

## **In Flames "Suburban Me"**

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The self-inflicted state of mind  
A one-man struggle beneath the tower  
I think the clock still exist  
God just forgot to tap my shoulder

I woke up today  
I wish I felt something  
The odor of my apathy  
Just might be true

I want to be the things I see  
The pilgrim, that is me  
But I know I ain't that free  
The suburban, that is me

Spirits rise and miss the eye  
Covered by the stench of judgment  
As God's reflection test my pride  
I serve the failure that's haunting me

Twisted visions torturing  
Who claims to be the one?  
That filtered smile  
Just might be true

I want to be the things I see  
The pilgrim, that is me  
But I know I ain't that free  
The suburban, that is me

Can you hear the message  
As I wrestle with the clouds?  
I'm on the way to succumb  
It just might be true

I want to be the things I see  
The pilgrim, that is me  
I want to be the things I see  
The suburban, that is me  
But I know I ain't that free

