See You In Shell

Iwrestledabearonce

He's gone tonight
He's claiming the throne
Grant us some mercy
For you know nothing of the mess you're leaving behind
He shuffles the queen around in a deck of cards
I'm still trying to find answers to mend this broken heart
Ode to my father
Ode to my father
(It's over, my father, it's over)
It's this years addiction
Watching you walk out the door
The stench of the last look you gave to me
You're a perfectionist when it comes to it
It saddens me to know you could start a new life
Leaving everything behind
Now I am left to pick up the broken pieces
When I never asked to be here in the first place
And it lives with me every day
Down a whore's throat
Runnin' around
Runnin' around
Runnin' around round
Down a whore's throat
Now I am left to stitch up the pieces
And we'll give it a shot to live on

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