

Confessor

"Sour Times"

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We Are in - Sour Times
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The hole is open and the maggots call me in
So easy to give up and dive in
But the tide will lead me to my bridge
With the answer I know, with the
Answer I Know to jump in

Sour times is soaking up my soul
Closer to the edge of that hole
Sour times

The're many wars to fight, way past
The front lines
Behind the scene there's much to hide
Ghosts from the past, wrap their
Sheets on my mind
Friendship and sin, which have died

Sour times is soaking up my soul
Closer to the edge of that hole
Sour times is soaking up my soul
All hope is gone I'm Loosing control

I'm not the person I used To be

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