

Suburban Me

In Flames

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 odor of my apathy
Just might be true I want 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 torturing
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

Songwriters

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