

Fighting Myself

Descendents

On the run since before ever after
Standard family disaster
Lovers, brothers, other bastards
Told me where to go
I shook my lumps, then took off running
Short on wisdom, wits, or cunning
One for all, but all for nothing
Into the unknown There's no point to waste the blame
I've never been strictly speaking sane
I should have known fresh dirt won't wash old stains away I tried to drown your memory
It learned to swim and clung to me
Kissed my cheek sadistically
And dragged me down below
There's no point to waste the blame
I've never been strictly speaking sane
I should have known fresh dirt won't wash old stains away I was so angry then, in psychic self-defense
Wasting energy, fighting something I couldn't see...
Just fightin' myself I know time unfolds and then it tangles
Strings attached and feelings mangled
Some threads are severed, some still dangle
Some just drift away There's no point to waste the blame
I've never been strictly speaking sane
I should have known fresh dirt won't wash old stains away The last thing I tried to do was end up hurting you
I found my enemy staring back from the mirror at me
I've been fightin' myself
Fightin' myself
There's nobody in the ring but me
I broke some things I know just can't be fixed
While I fought for what I wanted more than anything
You stuck around for kicks
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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