

Beneath The Sky "I'll Call This My Own"

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I've spent my years believing,
In the good that's from within,
Some philosopher along the way,
Considers it,
A man's conscience;
But I've grown weary,
Making the same mistakes,
Defacating on everything;
Everything,
Where I once,
Found grace;

But yeah,
I still get up and try,
Though I deny;
To make the most of my life,
'Cause up here I feel,
I've got a message to deliver,
Though to deaf ears;

Whoa-oh,
I'd just started to believe,
But now I see reality,
Reality;
No matter the thousands surrounding me,
I will always be alone,
No one to trust nothing to,
Call my own;

I spent the last two years,
Believing,
In a bottle and a drink;
What fills me with ecstasy,
Will soon,
Make my hands shake;
And it's no different,
Than anything else in life,
Within the good comes out the bad,
Take it or leave it as you like;

But yeah,
I still get up and try,

Though I deny,
Deny;
To make the most of my life,
'Cause up here I feel,
I've got a message to deliver,
To deliver;

Whoa-oh,
I'd just started to believe,
But now I see reality,
Reality;
Whoa-oh
No matter the thousands surrounding me,
I will always be alone,
No one to trust nothing to,
Call my own;

I spent my years,
Believing in the good that's from within,
But I've grown weary,
Of making the same,
Same mistakes;

Within the good,
Comes out the bad,
And no one,
In this world will ever,
Change;

Whoa-oh,
Whoa-oh-oh,

Whoa-oh,
I'd just started to believe,
But now I've seen reality,
Reality;
Whoa-oh
No matter whos surrounding me,
I will always be alone,
No one to trust nothing to,
Call my own;

Whoa-oh,
I'd just started to believe,
But now I see reality,
Reality;
Whoa-oh
No matter the thousands surrounding me,
I will always be alone,
No one to trust nothing to,
Call my own;

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