

Common Dead "Burn In The Gut"

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The future fades
The past is all that's left
Clutching a perfect knife
I push them away
Say things I might regret
To change my fucking life
The pull in my chest
That damn burn in my gut
Regret, nervousness
Is this all I know?
How can one person in the crowd be alone?
Feeble ones pass by, delicate and dead
I once knew myself
I once knew happiness
Was that just my youth? Were things never true?
The pull in my chest
That damn burn in my gut
Regret, nervousness
Is this all I know?
Our experience lives mainly through our screens
So that we can breathe and not really live
How can one person be the crowd all alone?
Building our demise
Fucking up our lives
Machines have the say? Machines have the say?
No... fuck them all!
Our revival coming not from above
Screaming within
Our revival won't come!

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