

# Lacey Sturm, Reconcile

I thought my knuckles were bleeding for the right reasons  
Fighting the good fight in every open season  
Now my hands are busy pulling out planks of wood  
My eye sockets filling up with my own blood  
Waiting for the clarity to come  
But maybe I'm just bleeding to death  
And maybe that's just the fate of my own blood  
Solving the waiting by reckoning myself already dead

Oh Come and be reconciled  
At the wedding or funeral pyre  
Romancing pride to death  
Disgusting categorizing liar  
And how do we bleed and how do breathe  
A love we're too proud to see  
The pride that turns the holy into blasphemy  
But I will let you breath on me  
Pride, Can't she just shut up and die?  
Her bones are all blazing inside  
Can't I just shut up and die  
Beckon Your help  
Change my mind  
Reckon Myself  
Dead and die

A lonely sobriety  
You handcuff and silence me  
Can't choose to watch the war or close my eyes  
My pathetic spit is all that I get to try and put out the fire  
New forests rage and ancient days collide  
But I will let you breathe for me  
(Pride, can't she just shut up and die)  
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Now

Beckon Your help  
Change my mind