

## This Mess

## Hundred Reasons

Who wants to clear up this mess?  
The stain is embedded too deep  
Along with daggers in your back  
You appear to have blood-soaked hands

Leave now, be free  
Live with no apology  
Thank me for the years we had and don't look back  
Leave now, be free  
Try to find some sympathy  
For all the times I never thought to see you

Sinners are in the way  
Bleeding into these arms

There is nothing to be hidden  
As we watch all sons of old gods die  
You suffocate for the sake of a requiem  
And all thoughts turn to  
A better memory

And we found out  
How we stood still  
Overall  
And it's now  
That we found out  
We are still here  
Overall  
We found out  
Where we stood still  
Couldn't be here  
Overall  
Yes it's now  
That we found out  
Where we stood still  
Until now