

Beaten Back To Pure "Paleface"

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Cut off my air
Chasing my living will
No matter where I fail
I lay down like my beaten dog

Cut off my hands
Chasing my living hell
Another day has come and she'd
Ignore the best that I had

I can help you

Savannah bound and downtown forgiving me
Reach in my vest and unload clemency
Good of the many outweighs the few

Time falls like sand
I believe the world could do without
Another goddamn set of helping hands
Breathe like me and go without

It's culling season

Time for me to make my stand
Choking on the ebb of whiskey tide [x3]
Spitting bile upon myself
Day in day out and unsatisfied

Ignoring all the good that's left in me
Open my arms to all disease
Ripping my lids to avoid the hated sleep
The pictures that I saw of you I like them

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