

# Calloused

Gideon

Here I am face down  
The self doubt starts to rise,  
Like the burning sun,  
When I open my eyes.

I'm in the eye of the storm,  
But I'll push forward.  
Walking the hard mile wearing a smile.

Shackled no more by insecurities,  
I broke out of the cell,  
Unchained my mind  
And swallowed my doubt into the blackness of hell.

I've grown to love the pain.  
I've grown to love the pain.

Calloused.  
Cold.  
Out of control.  
Hardened by torment and trial.  
We break the mold.

Calloused and cold,  
Not afraid to fail.  
Life's not a bed of roses,  
It's a bed of nails.

Bed of nails.  
I got air in my lungs and my heart is still beating.  
Bed of nails,  
I'm not afraid to fail.

Always wounded, winded, beaten and bruised,  
Dazed and confused,  
But I'm still standing.

This is my legacy,  
And I refuse to be a product of fear.

Calloused.  
Cold.  
Out of control.

Calloused and cold,  
Not afraid to fail.  
Life's not a bed of roses,  
It's a bed of nails.

Bed of nails.  
I got air in my lungs and my heart is still beating.  
Bed of nails,  
I'm not afraid to fail.

Calloused.  
Cold.  
Out of control.

These are the times that try at the lesser man's soul.

Calloused.

Cold.

Out of control.

Hardened by torment and trial.

We break the mold.

Calloused.

Cold.

Out of control.

We break the mold.