

Sufferer/La Poderosa

Stick to Your Guns

Somewhere I lost it walking the fence between my anger and its bitterness.

Do I call it quits?

Does my sanity have what it takes to afford the damage?

Fighting with everything I am to hold it together.

Looking back in shame and regret at all the ties I've severed.

I'm spinning out of control.

I'm one half of a whole.

I've lost faith in myself.

Nowhere to go as I dismiss responsibility.

Avoid opportunity just to achieve my temporary relief.

With death and hate as far as my eyes can see

And every anchor of pain and self-defeat chained to me,

I laugh in failures face and I throw it away.

The hell that I've paid is nothing compared to the monster

That I face and sometimes it seems I haven't learned anything,

but I'll die before I let this world bury me.

I'm breaking away from pain and self-defiance.

I've found my way in faith and self-reliance.

And I can say I stood to face the giant.

But if I die, at least I'll die a lion.