

# 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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