

BOX OF BELLS

Music: T. Kunz & M. Kahane / Lyrics: T. Kunz

(verse 1)

Seconds ticking out of line,
Shatters every crack in time.
Such treason left within you.

Minutes stir the urge inside,
When love and logic cast aside
All reasons to continue.

(pre-chorus 1)

And when it strips away
Your right to choose,
It's a posttraumatic game to lose
Uncovers all that you despise.
And never finds a way to compromise.

And the hours feed you time to kill.
Another vacant thrill,
Another sleeping pill,
In your hands,
So you can hide yourself,
A fabrication of someone else.

(chorus 1)

This box of bells is getting loud.
I hear it ring above the clouds.
It's making me a mess.
I want to be myself again.

(verse 2)

Mornings' fractured, twisted game.
Voices in this paper brain.
And the greyest days all elapse.

The evenings knocking on your door.
The devil's creeping on your floor,
Just waiting for your grand collapse.

(pre-chorus 2)

When you're incarcerated in your skin
When each perfect day
Is a perfect sin.
On your knees,
Arms outstretched toward the sky,
And no one waiting to say goodbye.

But if you reach inside
Your darkest hour
Where the demons hide your will
To empower the grace
That makes yourself forgive,
When no pill's helping you want to live.

(chorus 2)

This box of bells is getting loud.
I hear it ring above the clouds.
It's making me a mess.
I want to be myself again.

(guitar solo)

(chorus 3)

This box of bells is getting loud.
I hear it ring above the clouds.
It's making me a mess.
I want to be myself again.

(outro)

I want to be myself again x8

I want to cut this from my heart.
I want to find the means to stop.
I want to play this 'til the end.
I want to be myself again.

I want to tear this from my heart.
I want the chance for a better start.
I want a place where I can't pretend.
I want to be myself again.