

# This Mess

## Hundred Reasons

Who wants to clear up this mess?

The stain is embedded too deep

Along with daggers in your back

You appear to have blood-soaked handsLeave now, be free, live with no apology

Thank me for the years we had and don't look back

Leave now, be free, try to find some sympathy

For all the times I never thought to see youSinners are in the way

Bleeding into these armsThere is nothing to be hidden

As we watch all sons of old gods die

You suffocate for the sake of a requiem

And all thoughts turn to a better memoryAnd we found out

How we stood still overall

And it's now that we found out

We are still here overallWe found out where we stood still

Couldn't be here overall

Yes, it's now that we found out

Where we stood still until now

Songwriters

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