

Thirteen times I went to the well  
To draw my thoughts, I'll gather and tell  
Like bricks that I've laid to build my life  
Those that crumbled only caused me strife

Thoughts became words, cast into the sea  
But they returned, always haunting me  
Like a severed arm washed up on the shore  
I just don't think I can give anymore

Because I've lived, how many times do I have to die?  
Because I've lived, how many lives do I have to die?

Thirteen times and it's been lucky for me  
After everything, you still want me to bleed  
Thirteen ways to see the devil in my eyes  
Because I stood here thirteen times and I'm still alive

At thirteen I started down this path  
Fueled with anger, music was my wrath  
Years of clawing at scars that never healed  
Drowning my mind, the thoughts are too real

I can't get out; I can't jump out  
Too much to face; I can't erase