

I think im getting use to all my demons; same faces, different seasons
As time goes on they keep coming back. The nights I lie awake, tossing,
tortured; same places, different seasons.
As time goes on they keep coming back, coming back.
Just leave us alone.
I heard once that sleep is for the weak, I guess the stronger the eyes, the
stronger the meek.
A lot of the time we're our own worst enemies.
Reasoning with the voice in our minds, just doesn't make sense to me.
Just leave us alone.
I heard once that sleep is for the weak, I guess the stronger the eyes, the
stronger the meek.
A lot of the time we're our own worst enemies.
A tongue bitten off by a mouth afraid to speak, Mouths filling with blood,
staining their teeth.
Cruelty is what they drink, And violence is what they eat.
Mouths filling with blood staining their teeth. Destruction is what they drink
and horror is what they eat.
We'll never be the same so just let us be.
Violence, cruelty, destruction, horror.
They're like vultures picking at their prey.
Just leave us alone.