

Viatrophy "Draining What Remains"

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Skin wrapped tight
The walls closing in
Forever, this building will never change

Broken down, no energy inside
Look to my hands, embedded with filth and decay

This mind houses vexatious thoughts
The same as others
Only with the intent of difference

The ashes of my youth were scattered long ago
The penetrating cold
Darkness behind a closed door

The grinding sound
The machine will never stop
Aching desperation
The countdown to the end of this day

The emotionless force
Push onwards for what?
My tired eyes
I am drained of every last thought

For this once a relieving sight
Beauty in mind
A warmth that fuels me inside
As I descend these words will break my fall
And the blackened skies will rise and reform

No choice but to take all responsibility

The grinding sound
The machine will never stop
Awakening torment
The plot must be reset

My temper compromised
I wait for life
Though a lack of motivation
I still press on

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