

Swords And Pens

The Story So Far

Shovel the coal in this fire, ignite and conspire
Still doesn't mean that I'm not in your head
I'm falling in and out again
Slipped up and cared too much again
I must wake up, move on and mend
Instead of wasting so much time here
Cause I've grown up only to hate my own bed
I figure I'll just sleep when I'm dead
Despite what you heard I know what I said
I understand it was harsh but guess what?

I'm falling in and out again

Put yourself in my place for just one day
Watch all the colors in your spectrum fade grey
More aware than ever that I might never be calm again
And it shakes every fucking bone
Trying to do the right thing on my own
So I let the ink tell you how
I come to grips with all of this

I'm getting too old for this

What do you know, my shoes are my own
Tread the granite till you find
Some kind of place to call home

Put yourself in my place for just one day
Watch all the colors in your spectrum fade grey
More aware than ever that I might never be calm again
And it shakes every fucking bone
Trying to do the right thing on my own
So I let the ink tell you how
I come to grips with all of this

We're never gonna be the same again
Bury me I'm not your friend
You have your sword, I've got my pen
Measuring might is a means to an end

We're never gonna be the same again
Bury me I'm not your friend
Not broke, just bent.