

Face Full Of Scars

Lower Than Atlantis

I close my eyes and think of nice things
like summer in the park when I was riding my bike.
Life was so much easier when I was 8,
now I'm bitter, I'm twisted, I'm full of hate.
I really don't like the person I've become,
what happened to the little boy who loved his mum?
I never talk to anyone about the way I feel,
I lie, I cheat, I fight and I steal.

So you think you're hard?
You think you're clever but you're obviously not.
I've known you for years so why pretend?
I'm your old best friend.

Every day's a struggle just to get out of bed,
and I fight constantly with a voice in my head.
When I look in the mirror I see a face full of scars,
from being 'Mr. Hard', 'Mr. Fights In Bars'.
I'll probably regret writing lyrics for this song,
but I've felt the way I feel for far too long.
All the haters will laugh at the way that I felt,
when I wrote this song, this cry for help.