

Sadness Comes Home

Converge

There's no such thing as good enough
For arctic eyes and hard earned rust
I've grown tired of counting odds
To somehow make things even
When sadness always comes home
Sadness comes home
Sadness comes home
Cursed to be your second best
This amber soul will find no rest
I've grown tired of standing up
When every one just gives in
When sadness always comes home
Sadness comes home
Sadness comes home
I take so little and i bleed so much
My hand me down heart is out of luck
I take so little and i bleed so much
My hand me down heart is out of luck
No such thing as good enough
For arctic eyes and hard earned rust
I've grown tired of counting odds
To somehow make things even
When sadness always comes home