

## Trivium "Suffocating Light"

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I am but a farce a satire of stability  
Insecurity is an uphill struggle it's me versus the world  
The shore still starves  
For another  
Novel of my shipwrecked being tied up dried alive still  
breathing  
The sands of time from me are running out my hands  
shake in apprehension  
Of every action I'm guilty of playing the victim  
Just like the embrace of arms that made you  
They'll surely destroy you It's time for your panic  
Then it kills and makes you manic  
Making its way inside - relax, it's alright  
Panic grips your frantic breathing  
I can't breathe, I can't breathe!

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