

Juliana Theory, The "Shell Of A Man"

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I won't nurture and feed this bitterness: it's worthless in any of this.

Love and forgiveness are timeless and true.

I know you're full of fear. I hope I'm never like you.

I won't nurture and feed this hate: it's empty and doesn't change a thing.

Love will endure when it comes to the end.

I see you're insecure. I know there's hope for you.

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.

I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.

I won't nurture and feed hostility. It's pointless to dwell on my anger.

Love is the answer, Inane as it seems.

I know you're full of hate. I hope I'm never the same.

I won't nurture and feed this pain.

Imagine the magnitude of love that is given the chance to prevail.

I see you're full of tears, and I can sense your hell.

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.

I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.

Take what you want to, now that you've got the chance to.

Take it why don't you, not that you've got the chance to?

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.

I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.

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