

Lose Your Grip

Basement

The rope from which I'm hanging from
It is thinning, short and worn
I hope when I am reborn there are knives where should be arms

I know, I know, I know, I wrote this
I will not be pushed around
And so, and so, and so, I hope this makes you feel less overwhelmed
Hand shakes in time, I'll take what's mine

Let me show you something my old friend
A name now dragging in the dirt

I know, I know, I know, I wrote this
I will not be pushed around
And so, and so, and so, I hope this makes you feel less overwhelmed
Hand shakes in time, I will take

Am I moving on or giving in?
Can we end this conversation?