

Thought Industry

"Pillow Over The Face As Therapy"

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The only life I've come to depend on has turned
against me.
What am I to do when there's nothing left?
No one left for me.

The only one who can change this lies in front of a
machine.
Medicines and cures seem too far away.
So sick of playing this hide and seek game with reality.
Count to ten; release my grasp on today.

What has happened? Why do I fall?
Glorified problems in a chemical mess.
Stripped down I fall into unconsciousness.

What is left of me?
I see you in the glimpse of a forgotten dream walking
beside me
(just a glimpse of a forgotten dream).

You're there through it all but it still isn't real.
Climb inside; destroy that which makes me ill.
Look closely; it hides well in this mangled mess that
makes what I am.

What has happened? Where have I gone?
Is it a problem to be solved by anyone?
I sacrifice myself 'cause there is no way out.

Life is suffocating me as I beg for sweet catharsis.

Nobody cares except you, in love with what is left of
me.
What is left of me?
(just a glimpse of a forgotten dream).

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