

## Thought Riot

# "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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