

Scapegoat

"The Room In Which I Sit"

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Well demons crawl along the walls
Through out the room in which I sit
Yea I'm living it again
Yea I'm living it again

I've made the mistake of letting you in

Same shit, same stench in the wake of the life that I
have lived
I'm at the lowest of lows
When low and behold there comes along
That very light in which I've longed
Just to succumb to the opposition

You can never outrun
The past and the things that you've done
Get out of my head

Fuck that I'll never bow to circumstance
It's not what I've done it's what I do
That determines where my soul is headed to
The path I walk, and of it's truth

The time has come
To witness what you've become
I'm going out on a limb here man
But im sick of my sin

Well history repeats itself there in
It is what it is
I should have learned this the first time through
I've made the mistake of letting you in
Only to be buried again in my sin

Again
I've done it again
I'm lost from within
I've done it again
I've lost it
Same story as the last CD
Different me
But am I simply repeating history?

Same sad spot, same gist, same scene
Now do I let go, or repeat history?
Same alone, same all alone
I can't let her go

Well history repeats itself there in
It is what it is
I should have learned this the first time through
I've made the mistake of letting you in
Only to be buried again in my sin

Well history repeats itself therein
Well history repeats itself therein
(I'm letting you in)
Well history repeats itself therein
Well history repeats itself therein

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