

Invoker

"Condition Critical"

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Now in my hand it lies, a faith that slowly dies
I can only observe and cry
and hope for better days
I can't cope with the shit I walk in everyday
I feel it coming, I see the tendency
of things that weren't meant to be
I see a man by my side, committing suicide
and it's only just begun as we start to run

...and I've had it up to here...

inside it's burning strong,
seems like I've swallowed the heat of the sun
but I can't shine, I try to smile but I fail
doesn't work in this social hell
where the weed of existence grow
as no one seems to care we just let it go
while a parasite's getting fat on another's death
they will grow until nothing's left

slipping into the eternal fall
we've reached the end for all
can't you see the panic in yourselves?

as I look outside I'm scared of what I see
helplessly we watch this become our destiny
it seems to me that no one learns

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