

## August

Avail

I felt it all, the holes are burning  
Still I hold my throat and I'm watching all the laughing pass m  
e by  
If I could just turn the clock back  
All this time's left me feeling jaded  
I nearly lost my mind, let me stay here  
One more moment buried  
Broken glass from window panes feel down on my backyard  
And I cut my feet, got dirt ground in the wound  
If there's such thing as a payback  
How high's the price on my head?