

Clear Liquids

Souls In Chains

(Esoterical)

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl(Esoterical)

Isn't this the part where the burning feeling loses
control for me

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl

Isn't this the part where the burning feeling loses
control for me

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl(jD)

Rest assured mother and father, your sons doing fine,
stressed to death depressed in debt at the depth of
regret, but mother and father rest assured, your sons
doing fine, just a couple hard times, i'm trying to lay
off the medication, i can swallow a handful with no
effect, it's killin' me, but i love it when my liver
burns my flesh, lay in a tub and laugh, capsules under
the faucet, fade away the colors, problems lock in a
closet, i can't stand, my head beats for days, i can't
beat the pain, i never have, i've never had a drink,
never been tipsy, i never will, truthfully, it really
ain't me, scar X's on my hand like a hypocrite, the
world confesses all to Daniel like a hypnotist, Dad you
can drink it down, but anger is all you got, I'll take
your advice, and grow up to be whatever the fuck you're
notIsn't this the part where the burning feeling loses

control for me

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl

Isn't this the part where the burning feeling loses
control for me

and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl(Esoterical)

Well I stand by, feelin pathetic and sober, so I take a
bottle, take a swallow, and follow my hopes to nowhere,
80 proof and 40 percent of my problems are getting lost

in the process of temporary memory loss, as I bury
every heavenly thought, sit back and take another shot,
and take another shot and just let my body drop, It's
like my static, or really just another escape, a friend
to numb the days that take too much for me to face, so
I forget, and get lost in my decadence, and waste a
night to let clear liquids kill my consciousness,
screaming at the walls as if they could fucking listen,
too drunk to think, I can't even remember what I was
even missing, I'm sitting, waiting, wishing for good
luck to kick in, It's morning and I'm making
confessions to the porcelain, I wanna quit, just to say
I don't have an addiction, the hang over hits, and I'm
almost convinced that I could follow through with it,
my solutions only make me sick, my caustic thirst
eventually hits quick, and I'm craving it like an
addict, I'm panicked, holding a bottle choking to
swallow, the burning feeling follows, as I become
another form of tragic. Isn't this the part where the burning feeling loses
control for me
and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl
Isn't this the part where the burning feeling loses
control for me
and i fight and i fall and then i scream and then i
crawl Isn't this the part where i stand by and watch the
world fall
I'm fallin' fallin' apart, i'm fallin apart
Isn't this the part where i stand by and watch the
world fall (Esoterical)
I don't glorify what i do to escape, but i don't
completely regret it either. It's like Oscar Wilde
said, "To regret one's own experience is to arrest
one's own development. To deny one's own experience is
to put a lie into the lips of one's life. It is no less
than a denial of the soul."

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