

This Mess

Hundred Reasons

Who wants to clear up this mess?
The stain is embedded too deep
Along with daggers in your back
You appear to have blood-soaked hands

Leave now, be free
Live with no apology
Thank me for the years we had and don't look back
Leave now, be free
Try to find some sympathy
For all the times I never thought to see you

Sinners are in the way
Bleeding into these arms

There is nothing to be hidden
As we watch all sons of old gods die
You suffocate for the sake of a requiem
And all thoughts turn to
A better memory

And we found out
How we stood still
Overall
And it's now
That we found out
We are still here
Overall
We found out
Where we stood still
Couldn't be here
Overall
Yes it's now
That we found out
Where we stood still
Until now