

Axium, Under Fire

Self-revelation hits me like a brick; it's four A.M.
Sleep's out of the question when you're stuck inside the state I'm in
Where everything I see is redundancy
I'm at wits' end over you

Middle finger's in the air, they're waving at me
No barricade to call my own
So let the stones fly but one last request
Will you carry me home?

I'm seeing clearly with my eyes closed tight
I'm seeing clearly in spite of everything that's wrong or right
I walk on eggshells and broken glass
On my hands and knees, open wounds

Middle finger's in the air, they're waving at me
No barricade to call my own
So let the stones fly but one last request
Will you carry me home?

Middle finger's in the air, they're waving at me
No barricade to call my own
So let the stones fly but one last request
Will you carry me?
Will you carry me?
Will you bury me?