

Inhale Exhale, It's Myself Vs. Being A Man

Who said this won't be perfect
After all we know its right
And the sound of bodies clashing
Enough to make them cry
You know this can't be perfect
Even when its feeling right
And the sound of bodies crashing
Echo through the night!

Dreams are gone!
Nightmares are here to stay!
Not doing when you know its the greatest crime!
Wake up spilling hatred for each other everywhere!
How cheap is your love!
Lying to keep the peace!

And oh, how we've ended up
In this place
This place we're trapped by creed!

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Silence!
Some things aren't right in this house!
This room, i lay my head, is haunted by mistakes!
Crimes of passion, or was it the way they we're raised!

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Darkness fills this place!
As does the empty bottles!
I wait for the days you come home!
When this house is no longer standing!

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