

internal dialogue

irr. app. (ext.)

It must have been hard; staying in line
knowing your influences did it all the time
It must have been strange; living in blue
and see me shut down as though
it was an easy thing to do
But you could tell where I had been
by the way I held my gun
Trying to write anything while being
mocked b an off beat drum
But I was not honest
I was not healthy
I was not honest, honest. You did the right thing covered your scars
Challenged your faith
and closed your eyes driving cars
For all that they knew you were safe home
But you went through hell
whenever you were left alone But you could see where I had been
in the pictures that they took
I tried to look positive at things,
Faced myself but didn't look
That was not honest
I was not healthy
I am not honest, honest. I wish you could see yourself through my eyes
There's no need to cling to unnecessary lies
The voice in your head whose spirit you stole
left you for dead but you dug the hole And I could see where you had been
from the marks around your wrists
The red water washed around your sins
but are you as pure as this?
No you are not honest
You are not healthy
You are not honest, honest.

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