

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)