

Skin

Rotting Out

I'm shedding an old skin it's been itching for a long time
A part I can't hide because it holds all my lies
It falls to the ground I drag it behind
A reminder to change what I've done wrong

It's the lead weight that keeps you held under
The thought of making one choice or another
Ripping you apart it makes you choose
Say the wrong answer and you know you'll lose

Breaking out, keeping it alive
It's these answers to life that I hold inside
These demons that follow and change the way you think
These lead weights are forcing me to sink