

Blindead

"After 38 Weeks"

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Muted, distant, unrecognizable sounds...
The city, the people, the kitchen, the bathroom,
Places I managed to recognize
After several days
But not by smell
I can't smell anything
It feels like I'm not breathing
My sense of taste also ruthlessly vanished somewhere
The last thing I had in my mouth left a metallic
aftertaste
But it was ages ago
I see nothing
Gravity is nonexistent
Where the hell am I?
Impulse how did it happen?
Nothingness
Why can't I remember who I am, what I am?
After a minute I realize I don't remember anything
What was yesterday, what's today?
I'm suspended in a smudgy, fuzzy, vague, obstinate
nothingness
I'm swallowed, my world shrunked
And keeps getting smaller like it's trying to devour me
Then again I have a strong sense of assured safety

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