

Scars

Michael Malarkey

Do you like scars?
The scars make the man?
Do you want me wounded and hardened?
My head in the sand
Or my fists up in defiance?
Is that what you understand?

Am I too good to be gone?
Beginning the ending for too long

This is my flagship attempt
At a second chance...
Do you want me groveling and sober
A brilliant wreckage
Or three sheets to the wind
Three pages of you...
But I've misplaced the truth?

Am I too good to be gone?
Beginning the ending for too long

Have we gone too far?
Have we lost our minds?
Imitating the seasons
And we fall behind.

So come on, come on, come on...

Am I too good to be gone?
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Have we gone too far?
Have we lost our minds?
Imitating the seasons
And we fall behind.

(When I crossed myself
Is when I crossed the line
I could see the storm
I had my dagger drawn
I just needed a reason
Something natural
But something wicked came

And we turn like a hog
On the spit of our lives
And the ceremony swells
And our eyes burn bright
But there was never a reason
It was natural
This is part of the fight
So come on...
Oh come on, come on...
Bring it on...)

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