

One Second 2 Late

"Vancouver"

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Inside my head's not quite right.
Thanks mom for this disease.
A modern act of the 1930's has brought me to knees.
Alone. Paralyzed by my mind.
Thoughts battle in my head.
Ten years repressed confusion.
This decade's not for me.

To be the one who sees everything in front of me, and
you will set me free.
Try to find the words to explain this.
Suppositions in my head.
Will you see what's right in front of you?

You are the one to dismiss me of this.
Consume the pain.
You'll never know anything like this.
Try hard, but still not right now.
Will someone help me, please?
Another weak attempt of pity has left me drained,
empty.
I know my time will soon come.
Memories will slip away, until there's nothing left but
anger.
This fight's just not for me.

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