

Bernard Cornwell

Thirteen times I went to the well
 To draw my thoughts, I'll gather and tell
 Like bricks that I've laid to build my life
 Those that crumbled only caused me strife
 Thoughts became words, cast into the sea
 But they returned, always haunting me
 Like a severed arm washed up on the shore
 I just don't think I can give anymore
 Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?
 Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?
 Thirteen times and it's been lucky for me
 After everything, you still want me to bleed
 Thirteen ways to see the devil in my eyes
 Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive
 At thirteen I started down this path
 Fueled with anger, music was my wrath
 Years of clawing at scars that never healed
 Drowning my mind, the thoughts are too real
 Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?
 Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?

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 Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive
 I can't get out
 I can't jump out
 Too much to face
 I can't erase
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