

Endwell "John Doe"

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Nothing to hide.
Nothing to lose.
The little things that sicken me
And are eating at my youth.
I've held my ghosts at bay
And smiled everyday
But heavens says wont shine on me again,
Just like they shined on me before.
I can't be like that boy in chains
That was once adored.
Apprehensive me.
Independence me.
I've spoiled every single thing
And running from the scene.
It's sad for me to say
At every show
On every stage
Pride overlooked
And out of blown P.A.s
To people I will never meet.
I spill my guts.
Why can't these words free me.
Never will I find my way back home.
All the patience that I wasted...
Dreams I only got a taste of.
All I thought would be.
Everything I never should have done, I did.
This is acceptance
Of the greatest things that will never happen.
So here I stand,
Unable to be saved.
I'm paying prices for
The things that I didn't say
And it depresses me.
I've backed integrity
But I'm finding brand new ways
To channel energy.
I've seem hell along the way,
In every devastating blow
Handed down to me.
I've seen sufferers like me
Still fighting for their dreams

Through battles obsolete.
I have seen all despairs can bring
Heaven is unreachable
And happiness is fake
So much patience that I wasted...
Every dream I barely tasted.
All I thought I'd see.
Everything I never should have done, I did.
Now I'm waiting for the end.
To take away all of these wretched memories.
I have given all of me.
I gave you every fucking thing.
Listless, unbound.
I've been set free.
Golgotha Falls.

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