

Tortures of the Damned

Bayside

I hate myself,
more than I ever let on.
I'm burned out at 22.
I lived too fast and I loved too much and I'll die too young,
but I chose this cup that I drank from.
Knew what I was getting into.
But I couldn't let out what I had to keep in.
I'm ashamed of myself and unspeakable sins,
that I've committed and:

I've made mistakes,
but I'll find my way.
There's no explanation for,
the things I've failed at before.
They can't hold my hand.
It just hurts to be a man,
Through the tortures of the damned.

If I only had an axe,
I'd sever the ties I've made with the world.
Maybe I can be a stranger,
in a strange place.
If I start now, maybe I can be saved.
If I only had a mask,
I'd cover these bleeding eyes.
They're bloodshot now but they'll be black by dawn.
If I wake up now,
I can be pure again.

Look at me now, I'm on the tracks with my back towards the last
train leaving town. (4x)