Rumination

Exhorder

Strapped to a rotting bed if I were up I'd rule the world
Why can't I be a stand-up guy I'm stuck at prone
Without me that worthless son of a bitch would not have a dime
How did this happen to me – where did it all go wrong

We make the grave mistakes
Then try to fool our own minds
Distress and consequence
The rumination kills time

How am I supposed to face the day to face the world
If only I were given a fair break you'd see I swear
You can end up burning bridges just for standing tall
The losing circle is so cold lonely and dark

We make the grave mistakes
Then try to fool our own minds
Distress and consequence
The rumination kills time

I see you everywhere
It's so hard to look
Now I hear you everywhere
Friendships we had mistook

So face – your reflection
And take – your medication
Now make – a new direction
Or stay – in rumination

And I'm still strapped to a rotting bed if I were up I'd rule t
he world
Why can't I be a stand-up guy I'm stuck at prone
Without me that worthless son of a bitch would not have a dime
How did this happen to me – where did it all go wrong