I'll Call This My Own

Beneath The Sky

I spent my years believing in the good that's from within
some philosopher along the way considers it a man's conscience
But I've grown weary of making the same mistakes
Defecating on everything where I once found grace

But Yeah I still get up and try (Though I deny)
To make the most of my life
'Cause up here I feel I've got a message to deliver (Though to
deaf ears)
Whoa-oh I just started to believe
But now I see Reality
No matter the thousands surrounding me I will always be alone
No one to trust nothing to call my own

I spent the last two years believing in a bottle and a drink
What fills me with ecstasy will soon make my hands shake
And it's no different than anything else in life
Within the good comes out the bad
Take it or leave it as you like

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