

# Trail of Blood

## The Color Morale

There's nothing like a trail of blood  
to find your way back home  
And nothing feels as cold inside  
as heaven down below  
I've been lost and never found,  
afraid to speak the truth out loud  
With empty hands I came into this world,  
I'll leave just the same

Death, you cannot take me,  
you've tried and failed before  
With everything so deafening,  
each breath worth fighting for  
I refuse to be your casualty  
cause pain has its reward  
No longer trapped in agony,  
you cannot take me,  
I survive the storm

Is hell a place or just a word,  
because as far as I can see  
They both feel like one in the same,  
so which do I believe?  
Some days we feel everything  
and others not at all  
Do I cave beneath the weight  
or rise above it all?

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Maybe that's the hell I'm living  
Battles between where I'm numb or I'm feeling  
Remember when we filled our lives  
With the will to fucking live

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