

# Edgewater, Story Of...

Your evil eyes with your glass shaped prize  
You smell of smoke with your dirty clothes  
We're all afraid of your twelve-step stage  
You lose control and you won't let go  
You say we're weak, but you can't even speak  
You scream your words and they don't flow  
Your killer rage feels so much pain  
You're one last tick of a time bomb  
And I'll someday I will

Bleed the story of  
The times you took from me  
And I will bleed the story of  
The youth you wasted me

I finalize that one last time I've gone away and found my home  
You feel ashamed for the life you claim  
We've said goodbye and you're all alone

You compromise with the letters you write  
But ink is dry and we're way too strong  
You give a rose for the stones you've thrown  
And that's a shame 'cause you're to late

And I run on, run on, run on, run on out  
'Cause I don't want to be that way  
Running from the things I've seen running from the name of shame

My silver eyes with my brand new life  
The memory stays as I go on  
And all the seams that were ripped from me have bound their strands  
And I'll do no harm  
And someday I'll find a way to trade that pain  
And all that's wrong about a man who raised his hand  
And I can't get that out my head