

Chimaira, Let Go

My scabs are almost picked
Slowly growing into this
Feelings I just can't let go
I am such a bore that you need that much more
Go back that way and see what you get from me then
Nothing at all
My dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I see them in the jel
Laughing at me it is hell
Nothing can stop this torture
Fake my way through life
Call on my wife
Went back that way and I saw just what I was worth
Nothing at all
My dead hands rise
Why am I this way?
Face my past I can't let go
I won't take no for an answer