

The Livid "Forseen"

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Sure is tight in my throat; I haven't flipped the boat
Sometimes I cry so much it makes me wanna scream
Tied tightly to the tee
Slowly pushing at the seams
I should have had other dreams
But it's this that makes me so unique

Foresee
The situations leading them to asking me
Foresee
That what I need may never be a part of me

Can I take
Can't you see your apathy is killing me
And my dream

Growing sick has become so hard
I must say that I'm growing too old to see
Lost in my zone - no reflection to see or even call my
own
I must say that I'm growing too old to see

Climbing up the slope; I can't reach the rope
Sometimes it feels like there's no-one on my team
Tied tightly to the tee
Slowly pushing at the seams
I should have had all the dreams
But there's nothing left inside of me

Old
And I know it'll all be the same
I'll cry till it drives me insane
I will always be the same
Alone in my own hall of fame
I cry; can't get rid of this pain
It's more like my own hall of shame

Look into the mirror and see
My reflection's but a ghost of me
Slowly looking back at me
Asking me in two years where I'll be
Sadly lowering my eyes

I continue in disguise
Until this dream that's make believe
Makes me huddle up alone and cold and dry

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