

# Chimaira, Let Go

My scabs are almost picked  
Slowly growing into this  
Feelings I just can't let go  
I am such a bore that you need that much more  
Go back that way and see what you get from me then  
Nothing at all  
My dead hands rise  
Why am I this way?  
Face my past I can't let go  
I see them in the jel  
Laughing at me it is hell  
Nothing can stop this torture  
Fake my way through life  
Call on my wife  
Went back that way and I saw just what I was worth  
Nothing at all  
My dead hands rise  
Why am I this way?  
Face my past I can't let go  
I won't take no for an answer