

Sixx:A.M., Intermission

[Spoken Word]

When I first placed my hands on these diaries
Scraps of paper, there were notes and scribbles and all kinds of shit
A lot of feelings came bubbling up, but mostly this one--

How the hell am I still alive?
That's what I think every day.

But more on that later.
After all, this is just the intermission.