

Bob (Cousin O.)

The Gits

Awaken in a state it's not my own
The only thing that's real
Is that amongst these walls,
I whisper to a fear that sleeps in my soul
Weighting on my conscience, but I think I know

It hurts me to be angry
Kills me to be kind
But my only torment
Is my own disguise
Waiting on these favors they only come to show
There's not much in them for you to hold

Awaken to the sudden fact that I've
Simply wasted chances, but I'm not yet to die
Waiting for my temperament to calm
Well maybe they can't hear the crap behind these eyes

It hurts me to be angry
Kills me to be kind
But my only torment
Is my own disguise
Waiting on the favors they only come to show
There's not much in them for you to hold

It starts to become something
I can't touch but you can feel
But there's something else surrounding me
It's not easy to see

Awaken to the only chance I've got
Hide behind these walls,
I look through the cracks
I see the same mistakes that I once made
All that I can tell you there is a price to pay

It hurts me to be angry
Kills me to be kind
But my only torment
Is my own disguise
Waiting on these favors they only come to show
There's not much in them for you to hold

It starts to become something
I can't touch but you can feel
But there's something else surrounding me
It's not easy to see

It hurts me to be angry
Kills me to be kind
But my only torment
Is my own disguise
Waiting on these favors they only come to show
There's not much in them at all