

Pale Saints "Suggestion"

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My strength is sapped
And I'm closing my eyes
Nothing to wrestle with but my old times
I'm closing my eyes

It's my place and
Think I can make it on my own
Nothing to wrestle with but my old times
Think I can make it on my own

It's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed up

Held me for
Being this way
When I've given up

You could comfort and frustrate me
The holes were already there
Always to wrestle with in my old mind
I wanted to close my mind

It's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed up

Held me for
Being this way
When I've given up

It's too pained
It's too strained
It won't be dressed up

Held me for
Being this way
When I've given up

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