

Take the Low Road

Crisis

...in all this time I have learned that no one speaks my language.
I learned long ago that I walk alone. (I don't believe in me)
what can I say, 2 days dark and grey, and not much different from yesterday.
I hate what I am, not much more pleased with what I've become.
used to close the door and sleep away the days (I don't believe in you)
what can I say, time is the enemy. it makes me empty. it is the thief of me...
so I went to the big door and asked the old man for a favor
(SHOW ME A BRIGHTER DAY)
down here in this mud where I'm stuck
(felt a ghost of myself running away)
(SHOW ME A BETTER WAY)
I hate what I am. not much more pleased with what I've become.
used to close the door and sleep away the days,
but I've come to face the day when my childhood was taken away.
these movements of displacement say: yesterday will never be back again.
(build a wall around inside out). I won't let me out.
I won't let me in. caught up to my knees in mistakes.

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