

# Letting Go

Fiona Joyce

Things are gettin' out of control  
Feels like I'm runnin' out of soul  
You are getting heavy to hold  
Think I'll be letting you go  
My self portrait shows a man  
That the wealth tortured, self absorbed with his own self  
Forfeit a shelf full of awards  
Worshipin' the warships to set sail on my sea of life  
Where I see my own self and wonder if we still see alike  
We was tight seein' lights, speakin' right and breathin' life  
Now I see my demons and barely even sleep at night  
I don't get high, life keep me at a decent height  
As the old me, I predicted all my recent plights  
Exhausted tryin' to fall asleep, losses at my recent fights  
Burdens on my shoulders now burnin' all my motives down  
Inspiration dryin' up, motivation slowin' down  
Things are gettin' out of control  
Feels like I'm runnin' out of soul  
You are getting heavy to hold  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Think I'll let you go  
I'm beggin' you, don't let me go, we vow like the letter O  
To never go our separate ways or spin off into separate shows  
Tired of all the words you're changin', playin' all these extra roles  
Filled with all these different spirits livin' off these separate souls  
Point in life is gettin' hollow, can't wait for the exit hole  
Give me room to entry wound, let me in or let me go  
So I can roam around this wilderness  
See it for what it really is, I'm prepared and filterless  
Magnify the euphony, alibi the shootin' spree  
Amplify the revolution, sanitize the lunacy  
Strip away the justice, justify the scrutiny  
I can see the lasers shootin' out of you and me  
Things are gettin' out of control  
Feels like I'm runnin' out of soul  
You are getting heavy to hold  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Sometimes I feel like the world

Sometimes I feel like the world is against me  
And everythin' that I've done before  
I swear we used to be so pure  
But we can't be in love no more  
'Cause I don't wanna fight this war  
But when I put down my gun  
I turn around and pick up one  
This Uzi weighs a ton  
But I think I'm done  
Things are gettin' out of control  
Feels like I'm runnin' out of soul  
You are getting heavy to hold  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Things are gettin', gettin' out of control, oh  
Said it feels like, like I'm runnin' out of soul  
You're getting heavy to hold  
Think I'll be letting you go  
Letting you go

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