

You can call this coming clean
Or the repeat of what you know
About the struggles I once had
As I'm learning to let go

I made a pledge to myself,
If I was to raise my voice
To be direct as I can be
No matter what I may destroy.
But I can't say I haven't aged.
I've outgrown what I used to be.
I won't fake what is expected
To succeed with album three

(That's not me)

Does this mean that the words won't come?
Does this mean that I'm at my end?
If my joy comes with the price of my love,
I won't pay if I have to pretend.
There's always a chance to relapse and fall back
To the person I still fear is there.
So if this ink will suddenly run out,
I'll refill if I feel the need to share.

It was the fall of last year in New York City.
Day two of a tour, when my friend Johnny
Said "Hey, I'd like you to meet Andy."
We got to talking and connected on some things,
Mutual friends and how his band started writing.
But, then something was spoke, I knew exactly what he meant,
I understood when he said, "it's hard to write content."

And it still is. And it still is.
But I won't take a step back though it might be for the best.
And it still is. And it still is.

I know you asked for some advice;
They use your blood to capitalize,
So give up all your secrets.
To move units, display your weakness.
You might spend some years alone,
And the price of forgetting your home.
So expose what hurts you the worst,
The exchange deals a handsome return

(Are you in?)