

Death Of An Artist "We Are Forgiven"

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These walls, are closing in
I need to get out of here
I refuse to sit and watch everything disappear

It seems like every move that I make,
gives me better sign of judging,
the path you try to make me cross without a solid
reason.
Give me a solid reason,
give me one.

well i'm sick, of sweating
so sick of sweating
from every fucking pore
and these lights are fading
and my heart is racing
for you

Seconds feel like days,
but i'll never leave this place,
for anything at all

forget everything, we're all that matters now
above anything, we're all that matters now
above anything, we're all that matters now
we're all that matters now

I'll let you go,
I'll let you go with every inch of hate
and you will suffer it,
yeah you will suffer it

Burn.

We are the walking dead,
the blind and ignorant

Forgive me.

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