

New Bruises

"Sleeping With The Ants, Again"

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I need to get my shit together
Just one more night of fucking off

Fight or flight, my hands are bleeding
Introspection turned inside out

All signs must be blurred I'm reading
Cause the path I chose won't work out

In the morning A gut wrenching feeling
My hands are tied but I'm not blind
Another swallow of that fucking poison
The guilt subsides, the cycle starts again

I need to get my act together
Get on track or fall behind

It's my life
A collision or sharp incline

This is my life
It's my life and I'm done

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