

Good Riddance, All The Joy You're Ever Known

When there something
That won let you sleep
Can you live with
The secrets you keep

All the pain all the pride
All the poison youe taken
That killing you inside

There a manifested bitterness
In all the joy youe known
There no point in redemption
Some things are better left alone

Ie waited
For freedom from bondage of self
Grow tired of everyone else
Grown cold
Grown sick of the doctrine
The lies that Ie been told