

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Thirteen times I went to the well  
 To draw my thoughts, I'll gather and tell  
 Like bricks that I've laid to build my life  
 Those that crumbled only caused me strife  
 Thoughts became words, cast into the sea  
 But they returned, always haunting me  
 Like a severed arm washed up on the shore  
 I just don't think I can give anymore  
 Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?  
 Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?  
 Thirteen times and it's been lucky for me  
 After everything, you still want me to bleed  
 Thirteen ways to see the devil in my eyes  
 Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive  
 At thirteen I started down this path  
 Fueled with anger, music was my wrath  
 Years of clawing at scars that never healed  
 Drowning my mind, the thoughts are too real  
 Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?  
 Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?

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 I can't get out  
 I can't jump out  
 Too much to face  
 I can't erase  
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