

Avail "New Song"

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i keep saying don't beat yourself down you never had
much and never asked for lesss than truth, not
promises the truth is i still live in hell treading pools
that are shallow when i touch the bottom. the bottle still
i reach up although my hands hurt and aim high in a
world so confined i'd rather die with my face all torn up
wrists in handcuffs with pride than beleive lies i keep
saying this time you won't be let down, you've learned
to touch, to bond, to share, to act and move, to rebel.
the fact is i jus tkeep on talking blindly and you can't
relate, i know the game you act like you care when you
don't

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