

Bayside, A Rite Of Passage

Cut, cut, cut, cutting myself down to pieces
Too hard on myself it would seem
That everyone could see myself worth beneath

I'll take a stand devise plans
Figure it out
I'll take my cuts and stitch them up
With sutures of pure cement and
And I've realized

There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs
We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go

Back, back, back, back to the crooner in question
I sure hope you all like my songs
Well maybe I put too much talk in my rhymes
And melodies so stunning brainwashing minds
From day one I took pride in my
Pure and honest intentions
And I've realized

There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs
We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go

And I've realized
That I don't wanna be judged no more

And I've realized
There's no right way to go
So what if I'm a sinner
I've got black spots on my liver
And cancer grown on both my lungs
We take everything we know
About ourselves and put them in
A diary in a fire ring
Scrutiny below not me now
I think I'm ready to go...

I think I'm ready to go!