

# A Rite of Passage

Bayside

Cut, cut, cut, cutting myself down to pieces  
Too hard on myself it would seem  
That everyone could see myself worth beneath

I'll take a stand devise plans  
Figure it out  
I'll take my cuts and stitch them up  
With sutures of pure cement and  
And I've realized

There's no right way to go  
So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go

Back, back, back, back to the crooner in question  
I sure hope you all like my songs  
Well maybe I put too much talk in my rhymes  
And melodies so stunning brainwashing minds  
From day one I took pride in my  
Pure and honest intentions  
And I've realized

There's no right way to go  
So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go

And I've realized  
That I don't wanna be judged no more

And I've realized  
There's no right way to go  
So what if I'm a sinner  
I've got black spots on my liver  
And cancer grown on both my lungs  
We take everything we know  
About ourselves and put them in  
A diary in a fire ring  
Scrutiny below not me now  
I think I'm ready to go...

I think I'm ready to go!