

X-Trunk

"Short Of Breath"

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Look at the dawn scoffing at the damned

I never feel I'm in my place
I always feel that disgrace
I'm not in my place

Another question in my mind
Another mistake I will find
Crushing the senses of the blind
Are we really two of a kind?

I never feel I'm in my place
I continually feel that disgrace
I never feel I'm in my place
I will never kneel down
I'll never kneel without a moving

Bliss dismissed, short of breath
Bearing my disarray without a word
The game is hard, the fight as well
Bearing disarray
I pray not to betray
Enduring that decay
I always see the grey
And finally I fall away
Let the sun rise over my head
To feel some warmth on my deathbed
Let the sun rise over my head
Yes feeling, just feeling that warmth on my deathbed

Just tears with lots of doubts
Only devout

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