

Guilt Within Your Head

The Gits

Each time you fall
The pieces are only more and farther between
And those pieces won't hold together
With all the guilt built in your head

Well I see you shake
I see the paint underneath your fingernails
Scratching the walls
Scratching the moments that brought you here

Each time you thought you'd hold on
Trying to stay clean for someone
Maybe you should just take a look inside yourself
Cause you create your own hell

I see them scurry while they're helping dig your grave
People are so quick to wave your weakness in your face
Well I'm here to tell you
Keep one step back from one day at a time
There's only so much above your head
That you're supposed to carry

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