Delinquents

Woe, Is Me

Visitor come to my room and see all the trash I made.
Stay a while, I'm on the verge of laying it down.
A vagabond, and all his trash in search to find his crown.Your mind is like a candle stick, my ambitions are constantly burning out.I'd hate to, rain on your parade,
But everything you know is taken by this flood,
You were blind but there's no hope.
Dig a hole but there's no blood,
Who am I to pretend, who am I to recommend there is something less.
Than timelines and whores that drag you back to the floor, and cut your eyes out.Find me, oh Saint, I'm bending, breaking, at my knees, praying.
I've exposed, this earth has taken pride in seeing my, most vulnerable state.I find no humor in letting yourself stray away, from those pictures.
When they cause you to see shame in yourself, you can run from your problems.
But they'll follow you like a trend,
One shot to forgetting, six shots to falling in the end.I was the king, of kings, I stand for one rule, and one rule for myself, as a man.
I will fall and as my son you've watched it all.Behind every mask, lies a man, who can't live in his own skin.
He lives by the flask, he bathes in his past, and he dies by his own sins.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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