

August

Avail

I felt it all, the holes are burning
Still I hold my throat and I'm watching all the laughing pass me by
If I could just turn the clock back All this time's left me feeling jaded
I nearly lost my mind, let me stay here
One more moment buried Broken glass from window panes feel down on my backyard
And I cut my feet, got dirt ground in the wound
If there's such thing as a payback How high's the price on my head?

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