

# This Life

Berman

i watched the colors fade to gray, as all my tears got in the way, my feelings paralyzed me, but then i learned to

walk away

the Son has left these scars, from forty days of wandering, the little picture on my mirror, is calling me back home, the folded paper in my pocket is what i can't let go of, but i was never made, to live this life i can't call

my own

the man behind the mask, is sellin' second chances in a pill, i have to choose between a savior, or a midnight miracle

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