

## **Atlas Losing Grip "Bitter Blood"**

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A feeling so complex,  
Almost impossible to define,  
The constant change of heart and the war inside my  
mind.

A childhood lost, no identity. We left it all behind  
We paid the price for a better life  
Through the toil and the strife.

The same poison that ran in his veins runs in mine.  
To overcome a broken past I must draw the line  
And I rise above this bitter blood.

The lack of trust to the world around us,  
The constant fear of never fitting in.  
Made me feel like I was born to lose.  
Now I will live to win.

Hours spent learning to cover up the shame.  
All these fingers pointing, trying to pin the blame.

I rise above this bitter blood,  
The alienation and hostility I've known.  
I stand trial through the fire and the mud.  
I rise above this bitter blood.

Tonight this bitter blood dies in me...

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