Story Of...

Edgewater

Your evil eyes with your glass shaped prize
You smell of smoke with your dirty clothes
We're all afraid of your twelve step stage
You lose control and you won't let goYou say youre weak but you can't even speak
You scream your words and they don't flow
You killer rage, feel so much pain
You're one last tick of a time bombAnd someday I will bleed
The story of those times you took from me
And I bleed
The story of the youth you wasted meI finalize this one last time
I've gone away and found my home
You feel ashamed for the life you've claimed
We've said goodbye and you're all aloneYou compromise with the letters you write
But your ink is dry and we're way too strong
You give a rose for the stones you've thrown
And that's a shame 'cause you're too lateAnd I bleed
The story of those times you took from me
And I bleed
The story of the youth you wasted in meAnd I run on, and I run on, and I run on out
'Cause I don't want to be that way
I'm running from the things I've seen
I'm running from the name of shameMy silver eyes, with me brand new life
The memory stays as I go on
And all the seams that were ripped from me
And bound their strands and I do no harmSomeday I'll find a way
To trade that pain and all that's wrong
About a man who raised his hand
And I can't get that out of my headAnd I bleed
The story of those times you took from me
And I bleed
The story of the youth you wasted in meAnd I bleed
The story of those times you took from me
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