

The Tragic Truth

Five Finger Death Punch

I'm drowning in the bottom of a bottle.
Running from a man I swore I'd never be.
No one ever has to face tomorrow.
But I'm the one that has to face me.

It's the demons I've created for myself.
The tragic truth.
It's hard for me to understand myself.
So it has to be hard as hell for you! (For you! You!)

Are we born to be broken, sinners, and thieves?
Someone tell the heavens I'm ready to escape! (You!)
This is not what I wanted not what I need!
Take it all, tear it all, rip it all away!

I can't say the Devil made me do it.
I chose to be the one I am, the way I am today.
I wish there was but there's no way around it.
In the end I made the choice and will not die ashamed.

It's the voices screaming in my head.
The tragic truth.
It's hard for me to understand myself.
So it has to be hard as hell for you! (You! You!)

Are we born to be broken, sinners, and thieves?
Someone tell the heavens I'm ready to escape! (You!)
This is not what I wanted not what I need!
Take it all, tear it all, rip it all away!
Take it all, tear it all, take it all, tear it all away!

Are we born to be broken, sinners, and thieves?
Someone tell the heavens I'm ready to escape! (You!)
This is not what I wanted not what I need!
Take it all, tear it all, rip it all away! (Away!)

Are we born to be broken, sinners, and thieves?
Someone tell the heavens I'm ready to escape! (You!)
This is not what I wanted not what I need!
Take it all, tear it all, rip it all away!
Take it all, tear it all, rip it all, tear it all! (It all away
)
Someone tell the heavens to take it all, tear it all away!