

Cruel Hand

"The Bottom"

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When your soul is trampled Life dismantled What was
once in your hands, now too much to handle You begin
to rethink everything that you are Inside yourself is a
constant war You don't see the face that you saw
before Inside yourself is a constant war Too low to live
Is this my time? Been back and forth from the other
side Pushing me deeper into my black hole Twisting my
world, spinning out of control I'll pull you from the
bottom If you pull me from the bottom We live amongst
leeches We adapt to survive ?I'm not one of these
creature? I say time after time If I slip away slowly and I
notice the fall Will your fierce hand of reality bring me
back to it all?

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