

Some By Sea, An Introduction: You Can't Just Wa

Well, I read all your scribblings on the sound of a voice
And I let them betray me by faith and by choice
And I've gnawed on my nails til I pushed through my skin
And I quit everyone and destroyed my friends
Well, it's typical fate for the indie elite
And maybe if we're lucky we'll find the right beat
So the kids post a quote in their blog on the net
And we'll laugh till we're blue without shame or regret
Well, I've started to wish that I'd faced thsi alone
Without expectations or a long-standing hope
So, I'll push on my brain till it fails me again
And I'll make all these words with the blood from my hands
Let us write all our words with the blood from our hands