

## Bare Bones

### House vs. Hurricane

Who is this boy that stands before me  
No colour in his face, his eyes stare right at me  
It's almost as if I knew him once  
As if he were a friend of mine

This is my confession  
I bear my soul tonight  
The things I wish I could rewrite

Lost in a cloud of my own doubt  
I know I'll lose what I can't live without  
It's in this black haze I find myself  
I'm short of living and just short of death

This is my confession  
I bear my soul tonight  
The things I wish I could rewrite  
These are my transgressions  
I hold them to the light  
Just give me a chance to make them right

His head cast down, his shoulders slumped  
I need to see him clearer  
But to my dismay, I find myself  
Looking in the mirror