

# Still Bleeding

Andy Mineo

How to begin, can I be honest?  
It took a while just to write this, well here it is.  
I needed courage just to grab the pen,  
The same weapon you affected me with when I used to recite this,  
That's my word, it's so ironic,  
How these phonics are made of frequency waves that can stir,  
Oceans of emotions and invoke them old things  
I need composure just to compose them.  
Digging up memories I tried to bury,  
Unlocking tombs that I bolted  
And I don't know if you'll ever hear me,  
But I got salt in my wounds from the tears that resulted.  
Every hurt shows we're mortal,  
And every scar has a story, every story has a moral,  
Every memory's a portal to the past pain  
And most of the time is caused by somebody with your last name.

Like a car running into a brick wall,  
Is how your words crashed into my heart  
What was so minor to you was so major to me  
And all I wait for is words like "sorry", "forgive me".  
I'm still bleeding, I'm still bleeding,  
I'm still bleeding, I'm still bleeding.

The same tongue that you used to say you love me  
Was being shoved in somebody else's mouth,  
Don't you touch me, I'm disgusted.  
You should've just told me that you lust me,  
Trust fell out from underneath me,  
And the walls from the house we built fell down and then crushed me.  
Walking on stilts, losing my balance,  
Your words are so filthy, you don't even know the damage.  
God used words to create this planet so be careful with 'em.  
It isn't even really what you said, it's what you didn't  
I left text and voice mails, you acting like you missed them,  
I got confirmation they delivered,  
You spoke silence, you just go and stay quiet like I ain't existed  
Well, look at that thing shifted  
At first you blew kisses now you want some more slickness  
And I ain't even got it inside me to give forgiveness  
I gotta find it at the place where he said it's finished.  
Yeah, you tried to kill me with your words,  
But now I used words to make a living  
With a DJ or how the tables turn,  
So I'mma use mine to point people to the savior,  
The one who speaks life to the dead and they wake up,  
Stick and stones may break some bones  
And some words scar forever, your heart forever.  
Make it hard to get up, hurt people, hurt people see you  
Were just bleeding and you wanted me to bleed too.

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