

Bane, My Therapy

This is my therapy
You breath life into me
My only sanity
Within these walls is where I'm free

Square peg, round hole
Faces come and faces go
There is so little cast in stone
Regarding life, luck, loss, love
But there is one thing that I know for sure

These are the only crowded rooms
Because of these days I'll never have nothing at all
Because of these times there's only so far I can tell
There will always be a place, there will be a crowded room
Where I'm not all alone

The years have come and multiplied
So much of me has been washed out with the tide
Still there's nowhere else
That I'd rather be
Drawn like a moth to a flame
Without these days I'd have gone insane
So many hearts pinned to so many sleeves
Within these blessed walls
You have set me free

There is no mistake that I'm not free to make
All because of six strings stretched across a board