

The Bled "Crawling Home"

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I just can't leave this alone meat for the wolves pulling
flesh from the bone.
This is blood that I draw from a stone.
And a scar to remind me of where I was born.
This is what it takes to forgive myself for you.
Don't ask me what I am becoming.
Something that you cannot comprehend.
Completely unacceptable results.
Damaged and desperate, I am crawling home.
And it feels like something is wrong
When I'm not tethered to this hotel bed
I do what I can to make sense of this mess
That I made for myself, in my head.
One day at a time.
When I leave there will be no goodbyes, no
explanations.
This is just something I need to do for now.
When I die there will be no funeral, make no
arrangements.
What happens on the road will kill us all.
Don't ask me what I am becoming something that you
cannot comprehend.
Completely unacceptable results.
Damaged and desperate, I am crawling home.
Show me if this is where I belong.

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