

## Bed Of Rust

Two

I'm sleeping on a bed of rust  
And I am breathing hard...  
And I am breathing hard  
Some times I feel I'm made of glass  
And still I breathing hard...  
And still I breathing hard

I'm weakened by this heavy load  
And I want nothin' more...  
And I want nothin' more  
I'm empty cause I dug the hole  
And still I'm nothin' more...  
And still I'm nothin' more

And the mud... in my mouth  
Starts to pour... while I'm speaking  
And I scrape... the mistakes  
From the thoughts... that's misleading

I swear that all feel is doubt  
My life is made of sand...  
My life is made of sand  
Like Jesus kept temptations in  
It's falling through my hands...  
It's falling through my hands

Underground... in the maze  
Where I carve... the excuses  
With the guilt... that I pull  
Out of skin... that I'm shedding

And the mud... in my mouth  
Is still here... and still pouring  
And I choke... on the cross  
As I'm hangs... as I'm hangs