

Chemotherapy

Highasakite

If this is a good thing, why does my hair fall off?
Why does my heart pound so hard?
The man I was lays smothered on the ground
The cost of being a woman, brings me to my knees

If this isn't madness, the writing on the wall
The sound of hard times coming
The man I was, was always standing tall
The cost of being a woman, brings me to my knees

Oh, it's dark as hell
Let the embers burn for help
Tell them you're not well

If I am a fighter, then why the white flags?
Why can't I face my own lies?
The man I was, was always dressed in black
The cost of being a woman, brings me to my knees

Oh, it's dark as hell
Let the embers burn for help
Tell them you're not well

Oh, it's dark as hell
Let the embers burn for help
Tell them you're not well

Oh, it's dark as hell
Tell them you're not well