40 Below Summer, Stillborn

plug this hole
so I can fill my
repartition
spining inside
twistiing
wasting
tasteing
filth
i'm washing away all this guilt
my hands are shaking violently
my world is shattered silently
it's lost forever in the ground
now everything is upside down

sure this time that I might find not sure (not sure) this time that i'm alive

shake this take this make me forget all my sins and all my regrets I am on the edge i've fallen from the bottom up I crawl

sure this time that I might find not sure (not sure) this time that i'm alive

sure this time that I might find

sure this time that I might find not sure (not sure) this time that i'm alive

sure this time (i'm not right. no, i'm not right) that I might find (i'm not right. no, i'm not right) not sure (i'm not right. no, i'm not right) this time (i'm not right. no, i'm not right) that i'm can't fly (i'm not right. no)