

Surrender The Sons

Norma Jean

Left alone

Your pale skin is a razor sharp wire
So I place these scales over my eyes
Don't touch me, I'm sick.
You whisper, but I hear only what I choose

Hello my good old friend.
Your hand pulls me back from that mire
Will I look back and stare
And wonder if she is way back there?

But afterwards my mouth
Will be filled with gravel
And I'm left alone

You know that feeling of fear
And desperation in the pit
Of your stomach making you nauseous
Excitement, apprehension,
You wish you could lose it all

Hello my good old friend.
Your hand pulls me back from that mire
Will I look back and stare
And wonder if she is way back there?

But afterwards my mouth
Will be filled with gravel
And I'm left alone

The fear of dealing with this is stronger
Than the fear of just forgetting this
And future, I am scared of you

Left alone

Hello my good old friend.
Your hand pulls me back from that mire
Will I look back and stare
And wonder if she is way back there?

I swear I'll find my way back
To the light now that I'm left alone