

Bleeding Through "Germany"

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There was a wall constructed inside of my ripping
through my heart
And brick by brick I'll slave to tear it all down

Say goodbye to loneliness the past is finally dead
There is no allegiance the past is finally dead

I felt so trapped a stranger frozen to these streets
With broken bones wounds I swore would never heal
I always hoped for something true but
My emotions were always conflicted, so conflicted
Next stop the Berlin Bridge
I once gave my heart for black hair pale skin and
broken English
My life was always so confined
Like being chained against the flow of the gutter

I had no worth only a hunger for excess to fill the gaps
There was no depth to this abyss

So conflicted
From this day forward
I'll wear my heart on my sleeve
It's ten below outside but it's pale in comparison
To how frozen my judgment used to be

There is no regrets the past is finally dead
The past is finally dead
I have no regrets
None

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