

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