

The Juliana Theory, Shell Of A Man

I won't nurture and feed this bitterness: it's worthless in any of this.
Love and forgiveness are timeless and true.
I know you're full of fear. I hope I'm never like you.
I won't nurture and feed this hate: it's empty and doesn't change a thing.
Love will endure when it comes to the end.
I see you're insecure. I know there's hope for you.

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.
I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.

I won't nurture and feed hostility. It's pointless to dwell on my anger.
Love is the answer, Inane as it seems.
I know you're full of hate. I hope I'm never the same.
I won't nurture and feed this pain.
Imagine the magnitude of love that is given the chance to prevail.
I see you're full of tears, and I can sense your hell.

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.
I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.

Take what you want to, now that you've got the chance to.
Take it why don't you, not that you've got the chance to?

Why can't I let go? I'm only the shell of a man.
I'm lost in myself and afraid of who I really am - the shell of a man.