

# Have You Ever Danced With The Devil In The Pale Moonlight

## Jamestown Story

I've been searching for some questions found in 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 buried deep beneath a life of self-abuse  
There's too much damage to rebuild and what's left remains a shield to tame future use  
And as the wagon rolls away I still march on...  
My life is all a waiting game  
Long waits to feel straight but it never stays  
So doctor fill my forged prescription cause I'm addicted to addictions and blame

The past's still presently my home, which keeps recovery on hold  
I'll escape this stranglehold somehow

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 headstrung and fall

Yeah I stand to fall

There's 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....