

Between The Buried And Me "Foam Born: (B) The Decade Of Statues"

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I will just keep waiting...
you will just keep waiting.
(Change for the worst)
Obsession. Obsessive. Obsessed. Abscess.
Rip out my fucking eyes. I can't watch you grow into
this.
I can't watch the young turn to all of this. Their eyes left
wide...
night goggles instead of sleep.
(Change for the best)
Live life...you have all helped me break from this...
the few times relaxation steps in bringing me a
peaceful place.
It's a must these days, for the colors are fading.
Enclosed in a space of soothing sounds. Waking in my
own movie...
the fly by with no remembrance. Constant rushing...
the waves have pushed me to where I need to be.
Sunlight drenched on my skin...
only the sounds of what my mind wants to hear. Block
out the rush hour...
block out the tired herds...
on the shaded side it's starting to affect the process of
your reading eyes.
An aggressive need for a hostile voice is creeping
away...
this block happens every year...
and like I said before the color keeps fading.
I couldn't trade this for anything in the world...
and all of you are the reason. It's been a while since
we've
written each other and hopefully this will comfort you.
Cause like most of my kind, I won't take it all for
granted.

I will just keep waiting...you will just keep waiting.

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