The Pit

Bobby Prince

Im marching through the branches in a fit of wanderlust
To see you in a black hole reaching out for something just
Silhouettes of neighbors dancing in disgustIm sure you recognize my noise and you heard about the pit
Been told to be afraid of everything that lives with it
But its much worse where you are
So will you go for it?I have a feeling you might
Feeling you mightSomebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
With dirty fingers
Well bury the lieSomebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
Well bury the lie
Bury the lieNow we tumble down a hill to a fire with a crowd
The flicker becomes thicker as we bottom out
The residents dont even notice the sudden shoutsWhen your eyes can adjust and you see whats in view
Discolored and distempered smiles that seen you
Do you realize we were all once like you?I have a feeling you might
Feeling you mightSomebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
With dirty fingers
Well bury the lieSomebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
Well bury the lie
Bury the lieNo, no
No one comes
Where no one goesNo, no
No one comes
Where no one goesYou recognize my noise and you heard about the pit
Been told to be afraid of everything that comes within
We can talk about it later, but I think youve given in
We can talk about it later, but I think youve given inI had a feeling you might
Bury the lie

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