

For the Likes Of You

Woe, Is Me

Leave me here,
Biting my nails, breaking my stride,
I put my faith into your desolate life
Happened so fast that I should be afraid, I won't be afraid
Three years blessed, I gave it my best,
It's time to put it all to rest
Your present is my past Through my eyes, I've seen nothing but time,
Forty four thousand lies
Straight from your putrid mind
High tides drag you through the decades of nights,
At anguish cause you'll never know why
Loved ones who turn out your lights, seem like they care I am an island, and you're the tides that pull at my feet,
but now she's sinking in this void Aging, forcing my nerves
Cut your chords, count your chores, stop using yourself,
for fruitless scars,
just cut your chords

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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