

## Wounded "Day Of Joy"

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Day Of Joy

What are these dark and wicked things you always  
show me?  
Cutting deep inside the blind part of my overloaded  
mind.  
Spinning on to become a gentle yet a foul and elusive  
thought.  
I create, but I cannot decipher that what's in my head.  
I hide.

I see we have a fight once more, how they never pass  
me by.  
It's unbelievable how they always arrive on time.  
Tranquillize me with aggressive drugs, yet awake I see  
they never left my  
Sleeping head.  
I'm running out of time, were running out of time.  
I'm running out of time, were running out of time.

I have lost my sense on a bitter day,  
Yet I lay my trust in your bleeding hands.  
Hoping that my faith will never die.  
Were running out of time.

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