Chimaira, Forced Life

Images still in my head of you dead
I wish I could take them away instead
I sit in my room alone and cry over my loss
Will anything ever be the same?
I wish I could imagine you happy
A life of ecstasy that would be good enough to stop the pain that lingers
In my heart I know I would be content
It's your forced life...It's your forced life...doesn't it feel the same to you?
I sit and wonder
While you ponder of pathetic items that bring you happiness
Those things that put a smile to your face
Are the things that kill me inside
I know deep down you have a good heart
But why am I never included in all of this?
I take you in...rise you up, yet my soul stays untouched?
Nothing ever changes in your mind
Nothing ever changes
Stick your hate to me
I'll find a way to break free