

Nail

Ceremony

Getting closer to the breaking point.
With blatant words, my voice is shot.
While my skull takes another hit, I try to cover my broken nose,
body's weak, lacks courage and pride.
Each blow is more brutal than the last.
Seeing my mistakes slowly seep into the earth.
Bearing scars that open now and then, each tells a different story.
I could really give a fuck if I ever win or lose.
Your wounds become a part of you.
They condone the real truth
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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