

# Devil On My Shoulder

Orla Gartland

Think I've had enough  
I must find my way  
I've fallen off the edge to find that I've gone blind  
You're leading me astray  
You haunt me like a ghost  
And that scares me the most

There you are the devil on my shoulder  
Smiling as the flames are growing colder  
How can I believe in what I have?  
For a little confidence I'll grab  
But when my hand goes out don't take it  
For I'm trying to make it  
On my own

I feel it in my bones  
Any minute now  
This train of thought will leave the station  
My impatience,  
Will come out to play  
You've turned out to be, the only face I see

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- ooown  
Running through the empty hallways I can tell that I am not alone  
You spin a web in every room and try to break the backbone that I've  
grown  
Will I make my own path or wander where I'm thrown  
Will I make my own path or wander where I'm thrown

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