

Foreign Objects, Far Cry Behind

From these dreams I come Immortal.

A million men but you would never know it
I'm traumatized but you would never know it
So I took down with you and fitted just adjusted
to satisfy myself by just a waste of time

Far
I'm far cry behind
While you were admitting
You were a fool
I'll be going
Where the good and the bad are now one
What's going on
My world is filtered
angered with hate, and combination

Lead you to yourself

Lead you to yourself and your soft sensation
You're impossible with the chemical invasion
Life in solitude to imagine white light
My only choice outside

A new way to be right where anything can be
As you steal my stories
But contemplation is just a way
My answer may just be
Another way for you to slide

Far
I'm far cry behind
You have admitted that were were a fool
and I am gone

Gone