

Our Scars

By Danny Schwarze

Another day come to an end
Can finally start to come down
It's hard to remember
when the wounds are still tender
why I'm sticking around

Always asking for more
Leaving me worn and bereft
Day after day
keep chipping away
at what little resolve I've got left

But what do you do when they're coming for you
and your back's up against the wall?
Do you give up the ghost?
Raise a parting toast?
Or push back against it all?

It's not the good times and the sunny days
that show us who we are
It's not what's handed to us
or our blessings that rule us
but the ways we earn our scars