

Thousand Foot Krutch, Slow Bleed

At times I find my mind unwinds and I don't think when I walk,
Run into things and fall down
It's coming around again and I've found sometimes
I don't think when I talk
And put my foot in my mouth
And sometimes when I, I look at me
And wish I could be somebody else
Sometimes I throw myself and let go, but never no
Intention to see a picture of me and trap myself

All this time, we've been misled,
Does anyone care at all?

Sometimes I fall asleep and then I lose control
I try to find my way out without letting go
And will I lose my mind if it comes back this time?
If I don't turn out perfect will you be a friend of mine?

It's coming around again and I've found sometimes I sit
When I should get up and just walk away
Sometimes I pretend and act like I do
But don't listen to a word you say
And sometimes when I start talking out loud
Should just shut my mouth and walk away
Sometimes I feel like maybe it's real and think like nobody else
Too close to myself and suffocate

Are you ready to crawl out?
Are you ready to take my hand and see?
Are you ready to crawl out?
From within the slow bleed?
From within the slow bleed?
From within the slow bleed?
Take this away from me