

Confession

Wovenwar

I call it a phase, I call it a phase
The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain
I call it a phase, I call it a phase

When no one's looking
I'm taking all I can
I kiss the bottle until I can't stand
I wake up grieving
By noon I won't care
I count the minutes 'till I start again

Oh what have I become?
How have I come undone?

What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be free

I call it a phase, I call it a phase
The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain
I call it a phase, I call it a phase

Unturned to toll in and now I'm in to sing
I'm in control, I'm in for a drink
My compass spinning
I've been making mistakes
You can not hurt when you can not feel a thing

Oh what have I become?
I have come undone

What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be free

What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money

(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
I think it's killing me

The patches hurt me
I won't remember a thing
I trade in, I can force some empathy
I wake up grieving
By noon I won't care
I count the minutes 'till I start again

Oh what have I become?

What feels the hollow?
This is the vein of money
So hard to swallow
The facts I need to be free

(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
What feels the hollow?
(The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain)
This is the vein of money
(I call it a phase, I call it a phase)
So hard to swallow
(The bottles, the bottles are killing the pain)
The facts I need to be free