

Inside Out, By A Thread

Holding on, for my life.

Hanging on, By A Thread.

Cause I if I don't try, I'm gonna fall into the hatred of this world.

And If I don't try I'm gonna fall, I'm gonna fall...

My hands are bleeding, this thread cuts through my veins;

But it's all I've got to hold.

I hang and pray and struggle everyday,

To keep this spark of reality from growing cold.

And If I don't try I'm gonna fall, I'm gonna fall...

A tightrope balance; my very life,

Hangs By A Thread above the abyss of my despair.

If I lose my grip again, oh if I snap.

I will be lost again - a dark relapse.