

## **Six Feet Under "Paralyzed"**

Visit "[Paralyzed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I look out to the fields  
Where blood is shed upon the ground  
I breathe in, breathe out  
Change the channel, (mute) the sound  
I take a match, a cigarette, and a walk to clear my head  
Stomach seething at the thought of all those (human  
beings dead)

I breathe in, breathe out  
I'm going to an interview  
About a song, three minutes long  
That will mean nothing to you  
Especially when your dearest friend  
Was sent to cover kosovo  
His last assignment brought a bullet  
And now he's gone, he's gone

Feels like I'm (fiddling) while rome is burning down  
Should I put my (fiddle) down and rise up from the  
ground  
God give me strength to pray that you will set things  
right  
'cause I'm paralyzed, I'm paralyzed

There was a (christian) in the office  
Sent to tell the wife (the news)  
Fell in shock, the baby kicked, shed a tear inside the  
womb  
I breathe in, breathe out  
Soak the ground up with my eyes  
I try to say a healing word  
But my tongue is paralyzed

Feels like I'm (fiddling) while rome is burning down  
Should I put my (fiddle) down and rise up from the  
ground  
God give me strength to pray that you will set things  
right  
'cause I'm paralyzed, I'm paralyzed

