

Hard To Breathe

Lethal

All my blood, all of my flesh, all of my senses have paid the price for a man with vision.

Did my time in the line moved by inches obeyed the call of a blinding fever!

Give my your violence

Give my your silence

Have you run? Have you found your reason or your place in the killing season?

The calling, the falling, the crawling.

It's getting so hard to breathe

The needing, the bleeding, the feeding

It's hard to breathe

Satisfied with the life you've been living

You don't move too far

From the place where

In the climb you've resigned from the vision

You bare the weight

Of your last decision!

One more life, one more death

One more dreamer has played the part of a true believer

Selling you, selling my, selling reasons.

No fate, no faith

Only timed decision