

## **New Bruises**

# **"Hell Is A Highway (Connecting Tampa And Orlando)"**

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Repetition is another day  
Seconds away to my escape  
Why do they torture me?  
Formulated

Sentiment gaining sediment  
Is this the kiss of death?  
I learned my lessons, I learned them well  
Sarcasm only sugar coats  
The way that I feel

They say they hear us, but they're not listening  
So here we go again, one cut would kill me  
Every exit is an entrance  
Cheap mechanics, melodramatic

Listen, I'm not ashamed  
List, I'm not afraid

Repetition is another day

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