

Disembodied

"Anvil Chandelier"

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The passing hours of life
Numb the pain of the pounding fists of consequence
swelling on my skin
The festering wounds of desire I have yet to obtain
Makes it hard to see the truth yet still I strain
The faint promise of a future and thins
I never had lies fed where I was still pondering
The youth stolen from me and now i relize all i could
have had

And now you tell me all i could have had
And now you give me all i could have had
But i don't want it anymore
I don't want it anymore
I don't need it anymore
No more hope just closed doors
And as we walk into oblivion
Every step is a reminder of passing hours
Of passing days
Of passing lives
Of passing away

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