

# Shadows

Bryce Fox

These shadows of old seem to come back around  
They rattle me, why god now  
Hang around like a bad tattoo, I'm black and blue I just don't know  
Will I ever be me without all of these

Shadows, shadows, shadows  
Shadows, shadows, shadows

Baptized in the light 'til the night call  
Remember me, used to be who you first loved  
I'd like to think, that I don't see  
But these type of things the mirror won't show

I feel it like my skin  
It's creepin' through my lonely silhouette  
Oh here we go again

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All said when it's all done  
Last call for the old ones  
Shape-shifted and then some  
When the past comes and takes me back  
Outlasted the new blood  
With old stains on a new rug, both eyes staring at ya  
Looking backwards in an everlast

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