

Cruel Hand "Wisdom Pain"

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Anxiety inside of me,
I'm starting to bust.
Friends turn foes so easily,
I need someone to fucking trust.
Can't you see I need room to breathe and space is a
must?
Everything I know to be
crumbles to dust.
I can't stop
I can't stop this, it's beyond me.
I have tried,
I have tried are you not listening?
Reality and what's "real to me"
is what I cannot separate.
Choosing one over the other is the reason why I'm
fucking late.
A window of opportunity smashed to bits and worthless
to me.
Constant inconsistency -
My only consistency.
I can't stop
i can't stop its beyond me
I have tried
I have tried are you not listening
are you not listening
Oh
So much wisdom in pain,
so many lessons in hurt.
You learn from a loss
so I'll take on your worse.
Nothing can hit harder than my own regret
so I live with what I've done and know that I can't forget.
live with what I've done and know that I can't forget
live with what I've done
and know
I can't forget

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