

Boxed In

Hatebreed

The Burning air seems so cold
Thinking back to the days of old
Wondering where I tripped and went wrong
Searching for myself only gone
Sentenced to death not much time
I sit in my cell awaiting each chime
All tied up in thoughts of my past
But now it's too late, I'll never last
NO FEELINGS for what I've left behind
NO GUILT for the victims of my crime
NO CONSCIENCE just a burning deep inside
NO PAIN I'm here just to die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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