

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