

True Contrite

Knuckle Puck

You learn a lot about honesty from the dried out leaves of the
fallen trees in your life
Forgiving pathetic excuses for long term abuse is something I c
ould never justify with God
You live in a lonely state of denial and self-decay
A living reminder of buried weight you never shed in the first
place

Disguise your memory with pictures on the walls
(Am I good enough? Am I good enough?)
Replace my every flaw, the ones you never even saw
(As if you tried to, you never tried to)
We dream in color, but see in black and white
Between the covers, we sleep on beds of lies
Someday your true contrite will find you

Your world is what you've made it
Is this all you bartered for?

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