

Heaven, Hell and Purgatory

Silverstein

I never know where I stand.
Which level I belong.
Thereâ€™s history here, it dies with me,
The show wonâ€™t go on.
But I always find myself back.
Red to green and in between,
My reputation feeds me.
I still remember my first time with Armor in Hell,
But somehow I planned my escape to Heaven.

I know everything Iâ€™ve done has lead me here
But Iâ€™m not scared to go.
Lift up everything I own
And Iâ€™ll climb up.

Like a fake weâ€™re the actors
Dishonouring the stage.
But we wonâ€™t hide our faces.
This masquerade remains to be seen.
So if we die out before we are through,
Did we really believe?

I know everything Iâ€™ve done has lead me here
But Iâ€™m not scared to go.
Lift up everything I own
And Iâ€™ll climb up.

As I pondered in silence, motionless in the Georgian heat
I realized nothing would ever be the same.
And at that moment I knew I could never replicate that feeling
Without destroying something I loved.

Wisdom, justice, moderation.
Slow down when youâ€™re trying to speak the words donâ€™t come clearly.
The letters spelling out, the spirits spilling out their guts.
Open the doors and show us who we are.

I know everything Iâ€™ve done has lead me here
But Iâ€™m not scared to go.
Lift up everything I own

And Iâ€™ll climb up.

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