

## Suggestion

Pale Saints

My strength is sapped  
And I'm closing my eyes  
Nothing to wrestle with  
But my old times  
I'm closing my eyes  
It's my place and  
Think I can make it on my own  
Nothing to wrestle with  
But my old times  
Think I can make it on my own

It's too pained  
It's too strained  
It won't be dressed up  
Held me for being this way when I've given up

You could comfort and frustrate me  
The holes were already there  
Always to wrestle with in my old mind  
I wanted to close my mind

It's too pained  
It's too strained  
It won't be dressed up  
Held me for being this way when I've given up