Alcoholocaust

Hotel Books

I'll spend my time trying to come to terms
With the selfish fact that I don't love you back
I'll use my life to find peace and hope
And the weathering fall is just a bump in the roadI'll let the telephone ring
I'm too busy cleaning up the block
While clinging to sobriety
I'll let my instincts leave
I'm too ready to bust open the lock
And unleash my pity
I can't hold on to an excuse that holds so dear to you
I'll swallow my pride and know what it means to lose
Feeding the last bit of emotion
I have left into truth
Is this all I can do?
Every winning hand can lose, if you fold in the play-through
Who you used to be, is not who you are today
You can scratch out every angle
And find out that you are able
To still refuse of what you have to sayYour opportunity for an exit presented itself in the form of forgiveness
Saying sorry over and over to the one who pulled the trigger
I gave you security
You wanted excitementWho you used to be, is not who you are today
You said your scars took away from your beauty
Those scars added to your character
Further proof of growth
And that's beautiful to me
Every winning hand can lose, if you fold in the play-through
Who you used to be, is not who you are today
You can scratch out every angle
And find out that you are able
To still refuse of what you have to sayLove is not a threat, sometimes a compliment
It just depends where you are and who you're with
Death is not an exit, life's not repetition
Keep your soul clean of your past oppressionI'll spend my life trying to come to terms
With the selfish fact, that I don't love you back
I'll use my life to find peace and hope
And the weathering fall is just a bump in the road
I'll spend my life trying to come to terms
With the selfish fact, that I don't love you back

I'll use my life to find peace and hope
And the weathering fall is just a bump in the road
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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