

# A Rite Of Passage

## Bayside

Cut, cut, cut  
Cutting myself down to pieces  
Too hard on myself it would seem  
That everyone could see myself worth beneath  
I'll take a stand devise plans, figure it out  
I'll take my cuts and stitch them up  
With sutures of pure cement and  
And I've realized  
There's no right way to go  
So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go  
Back, back, back  
Back to the crooner in question  
I sure hope you all like my songs  
Well, maybe I put too much talk in my rhymes  
And melodies so stunning brainwashing minds  
From day one I took pride in my  
Pure and honest intentions

And I've realized  
There's no right way to go  
So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go  
And I've realized  
That I don't wanna be judged no more  
And I've realized  
There's no right way to go

So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go  
I think I'm ready to go

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