

Every day, there's violence inside you
Run away, it feels like the first time you let go
It's never ending. Never hard to find.
You keep forgetting
Your path gives off a red pulse.

Is this who you really wanted to be?
Together we'll find a remedy
I feel the pressure escaping me.
We can make it through anything.
Is this what you really think of me?
You have become my enemy
I can feel the pressure escaping me, and
It's swallowing everything

There's a way to purge the guilt inside you.
Throw away the things that tend to start the flame.
You're stuck defending the thoughts that keep you sane.
You keep forgetting your thoughts give off a red pulse.
(something dormant in me that is buried so
deep awakened memories that I put to sleep)

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We can make it through anything.
Is this what you really think of me?
You have become my enemy
I can feel the pressure escaping me, and
It's swallowing everything

Is this really what you think of me? You
Have become my enemy.
I felt the pain and now it's chasing me.
Encasing me. So I can't see.

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I feel the pressure escaping me.
We can make it through anything.
Is this what you really think of me?
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I can feel the pressure escaping me, and
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