

Early Graves

Senses Fail

I call to question, the things in question.
I think I think too much; I think I'm sure.
That that's a problem and that's a reason
Why I always fucking shut the door
On everyone I have ever loved before.
I'm willing to just shut myself down,
And let the good things go right under my door.

I finally found a reason I can open up to something more.

'Cause I was always taking the salt from the sea,
To water down the soil that's soaking deep.
I was suffocating something inside of me
When it just needed to breathe.
I would never dare call myself brave.
I have made a choice to walk my own way.
I would die than choose to stumble the roads unpaved,
Heading to an early grave.

But if I question, all this in questions [?]
Will that just take me back to where I came from?
'Cause I don't want to ever feel that way again, that way again.
'Cause all that I got was a dead end heart
Desperately conserving, searching roads in the dark
For a spark to help me hit restart.
'Cause everything I do will come back to me times two.
This is the first time that I've got something I don't wanna lose.

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To water down the soil that's soaking deep.
I was suffocating something inside of me
When it just needed to breathe.
I would never dare call myself brave.
I have made a choice to walk my own way.
I would die than choose to stumble the roads unpaved,
Heading to an early grave.
Into an early grave.

I feel like I have finally found the balance
To rebound, and the waves in the sound they surround me,
Like a net to catch me in the act.
In the case and event that the present presents challenges over my head.

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To water down the soil that's soaking deep.
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