

The Bled

"Asleep On The Front Lines"

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we'll keep on talking this out
but i've all ready made up your mind
i've been trying to gnaw through through my tongue
to stop from confessing my crimes
and this conversation is wearing me down
what did my patience prove if it's just another bed of
nails
always the silent treatment
always the easy way out alive

if there's no further questions
i'll be on my way back home.

and it's just another sharp pain
and it doesn't hurt like it used to
when i was a desperate man
when i still believed in the meaning of the word

you tried to warn me
you and your consequences
if i am outnumbered
if i am left defenseless

if i come here unarmed
in the middle of the night on my own
standing on the front lines
i will die

if you invite me down
if it'll please the crowd
and i only go through this for your amusement
but it doesn't hurt like it should
when you throw your stones around (throw your stones
around)

now i'm alone (i am so alone)
trying to sleep it off
(but it's hard not to shake at the sound of it breaking)
when you're living in a house of mirrors
reflecting all of my failure
i will concede to my replacement

congratulations

it's over and over and over again
it's over and over and over again
i was in for the long run
when you cut me down
another sharp pain
a servant to your throne

always the one that got away apologizing
always the silent treatment
always the stubborn child
i kept my mouth shut tight
always the one that got away
always the bed of nails
i only have myself to blame

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