

Suburban Me

In Flames

The self-inflicted state of mind
A one-man struggle beneath the tower
I think the clock still exist
God just forgot to tap my shoulder

I woke up today
I wish I felt something
The odor of my apathy
Just might be true

I want to be the things I see
The pilgrim, that is me
But I know I ain't that free
The suburban, that is me

Spirits rise and miss the eye
Covered by the stench of judgment
As God's reflection test my pride
I serve the failure that's haunting me

Twisted visions torturing
Who claims to be the one?
That filtered smile
Just might be true

I want to be the things I see
The pilgrim, that is me
But I know I ain't that free
The suburban, that is me

Can you hear the message
As I wrestle with the clouds?
I'm on the way to succumb
It just might be true

I want to be the things I see
The pilgrim, that is me
I want to be the things I see
The suburban, that is me
But I know I ain't that free