

Plumb, Bittersweet

I've been carrying this old luggage
and its really been buggin' me
so when you called me to see
I couldnt believe it
could it really be
You need to feel forgiveness
I need to feel resentment
Running down the drain
This brusing chain I've carried
Is the pain that I'm burying now

Now I can breathe
and I feel grace rush over me
It pours through my skin
and lets you in
and we are free
Now I can breathe
and I feel grace rush over me
It runs through my veins
and what i taste
is Bittersweet

The clock is always ticking
Biterness grows by the minute
why cant we realize
the wounds that we're inflicting
on our own flesh
it isnt healing
by keeping love inside

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