The Feel

Mushroomhead

Well you bled me out
just to leave me down
Weed through no way out
so much fun to be, aroundFeed your fall, somersault down
and king the crown
You've no more searching now
the jury's out
until there's nothing more to
Laugh aboutI want to feel, I want to feel
I want the anger, the strife, I want to feel
I want the kill, I want the kill
I want the anger, the strife, I want the kill
I want to feel you on the back of my knife
for the rest of my life I want to, feel
I want to feel for the shame when I don't say
your name...Always been lost in my own mind
Can't find the words to explain my side
What I say, what I do
Stumbling on your feet, on the right way
within reach, yet so far away
Mask been torn, face is looking worn
from the stage

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