# 13

## Port O'Brien

Thirteen times I went to the well
To draw my thoughts, I'll gather and tell
Like bricks that I've laid to build my life
Those that crumbled only caused me strife
Thoughts became words, cast into the sea
But they returned, always haunting me
Like a severed arm washed up on the shore
I just don't think I can give anymore
Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?
Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?
Thirteen times and it's been lucky for me
After everything, you still want me to bleed
Thirteen ways to see the devil in my eyes
Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive
At thirteen I started down this path
Fueled with anger, music was my wrath
Years of clawing at scars that never healed
Drowning my mind, the thoughts are too real
Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?
Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?

Thirteen times and it's been lucky for me
After everything, you still want me to bleed
Thirteen ways to see the devil in my eyes
Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive
I can't get out
I can't jump out
Too much to face
I can't erase
Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?
Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?
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