

Fingertight

"Believe"

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I woke up at noon and my voice was silence.
(I can see the sick inside of you).
They chained my hands but still I tried, to take a little
bit out of you.
And my mind is strong my hands unable, to pull myself
out of this rut I'm in again.

So why don't you just sit, in a corner deep inside my
room.
Where still I'm killing you.
At times I'm closest when I'm focused...
On you again.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high, the load of
guilt is the low of feeling high enough...

Are you?
Woke up too song I'm still connected
(I can't feel a thing because of what's inside of me).
And I've been replaced but still I tried, to cut the life
that they are feeding me.
And my will is strong my hands unable, to pull myself
out of this hole, I'm in again.
So small that I just fit,

In a corner deep inside my room, where still I'm killing
you.
At times I'm closest when I'm focused, on you again.
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high (I walk alone,
and I walk alone).
The load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough, high
enough (I stand alone, I stand alone).

Are you?
When I should've let you in, when I should've let you go.
When I should've let you in, when I should've let you
know.
Just settle down...
Just let it all go...
The load is the low of feeling high...
Are you?
And I walk alone, and I stand alone in this...

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