

Smooth Seas Don't Make Good Sailors

Neck Deep

The leaves fell off as I did,
I guess it held some kind of meaning.
I've been lying in this bed of nails,
That let the wind out of my sails.
She left me on the bridge she's burning;
Hell, maybe I deserve it.
I'm just trying to find my purpose,
I hope that it's all worth it.

There will come a time,
When you will face your life,
Don't let it twist and tear you up inside

The world's a fucked up place,
but it depends on how you see it
Life is full of change,
you grow up and then you feel it.
But smooth seas don't make good sailors,
Jump ship and head for failure,
Find yourself a tragedy,
Slowly lose your sanity.

I'll be alright, your bark was worse than your bite.
Left a scar that faded with time,
Echoed out to the back of my mind.

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I've been walking round in circles,
cursed every corner of this town,
Will I make it out?
If I do then it's a godsend.
I caught a bullet in-between my teeth
Could this finally be the end?

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