

# Hurt, Confession

I'm drowning in my own confusion.  
I'm begging but it still doesn't move you.  
I'm searching for a new resolution.

Breathe in, breath out, (and it cuts and burns)  
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Breathe in, breath out, (and it cuts and burns)  
Breathe in, breath out. (and it cuts and burns)

I feel something creeping in,  
I can't deny I'm sick with this.  
The sickest place I've ever been.

I wallow in my own disillusion.  
I was shaken but it still couldn't lose you,  
I saw heaven through the eyes which elude me.

Take in, put out (and it just gets worse.)  
Take in, put out (and it just gets worse.)  
Take in, put out (and it just gets worse.)  
Take in, put out (and it just gets.)

I feel something creeping in,  
I can't deny I'm sick with this.  
Anything but what I've done,  
I only know that it was wrong.

I feel something creeping in,  
I can't deny I'm sick with this.  
In and out this poison son.  
Think of all the harm I've done.  
Now I feel it coming strong  
So do I, it's so alone.  
And now that everything is gone,  
I admit that I was.