

# Chimaira, Let Go (Demo Version)

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 me 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