Suture Self

Cory Phare

the head is shot the nerves rubbed raw
like a tooth sharpening cannibal
i'd eat the heart that beats in fear
so it could never keep me here
i'm working on my satellite
if you could help me i might find
a way to make my plea get through
just beam me back a little proofi'm tired of feeling... feeling tired
and I'm feeling... feeling tiredi'm scratching at these cataracts
to try and see what's still intact
i sold the heart that beats in fear
the road ahead now is desolately cleari wish i may i wish i'd find
a way to make these scars feel real
so i could stand and face what's herei'm tired of feeling... feeling tired... i'm feeling tiredmother won't you hear
my desperate cries?
i'm calling in...
mother won't you hear my desperate crying?
i've been so shut down yeah i'll admit i'm struggling
mother won't you hear my desperate crying?

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