

By The Sea

Modern Life Is War

We were young, numb, and violent all at once. We were always smashing
glass but it was never enough to make us feel OK. Are we normal
boys?
Is this the normal way? We've been dragging dead weight across
Midwest
towns. Killing our times with our frowns. Alone in the crowd for
years down feeling torn and beaten down. Alone in the crowd for
years
down, our hearts were beating to this sound. Me and you: we never
got
much sleep those nights. There was too much turmoil too deep in
side.
Lost in the dark without our pride...there was a light at the end of
that tunnel, but we chose to shield our eyes. Could it be? Are
we
seeing clearly for the very first time? We've been to the edge
and we
know what it's like to want to die...and that's something we won't
glorify. We'll leave those miserable times behind. How far can
I go?
I'm rising from the depths of my own hell. I don't need another
tragic
tale. I need the strength to walk the other way. I found conviction in
my ever changing mind. I grew up tied down and bleeding on the
inside,
but I know I was a victim of my own device, and I want to live
to see
a brand new life.