

Trivium "Suffocating Sight"

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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,
The shore still starves,
For another,

Novel of my shipwrecked being tied up dried alive still
breathing
The sands of time, for me are running out.

Just like the embrace of arms that made you
They'll surely destroy you.
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,
Making its way inside - relax, it's alright
Panic grips your frantic breathing
I can't breathe, I can't breathe, i cant breathe!

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