Vanished

Front Line Assembly

We cling to each other
like a child and a mother
a desperation of seperation
I feel i'm going underto the left to the right to the middle
my head is spinning around
to the left to the right to the middle
I am going under grounduntrue as true can be
we're seeking endlessly
no answers for tomorrow
we'll drown in our sorrowVanishing horizons
we leave each other cold
I am dying on the inside
no where left to go
the bruises on my skin
means you held too tight
the evil that you spoke of
doesn't make it rightI know what you're feeling
I know what you're thinking
I know what you're doing
I know what you're feelingVanishing horizons
we leave each other cold
I am dying on the inside
no where left to go
the bruises on my skin
means you held too tight
the evil that you spoke of
doesn't make it right

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