

Daly's Gone Wrong "In Response"

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We've been running from the pain
Steps far from possible.
Three years and too much change
I'm still impossible.

Throw my compass in the air
Ground please break make me lost
Take my eyes and direction
X marks nothing at all.

May I speak?

Here's a thought
Wait a million or two about the things
That I've done and those that I'd like to.
Slept with a stripper and prayed with a saint
Asked for forgiveness then binged for days.
Here's a poem that bleeds for me
Stitches my words and cradles my speech.
What does sorrow ever mean to me if I don't care?
But I really do care.

There's a girl I love but can't bear to be with
A dream so close but always short of reaching.
And since I hurt I'll scream that I don't care
I hate that I really do care.

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Steps far from possible.
Three years and too much change
I'm still impossible.

May I speak?

In the end what could be said?
We scrape our knees, we try our best.
But the question that cuts me deep
Will I wake up one morning and truly believe
I alone am not a tragedy
I am worthy of the air I breathe
I am worthy of the term I seek, beautiful,
Because that's my favorite word.

I weaponize seconds
And I hold minutes hostage
I weaponize seconds
And I hold minutes hostage.

Is it safe to say "I miss you" when you're not here to
listen?

When they come for me
I'll be stepping the dead walk

Kill them all
Let God sort them out...
Let God sort them out.

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