Self-Affliction

Knockabouts

Words never heal, deadly unreal
Just to be glad to be alive
Just to survive, turn pain into glory, gloryWhen the earthquakes and the words don't come
And all reason is gone
And hope has left you fleeting, goddamn bleedingLike a stray dog brought back to the fold
Out in the cold brought back to the fold
But I still stand byYou'll never justify, better, better sanctify
You'll never rectify your self-afflictionAfter hours, late night courage
We should have a one to one
The powers at be have brought us together man, so broWhen the earthquakes and the words don't come
And all reason is gone
And hope has left you fleeting, goddamn bleedingLike a stray dog brought back to the fold
Out in the cold brought back to the fold
But I still stand byYou'll never justify, better, better sanctify
You'll never rectify your self-affliction
You'll never justify, better, better sanctify
You'll never rectify your self-afflictionYou'll never justify, better, better sanctify
You'll never rectify your self-afflictionYour self-affliction, your self-affliction

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