

Let It Go

Seether

Second chances are so divine
I can't reveal what's on my mind
But I am drowning in the quicksand
The deprivation of my mind
This education intertwined
With all these musings of a sick man

Float down that river of blood you made when you stabbed my back
But I am drowning in the quicksand

Well I don't feel like getting older
I just feel like getting numb
And I don't see why I should bother
I just don't think I can let it go

When you turn sour grapes to wine
The fermentation takes some time
But I am following the short hand
When desperation is unkind
Exacerbation walks the line
And I am following a blind man

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But I am drowning in the quicksand

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And I don't see why I should bother
I just don't think I can let it go

Oooh
Oooh
Oooh
Oooh

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