

## Depth Of Desperation

Of Virtue

Are these tears of joy or just the rain of another storm beating on my face?

I just don't know anymore.

Just let it be, let in the pain of being human.

Just let it be, let in the fear of never knowing.

Just let it go, these manufactured ideals of life and death.

So as I crawl bloody knee by knee, to my new home, there's no chance in hell I'll ever look back.

I'll never look back.

Tossed over the side, hands and feet tied.

Into the depths of desperation, where my demons await to tear me up.

Lest I let the sea fill my lungs with cowardice and grief.

I'm an open book with a heart on its sleeve.

Left with no one who ever cared enough to read the whole story

Tossed over the side, hands and feet tied.

This is the end of me and the start of who I've become.

The harsh reality is slowly sinking in.

And it's never felt so poisonous.

It's slowly sinking in.

I will always remember what you said,

"Sometimes you have to believe in something more than yourself."

I'll always remember.

Not facing the truth is as deceiving as turning your back on all the lies,

that you've made up in your head.

Is this what they call life?

I'll always remember what you said.

But father it's getting harder to hear your voice in my crowded head,

filled with sin and the struggle of sacrifice that I have you to defeat.

A life long battle of reaching a piece of mind with no choice to retreat.

I keep seeing myself 10 years from now,

still yet a young man with a reflection that I have only seen in my old man.

50 years of stress and pain.

I cannot live like this.

We will not die like this, let the grass and dirt cover up my name.

I cannot live like this.

My god, this is only earth.

My god.