

Grey City

Hellshock

In the pulse all feels too steady
And everything moves in sync
It doesn't come from the corpse of mankind
Where the heartbeat is weak

Overcome by waves of doubt
And the wind cuts deep
My voice is so small I can't shout
Lost in the drifting stares
Until I wear my own
And I'm drowning

In the grey city
The walls close in on you
Or seem too thin
Every shame you hide dragged into the light
The words taste bitter on their lips

Overcome by the waves of doubt
And the wind cuts deep
My voice so small I can't shout
Lost in the drifting stares
Until I wear my own
And I'm drowning

All around the pain is on our face
But we've forgot how to relate
It's like underwater you breathe the best
You can't recall how you should think