

Insane Clarity "Burden"

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This kind of damnation
Slowly starting to crawl everyone's mind
Insane we're for fear of our dead
Fearing the time that's passin by
We're lost, we feel our helplessness
Only think of lies
Our whole art starts to crie
We're all damned to die!

It's not fear
It's not our mind
We're some sort of
Dream bleeding your eyes
We lay all upon this try
A dream we need, the dream we deny

Your pulse is slowing down
Your heart starts slowly to mourn
Suffering diseased
Your own fears will increase
In the floods of a river
Begging for a chance
For only one chance
Panic Phobia of an end
And if someone will be
Then be holdin your hand

It's not fear
It's not our mind
We're some sort of
Dream bleeding your eyes
We lay all upon this try
A dream we need, the dream we deny

It's not fear
It's not our mind
We're some sort of
Dream bleeding your eyes
We lay all upon this try
A dream we need, the dream we deny

It's not fear

It's not our mind
We're some sort of
Bleeding your eyes
We're bleeding your eyes
We're bleeding your eyes

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