

Shackles

Belmont

So take your time cause I sure as hell took mine
I got so sick of waiting, I got so sick of wasting away
I got so sick of waiting, I got so sick of wasting time
So carelessly
So carelessly

So between you and me, I'm not so good at these kinds of things
So set me down on my two feet and let me drown in sincerity
Another year flew by so fast another year I'll mark my last
It's getting harder to point the blame anywhere but back at me

Hands cuffed to the trophy cup
Four walls now I'm feeling stuck
Locked jaw couldn't speak enough
About how I'll never even call your bluff
I won't call your bluff

Scraping these glass shards underneath my feet
I'm walking circles in defeat but I keep
Scraping these glass shards underneath your feet
What's mine is yours to forever keep just keep away

Hands cuffed to the trophy cup
Four walls now I'm feeling stuck
Locked jaw couldn't speak enough
About how I'll never even call your bluff