

## Bleeding Bells

Delta Spirit

There's no place to lay my dead  
When I can't stay awake  
The growth I need is fettered with fear  
My heels dug in my place  
Keep your heart clasped into your hands  
Your family just knows half of where you've been  
The Indian summer is better than nothing  
Burn the sun in my skin  
Bleeding bells of inner guilt  
Salvation rays are thin  
I say to myself you don't need anyone  
This world is fucked just as you have become  
I stand as a man who's seen many things  
My youth has made me strong  
I see the fraught of the words I have said  
Got nothing for anyone  
The words that I speak are like the clinging hell  
The songs that I sing's been poisoning your well  
Hands in my pockets and down on my knees  
I beg for will to change  
I've spun around from this wheel that I'm in  
In one week I'll be the same