

Avail, March

A twist this time You buckle my mind Like a speechless boy

It won't go away

Got glass rain It cuts my feet I pull apart Yet refrain from the heart I've got water in my veins

It won't go away

Turns ice On which I slide

In my soul I have religion I try to preach it And it's stripped away

It's beyond contradiction

Just my fight with my grace

A dove in hand Do I crush it my friend? Why do I feel no guilt

It won't go away

This final fear I cannot see This love of hell in which I dwell It makes no sense

It won't go away

This way that I feel

Break it down Knock it down

Pull the wall down

Let go Let go of the hatred in your soul