

## Patterns

### A Bullet For Pretty Boy

Weakness of our bodies  
Can't make us climb these walls  
Will we break the awful patterns  
Before the end is here  
I'm in need of something more  
I'm stuck in a shallow grave  
I've been here before  
So Lord lend me your hand  
I've been here before  
In this endless cycle  
I've fallen once again  
And with this empty feeling  
I seek forgiveness  
And await the answer  
Action without movement  
Await the answer  
Desire without heart  
There are voices in our heads  
The weakness of our bodies  
Can make us climb these walls  
Why is it so hard to listen to the  
Voice inside our heads  
It feels so close  
Yet so far away  
Even the wind and waves obey Him  
What's there to fear  
Give us strength to overcome this downfall  
To stand to our feet  
And break these awful patterns  
Before the end is here  
Why is it so hard to hear your voice  
When you are right here  
Why is it so hard to hear your voice  
Right now