

Flames In "Suburban Me"

Visit "[Suburban Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The self-inflicted state of mind

A one-man struggle beneath the tower

I think the clock still exist

god just forgot to tap my shoulder

I woke up today

I wish I felt something

The odour of my apathy

just might be true

I wan't to be the things I see

The pilgrim that is me

But I know I ain't that free

The suburban me

Spirits rise and miss the eye

Covered by the stench of judgment

As gods reflection test my pride

I serve the failure that's haunting me

Twisted visions toturing

Who claims to be the one?

That filtered smile

just might be true

"On half-speed, tonight I suffer

Satisfaction brings the unheeded"

Can you hear the message,

as I wrestle with the clouds?

I'm on the way to succumb,

It just might be true

Visit [Flames In](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.