

Confession

Wovenwar

I call it a phase, I call it a phase
The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain
I call it a phase, I call it a phaseWhen no one's looking
I'm taking all I can
I kiss the bottle until I can't stand
I wake up grieving
By noon I won't care
I count the minutes 'till I start againOh what have I become?
How have I come undone?What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be free
I call it a phase, I call it a phase
The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain
I call it a phase, I call it a phaseUnturned to toll in and now I'm in to sing
I'm in control, I'm in for a drink
My compass spinning
I've been making mistakes
You can not hurt when you can not feel a thingOh what have I become?
I have come undoneWhat feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be freeWhat feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
I think it's killing meThe patches hurt me
I won't remember a thing
I trade in, I can force some empathy
I wake up grieving
By noon I won't care
I count the minutes 'till I start againOh what have I become?What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be free(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
What feels the hollow?
(The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain)
This is the vein of money
(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
So hard to swallow

(The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain)

The facts I need to be free

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

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