

Chimaira, Let Go (Demo Version)

My scabs are almost picked
Slowly growing into this
Feelings I just can't let go
I am such a bore that you need that much more
Go back that way and see what you get from me then
Nothing at all
My dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I see them in the jel
Laughing at me it is hell
Nothing can stop this torture
Fake my way through life
Call on me my wife
Went back that way and I saw just what I was worth
Nothing at all
My dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I won't take no for an answer