The Crutch

Cold Driven

I'm tired of giving excuses too hate myself
Time honored tradition I could do without
The crutch has no reason except the greed itself
Soon enough it will put the nail in my coffin

Carbon copy sickness
Slowly brings me down
Black outs fading
I've hurt somebody else

Fruits from trees are falling off
But not far from the stem
I keep on digging trenches
To throw all my guilt in
All and all it will put the nail in my coffin

Carbon copy sickness
Slowly brings me down
Black outs fading
I've hurt somebody else

I'm through with all the controversy
It's cruel the side that hides away
Then suddenly these shallow deeds are taunting
Echoes haunting
If I point it your way would it be an offense
Cause I can't restrain the side of me it presents
These shallow deeds are taunting me
If I point it your way would it be an offense
I can't restrain

Carbon copy sickness
Slowly brings me down
Black outs fading
I've hurt somebody else

Carbon copy
I'm fading

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!