This Mess

Hundred Reasons

Who wants to clear up this mess?
The stain is embedded too deep
Along with daggers in your back
You appear to have blood-soaked hands
Leave now, be free, live with no apology
Thank me for the years we had and don't look back
Leave now, be free, try to find some sympathy
For all the times I never thought to see you
Sinners are in the way
Bleeding into these arms
There is nothing to be hidden
As we watch all sons of old gods die
You suffocate for the sake of a requiem
And all thoughts turn to a better memory
And we found out
How we stood still overall
And it's now that we found out
We are still here overall
We found out where we stood still
Couldn't be here overall
Yes, it's now that we found out
Where we stood still until now

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