Bellevue

C.V. JÃ¸rgensen

I woke up at noon my voice was silenced.
(I could see the sick inside of you.)
They chained my hands but still I tried,
To take a little bit out of you.
And my mind is strong my hands unable,
To pull myself out of this rut I'm in again.
So why don't you just sit,
In a corner deep inside my room.
Where still I'm killing you.
At times I'm closest when I'm focused,
On you again.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough.
High enough.
Are you?
Woke up too soon I'm still connected.
(I can't feel a thing because of what's inside of me.)
And I've been replaced but still I tried,
To cut the life that they are feeding me.
And my will is strong my hands unable,
To pull myself out of this hole I'm in again.
So small that I just fit,
In a corner deep inside my room,
Where still I'm killing you.
At times I'm closest when I'm focused,
On you again.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high.

(I walk alone, and I walk alone.)
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough.
High enough.
(I stand alone, I stand alone.)
Are you?
When I should've let you in.
When I should've let you go.
When I should've let you in.
When I should've let you know.
When I should've let you in.
Just settle down.

Just settle down.
Just settle down.
Just let it all go.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high.
(I walk alone, and I walk alone.)
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough.
(I walk alone, and I walk alone.)
Are you?
And I walk alone, and I walk alone.
And I stand alone, and I stand alone.
And I walk alone, and I walk alone.
I walk alone.
And I walk alone, and I walk alone.
And I stand alone, and I stand alone.
And I walk alone, and I walk alone.

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