
And it's no different than anything else in life  
Within the good comes out the bad  
Take it or leave it as you like

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