

The Story Of...

Edgewater

Your evil eyes with your glass shaped prize
You smell of smoke with your dirty clothes
We're all afraid of your twelve-step stage
You lose control and you won't let go
You say we're weak, but you can't even speak
You scream your words and they don't flow
Your killer rage feels so much pain
You're one last tick of a time bomb
And I'll someday I will

Bleed the story of
The times you took from me
And I will bleed the story of
The youth you wasted me

I finalize that one last time I've gone away and found my home
You feel ashamed for the life you claim
We've said goodbye and you're all alone
You compromise with the letters you write
But ink is dry and we're way too strong
You give a rose for the stones you've thrown
And that's a shame 'cause you're too late

And I run on, run on, run on, run on out
'Cause I don't want to be that way
Running from the things I've seen running from the name of shame

My silver eyes with my brand new life
The memory stays as I go on
And all the seams that were ripped from me have bound their strands
And I'll do no harm
And someday I'll find a way to trade that pain
And all that's wrong about a man who raised his hand
And I can't get that out my head