



## Is it too Late for Shore?

I am my own prisoner, judge and executioner  
I have drowned myself in this prison cell of bottles  
I was told parents teach you the important things in life  
All they showed me was the risky waters of alcohol  
I guess to teenage me, that was the important thing in life

I am my own prisoner, judge and executioner  
I was just a kid when I sat by as my dad chose his fate  
As I got older my mother was just like him, but I no longer sat by  
The more she drank, the more violent she thought  
Her words caused me pain but just another drink eased it

My best friend was slowly killing herself and still handed me drink after drink  
Just like my mom I got more aggressive with each gulp  
I started to yell at and hit my partner until it was too much.  
He threatened to leave me unless I quit drinking, I was trapped  
I am my own prisoner, judge and executioner

I started to mourn the loss of my family; pain I could not describe  
Without thinking I downed bottle after bottle to dull it  
I started to forget myself as I took another swig  
My mother, the woman I looked up to, was fading in my head  
I am my own prisoner, judge and executioner

I have lost everyone I loved to the treacherous sea of alcohol  
I have forgotten any good memories; it is all just pain I caused  
I am my own prisoner, judge and executioner  
Alcohol is a sea full of poison that I never stopped sailing  
Is it too late for shore?