Boysetsfire, Handful Of Redemption

The sick and tired refrain of everyday is branding itself into you Discouragement defined by all the times when everything just falls apart And your skeletons have broken down the door and left you there for dead How do we find a little piece of heaven In our time before we find acceptance When no one understands at this point That a handful of redemption's all we need From remorse to rebirth finding it hard to think that this is really true Ask how long should we wait before we take instead of waiting to be free How do we find a little piece of heaven In our time before we find acceptance When no one understands at this point That a handful of redemption's all we need And all, all the fear all the anger falls away All the days that were wasted cut and pasted fall away Never walked so tall until that moment when fate and circumstance collide When all it takes is a step that you never saw and burdens fall away