

# 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 hands  
Leave 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 you  
Sinners are in the way  
Bleeding into these arms  
There 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 memory  
And we found out  
How we stood still overall  
And it's now that we found out  
We are still here overall  
We 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

Laurence Hibbitt; Andrew Gilmour; Andrew Bews; Colin Doran; Paul Townsend  
Published by  
NETTWERK ONE A MUSIC US

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>