

Let Go

Chimaira

My scabs are almost picked
Slowly growing into this, feelings I just can't let go
I am such a bore that you need that much more
Go back that way and see what you get from me then Nothing at all, my dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I see them in the gel Laughing at me it is hell
Nothing can stop this torture
Fake my way through life, call on me my wife
Went back that way and I saw just what I was worth Nothing at all, my dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I won't take no for an answer

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