Mess of Mine

Evan Effres

Burdened and buried by books with old tales,
Of judges and juries who will,
Fight for the answers to questions long held,
With right and wrong at the bill.

Certain but wary cus' certainty fails,
To last forever it ends with the scales,
That are tippin' to one side,
With embers on the trail,
Come hurry the futures for sale

I need some sort of sign,
to carry through this mess of mine.

What makes you sorry,
What brings you hell,
A life with no meaning,
You can unring that bell,
What makes you worry,
What is all gone,
Decision where both sides are wrong.

I need some sort of sign,
to get me through this mess of mine.

I need some sort of sign,
to get me through this.

Lyrics Submitted by Mikaela Johnson

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