

Death Of An Artist "Blinded"

Visit "[Blinded](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tell me how i'm supposed to feel,
tell me, how i'm supposed to be
but don't expect me,
to let you try and mould me

I had no choice but to let you go,
perfect this noise that will let me know,
before the undertow starts pulling us down.

brace yourself, for the air
when it hits your lungs
feel it coming
feel it rushing
you feel alive,
tell me just one more time,
why we are here,
what we should do

I had no choice but to let you go,
perfect this noise that will let me go.

I stand and look upon,
a man who's living a lie.
Why does your river run,
when all my oceans are dry.
You think that perfect means im willing to die,
but im not willing to try,
im gonna stand and survive,
believe that ill be alright.

Ill be just fine.

Visit [Death Of An Artist](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.