

# Short of breath

## Xtrunk

Look at the dawn scoffing at the damned I never feel I'm in my place  
I always feel that disgrace  
I'm not in my place Another question in my mind  
Another mistake I will find  
Crushing the senses of the blind  
Are we really two of a kind? I never feel I'm in my place  
I continually feel that disgrace  
I never feel I'm in my place  
I will never kneel down  
I'll never kneel without a moving Bliss dismissed, short of breath  
Bearing my disarray without a word  
The game is hard, the fight as well  
Bearing disarray I pray not to betray  
Enduring that decay  
I always see the grey  
And finally I fall away Let the sun rise over my head  
To feel some warmth on my deathbed  
Let the sun rise over my head  
Yes feeling, just feeling that warmth on my deathbed Just tears with lots of doubts  
Only devout

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

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