

Straight Edge - Closed Mind

Grief

Pass-out, black-out
Trying to remember
Wake up still fucked up
"Never again" - You're lying to yourself
It's a vicious circle:

It won't be long before my time is gone
Engulfed by booze
It's the path I choose

I walk a crooked line
And I do it all the time
My edge is bent not straight
My hands remain unscarred

Dependant I'm not - I don't need - I want
There is a difference
But your closed mind blinds you

Straight edge-closed mind
You don't know my kind
Straight edge-closed mind
You're blind