

I've been searching for some answers
To questions I don't know to ask
All bottled up inside my head and never making any sense
But now I understand

You see, my thought process is burried deep, beneath a life of
self abuse
There's too much damage to rebuild, and what's left is remains
a shield,
To tame future use

And as the wagon rolls away I still march on...

My life is all a waiting game, you wait to feel great but it ne
ver stays
So doctor fill my forged prescription, cause I'm addicted to ad
dictions and blame

The past's still presently my home, which keeps recovery on hol
d
I'll escape this strangle hold

Look into my eyes, past the lines
And you'll see how desperate I am to see clear
I've tried I swear I've tried, to hide
But when I stand to run I get headstrong and fall

I stand to fall, yeah

Theres one more thing that I'd like to make clear
My words are nothing more than days
That I have lived and struggled through, only to learn
That things will never change