

Stick To Your Guns, Sufferer/La Poderosa

[Sufferer:]

Somewhere I lost it walking the fence between my anger and it's bitterness.
Do I call it quits?
Does my sanity have what it takes to afford the damage?
Fighting with everything I am to hold it together.
Looking back in shame and regret at all the ties I've severed.
I'm spinning out of control.
I'm one half of a whole.
I've lost faith in myself.
Nowhere to go as I dismiss responsibility.
Avoid opportunity just to achieve my temporary relief.
With death and hate as far as my eyes can see
And every anchor of pain and self-deat chained to me,
I laugh in failures face and I throw it away.
The hell that I've paid is nothing compared to the monster
That I face and sometimes it seems I haven't learned anything,
but I'll die before I let this world bury me.

[La Poderosa:]

I'm breaking away from pain and self-defiance.
I've found my way in faith and self-reliance.
And I can say I stood to face the giant.
But if I die, at least I'll die a lion.