

Tortures of the Damned

Bayside

I hate myself more than I ever let on
Im burned out at twenty-two
I lived too fast and I loved too much
And Ill die too young But I chose this cup that I drank from
Knew what I was getting into
But I couldnt let out what I had to keep in
Im ashamed of myself and unspeakable sins
That Ive committed and Ive made mistakes but Ill find my way
No explanation for the things Ive failed at before
They cant hold my hand, it just hurts to be a man
Through the tortures of the damned, of the damned If I only had an axe Id sever the ties
Ive made with the world
Maybe I can be a stranger in a strange place
If I start now, maybe I can be saved If I only had a mask
Id cover these bleeding eyes
Theyre bloodshot now but theyll be black by dawn
If I wake up now I can be pure again Ive made mistakes but Ill find my way
No explanation for the things Ive failed at before
They cant hold my hand, it just hurts to be a man
Through the tortures of the damned Look at me now, Im on the tracks with my back
Towards the last train leaving town
Look at me now, Im on the tracks with my back
Towards the last train leaving town Look at me now, Im on the tracks with my back
Towards the last train leaving town
Look at me now, Im on the tracks with my back
Towards the last train leaving town Ive made mistakes but Ill find my way
No explanation for the things Ive failed at before
They cant hold my hand, it just hurts to be a man
(Through the tortures of the damned) Ive made mistakes but Ill find my way
No explanation for the things Ive failed at before
They cant hold my hand, it just hurts to be a man
Through the tortures of the damned, of the damned

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