

Suggestion

Pale Saints

My strength is sapped
And I'm closing my eyes
Nothing to wrestle with but my old times
I'm closing my eyesIt's my place and
Think I can make it on my own
Nothing to wrestle with but my old times
Think I can make it on my ownIt's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed upHeld me for
Being this way
When I've given upYou could comfort and frustrate me
The holes were already there
Always to wrestle with in my old mind
I wanted to close my mindIt's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed upHeld me for
Being this way
When I've given upIt's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed upHeld me for
Being this way
When I've given up

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