

Grimm 2.0

The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus

Good intentions are the best for most engagements
I try hard to stay out of most conversations
I believe that it starts with good intentions
Somehow always ends with obvious accusations

I will do my best to try and sort this out
It can't get any worse, than what I've felt

Whoa, after everything I did for you
Whoa, what I thought was fireproof

Throw me away at your leisure
Why have I noticed your smile

If you're hearing this I want you to remember
I am just a man haunted by past endeavors
And I'll smile and I'll wave for the camera
Use me or throw me out, I don't care anymore
What a whore!

Whoa, after everything I did for you
Whoa, what I thought was fireproof
Whoa, after everything I did for you
Whoa, what I thought was fireproof

Throw me away at your leisure
Why have I noticed your smile
My fire burns from the inside
From my insides out

You can't change the consequences of treason
Time won't fade the scars you left for no reason
You can't change the consequences of treason
Time won't fade the scars you left for no reason

How can you turn your back on me
After everything I did for you?
How could you burn so easily
What I thought was fireproof?
No!

From the bottom of my heart
I want you to know that you have only made me stronger, whoa
And from the top of my lungs I will scream this louder, whoa
If there's anyone out there who feels the same as I do, as we do
Then sing with me and make this true

I pushed too hard
All my friends said I was making mistakes
But I followed my heart (I followed my heart)
Even when it led me the wrong way
I went too far
All my friends said I was making mistakes
But I follow my heart
Even when it leads me the wrong way

I am the man that has seen affliction by the rod of his wrath.

He has led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light.
Surely against me is he turned; he turns his hand against me all the day.
My flesh and my skin has he made old; he has broken my bones.

He has built against me, and compassed me with gall and travail.
He has set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old.
He has hedged me about, that I cannot get out: he has made my chain heavy.
Also when I cry and shout, he shuts out my prayer.

He has enclosed my ways with hewn stone, he has made my paths crooked.
He was to me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places.
He has turned aside my ways, and pulled me in pieces: he has made me desolate.
He has bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.

He has caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins.
I was a derision to all my people; and their song all the day.
He has filled me with bitterness, he has made me drunken with wormwood