

## Caldera "Break Me Even"

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It's hard to clean the blood of the dead  
It's hard to escape the fear in your head  
But you know what  
I can retreat  
I will not slaughter my dreams inside  
I will triumph over better times  
Grief and despair I do not care  
No regrets

I see the cup as half empty  
I look for a brighter day  
We talked all night  
Mistakes were made

We use art  
To save ourselves from the truth  
For I cannot fail  
I have only found a billion  
Ways it hasn't worked  
Wisdom speaks  
But knowledge listens  
I often regret my speech  
Never my silence

Fill what's empty,  
Empty what's full  
And scratch where it itches  
A pint of sweat saves a gallon of blood  
Lets toast to that

When my ideas fail  
Words come in handy  
How do you speak  
When you choke on you words  
I've swallowed my pride  
My pride is fire  
This light burns inside  
Love is friendship set on fire

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