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 it 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