Brutus

Shades Apart

Here I go, put back on trial
A chance to fall in line
A chance to change my mind
All those times, the wasted rageThat I held inside, I want to use it now
If you push too hard, you might get what you're after
Already pushed too far, caught again
In the lines of pressure, I recognize the fearThe urge to disappear within, I've died
Many times still living, I'm still standing here
Stand and face the crowd
I don't know about forgivingIf forgive means forget
Why these cuts are bleeding?
Do you care? Aren't you scared?
Can they take your mind away?

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