

Bridge To Solace

"Deathrace With Dimension 4"

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As I watch this clock ticking the seconds of my life
away.
As I watch myself selling my life out.
As I walk these streets of this city closed within dirty
walls.
The cold wind dries the passion of my heart, and I
barely feel alive.
And I feel paralyzed by this damn thing called
"growing up".
What once was life is nothing more than a couple of
stolen seconds.
Do I really want this?
Should this really be the direction I'm heading for?
This senseless deathrace with dimension four.
If only once, someone would stop this rain, what would
be here to wash my sins away.
If only once I could stop the monotonous tick-tock of
this clock that counts the moments of my life down.
If again I could escape from the circle of this
"responsible life".
I'd fucking swear I'll steal everything back, what this
glossy fake half-life did take from me.
I'd fucking swear I'll put blood back in my starving
heart.

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