

8stops7 **"Better"**

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So you want to tie both my arms off and
force feed me to sharks
Just for the sake of releasing
me from a memory of when you slept
in the serpent's den
Showed me what lurks in the hearts of man
Left me alone with the consequence
Considered a bond between friends

I'm not / You're escaping
with my good name
Create so you change
all the rules of this game
How low can you go
How deep and how bold
I might have misjudged
in you my trust

So you want to spit on my face and
start to calling me names expecting me
to break down, give in, let you take the win
But I'm not ready yet to be convinced
My fear and pain have become my friends
and you vultures need me to let you in

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