Quorthon, Coming Down In Pieces

I was way off track from start
I judged everything by my damned heart
I walked unprotected 'gainst the blows
How was I suppose to really know

When you think you know what's the right thing to do
And you find you just don't have a clue
And when things turn out to be not what they seemed
You are caught walking barefoot on glass
With your head firmly stuck up your ass

I was coming down in pieces you bet I was coming down
What goes up believe me surely must hit hard the ground
I was coming down in pieces yet I was sound enough to say
I'm the only one to blame, yeah, so get out of my damn f*ckin' way

I scratched my walls 'till my fingers bled
I tried to get it all out of my f*ckin' head
I was really deep down for quite some time
It took quite a while to leave it all behind

When it hits ya' and you don't think that you'll make it through
And the times when a hell will stick to ya' like glue
And it seems very effort is destined to fail
You'll be surprised how you sh*t you can take
Before you give it in and you start to break

I was coming down in pieces...

When you think you know...

Now I know should I go there again
To hit the bottom don't need to mean the end

I was coming down in pieces...