

Dream Atlantic

"The Quick & The Dead"

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More weight is constantly added
Limbs and body have become useless
All progress is paralyzed
All movement has ceased
There's no room left
All the space is filled

I gasp for air yet get nothing
My lungs are working harder than ever
All actions slowed, motions are bleak
The walls are getting closer
This place is caving in
Everything is piling on
I think I've met my match
But defeat is not a choice

This quicksand can't win
I just can't surrender
My life to something so hollow
Can this be real, how did this get so far
I shout for some support

The clarity of everything is murky
In the days of those who rule the world
Just one mistake makes all the difference
In the thoughts of those who judge us all

I can't feel the floor or touch the surface
I fear that this will be my downfall
The strength within must be released
If I have a chance of getting out of here

No longer sinking, I've done it all
Now I am reaching for the sun
No longer shall I bury myself
The tides will turn and I'll dig my way out

And I will catch the one who's lost it all
As they fall down to the floor
As they fall down
And I can take on anything thing you know
It's the person that you are

Making it bearable to live
Iâ€™ll take on anything

Anything close, anything solid
As the glass falls to pieces
The sand will take its form

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