

Trivium, Suffocating Sight

I am but a farce a satire of stability
Insecurity is an uphill struggle it's me versus the world
The shore still starves
For another
Novel of my shipwrecked being tied up dried alive still breathing
The sands of time from me are running out my hands shake in apprehension
Of every action I'm guilty of playing the victim
Just like the embrace of arms that made you
They'll surely destroy you It's time for your panic
Then it kills and makes you manic
Making its way inside - relax, it's alright
Panic grips your frantic breathing
I can't breathe, I can't breathe!