

For You All

Vices I Admire

So am I really only always and forever grating my nails against your head? Let me in.

Where are you?

Look from feet to the hands that push me over, blow this body on my back, blow me on my knees
All I have is the page a paper turned my mind an inch away from wasting everyone, I bet you never thought I
cared

So fuck it all, I'm so sick of trying, where I succeed is failing in the eyes of someone who doesn't even
know. And the rest of you all can bow before me, here's your god, holy, hell like visiting me now, here's your
verve, here's your spit

And the rest of you all can walk upon me, oh where I sit I'm good at holding carpet for these wounds to return
Don't you put this on me, I've got more to show you, so far gone I can't see where the fuck I've got to go to
pray All the times that I thought a word enough (to) prove myself as a saint, and whore you my love

Pray

I've filled my hands with those I've crushed a thousand times All alone, here I am in my head, in my dance,
voice I speak like I said, I am sick I know

All in all for all I am is all I am, when all I am is all misunderstood, it's all because of me. And the rest of you all
can gaze upon me, oh here's your final form, pity me your broken toy, I'll bathe in pride and broken glass

And the rest of you all can look upon me, oh what you've built is too much for a phrase to ever hold or
return Don't you put this on me, I've got more to show you, you know one thing about me, sure that I don't
know you, but I do, and I pray Your bitterness grows, your heart breaks, no more "fuck it all"s you've found me

I pray I don't bend like a twig, or fall from wings melt sun

Busy mouths hide simple minds; have chewed my pitted seeds

Vestigial eye showed me the backs of your spiked hands

Pray

You'd better run, you'd better rise

Or I'll get some small control, and show you before we go

One more thing: I'm yours.

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