

Foundation

"Calloused"

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Calloused, my armor's not what it used to be.
Scratched and dented, the outside resembles what's
within.

I spend so much time staring back at myself.
If the boy I was saw the man I've become, he'd spit
right in his face.

The scales have tipped against me one more time,
But the panic comes in a hush and a sigh, not a scream
or cry.
The scales have tipped against me for the final time.

I've wasted so much time waiting for a tragedy,
Or a miracle to reveal itself that the world has passed
me by.

Convinced myself I'm sick for so long now that I'm not
so sure I can stop
Believing it.

Gotta lift my head from these calloused hands that
serve to remind me of my
Regrets.

Gotta lift my head from these calloused hands so I can
see the good in
What's going on.

Don't wanna waste anymore ink on this page, or
strokes of the keys.
Not one more hammer to spell out this quiet rage.

No, my armor's not what it used to be.
But what in life still is?

Calloused.

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