

Holland, Losing Jim

And I cry until I bleed
And red is all I see
Holding on, dead and gone
No miracle rehearsed
Could take away this curse
Swollen eyes, hung to dry

Lose your last hope, beginning to choke
All I can take is thrown in my face
I know you mean well, but I'm not well

And these bones are caving in
No spirit left within.
Fading fast, never last
And the stench is strong
Of memories gone
Wearing thin and losing Jim

Lose your last hope, beginning to choke
All I can take is thrown in my face
I know you mean well, but I'm not well

And the stench is strong
Of memories gone
Wearing thin and losing Jim