

A Rite of Passage

Bayside

Cut, cut, cut
Cutting myself down to pieces
Too hard on myself it would seem
That everyone could see myself worth beneath I'll take a stand devise plans, figure it out
I'll take my cuts and stitch them up
With sutures of pure cement and
And I've realized There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go Back, back, back
Back to the crooner in question
I sure hope you all like my songs
Well, maybe I put too much talk in my rhymes And melodies so stunning brainwashing minds
From day one I took pride in my
Pure and honest intentions
And I've realized There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go And I've realized
That I don't wanna be judged no more
And I've realized There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go
I think I'm ready to go

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