

Bleeding Bells

Delta Spirit

There's no place to lay my dead
When I can't stay awake
The growth I need is fettered with fear
My heels dug in my place
Keep your heart clasped into your hands
Your family just knows half of where you've been
The Indian summer is better than nothing
Burn the sun in my skin
Bleeding bells of inner guilt
Salvation rays are thin
I say to myself you don't need anyone
This world is fucked just as you have become
I stand as a man who's seen many things
My youth has made me strong
I see the fraught of the words I have said
Got nothing for anyone
The words that I speak are like the clinging hell
The songs that I sing's been poisoning your well
Hands in my pockets and down on my knees
I beg for will to change
I've spun around from this wheel that I'm in
In one week I'll be the same