

Buds

Cancer Bats

Drown my sorrows in this water that gives life
Rejection from your ways, hard to realize
This blessings cursed, this daggers out
Please save my soul
Convictions crushing down, I'm going on my own

Hard times
The hour of reckoning
Who is left
Until the grave

You kill the logic in each word that has been taught
Contradictions blind the message that you brought
This mind is mine, this daggers sharp
I'll own my own soul
Convictions crushing down, I'm going on my own

Hard times
The hour of reckoning
Who is left
Until the grave

Shattered instincts
Like a gun shot
Ripping through that empty night
I tried my best to keep my head up high

Questioned all
Was I lied to?
Searching for what is what's wrong or right
Like all the rest I was left unto myself

Only answer
It's not your fault
Found strength in the fires inside
Now my guiding light is my own vibe

Hard times
The hour of reckoning
Who is left
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