

Paul Byrom

"Chokehold"

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Sickened of your ways
Disturbing my peace
Losing my inner war

Always pounding
Never quiet
My nerves trying to cope

Now they will be
Choking on the inside
Now they will be
Dying on the outside

I tried to keep my calm
Beat them down, beat them down
Couldn't rise against
Left for dead, left for dead

I've lost my ways
Disturbed my peace
So I lost my inner war

They're still pounding
Never quiet
My nerves still can't cope

Now they will be
Choking on the inside
Now they will be
Dying on the outside

I tried to keep my calm
Beat them down, beat them down
Couldn't rise against
Left for dead, left for dead

There was no glory in his death
And life... unsatisfying
... unsatisfying

