

Floodgate "Those Days"

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Cries of failed allegiance
Got no reason to feed them all the noise
Riding alone
Mistakes never bother you
And brother, how it shows
I'm reaching out for more

Reach for more

I feel it burning
I'm never full

Those days long behind
Shattered visions of due supremacy
Stepping on our fingers and our toes
One is thing is certain
No one will ever know...

Still I am burning
Still I'm not full

I've got a little self-generated hunger
Send it to my fingers and my voice - a roller
I was lost
I should have started long ago
Hard life
Hard like a stone
Freezing cold
Down to the bone
Break from the hold

Those days long behind
Got the feeling my best are left to gain
More dues to pay
No trepidation; only focus of liability inside of me
My patience wearing thin
Cleansed of all sin
Or am I causing more?

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