

This Is Hell "Deliver Me"

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Crashing down.

As I reflect on the stories of my youth

I dig deep for a kernel or truth these are the kind of things

that keep us up at night I've yet to find those fairy tale endings

save for the times I was just pretending,

these are the kind of things that keep us up at night

What does it mean when we mean what we say but we keep losing faith every day.

Deliver me from this wasteland, deliver me from feeling alone.

These days, at best are a shadow of what they should have been.

Deliver me from this wasteland, deliver me from feeling alone.

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