

Front Line Assembly, Vanished

We cling to each other
like a child and a mother
a desperation of seperation
I feel i'm going under

to the left to the right to the middle
my head is spinning around
to the left to the right to the middle
I am going under ground

untrue as true can be
we're seeking endlessly
no answers for tomorrow
we'll drown in our sorrow

Vanishing horizons
we leave each other cold
I am dying on the inside
no where left to go

the bruises on my skin
means you held too tight
the evil that you spoke of
doesn't make it right

I know what you're feeling
I know what you're thinking
I know what you're doing
I know what you're feeling

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