

Two, Bed Of Rust

I'm sleeping on a bed of rust
And I am breathing hard...
And I am breathing hard
Some times I feel I'm made of glass
And still I breathing hard...
And still I breathing hard

I'm weakened by this heavy load
And I want nothin' more...
And I want nothin' more
I'm empty cause I dug the hole
And still I'm nothin' more...
And still I'm nothin' more

And the mud... in my mouth
Starts to pour... while I'm speaking
And I scrape... the mistakes
From the thoughts... that's misleading

I swear that all feel is doubt
My life is made of sand...
My life is made of sand
Like Jesus kept temptations in
It's falling through my hands...
It's falling through my hands

Underground... in the maze
Where I carve... the excuses
With the guilt... that I pull
Out of skin... that I'm shedding

And the mud... in my mouth
Is still here... and still pouring
And I choke... on the cross
As I'm hangs... as I'm hangs