

# Above The Ground

## Salem

Times flies,  
It stays up high above the ground.  
I try to come to terms  
With my future tense.I despise conformity,  
The lies, the clenched fists.  
I wish that I could feel,  
Touch of sanity.  
I wish that I could,  
Touch of sanity.Lies of concrete.  
As hard as stone, as cold as steel.  
Dry bones, broken.  
Help me, please, I need to feel.Times flies,  
It stays up high above the ground.  
I try to come to terms  
With my future tense.They want me to die.  
The memory of pain I've known,  
Piercing, poignant pain.  
I vow to never feel again.I despise conformity,  
The lies, the clenched fists.  
I wish that I could feel,  
Touch of sanity.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>