

## Forced Life

Chimaira

Images still in my head of you dead  
I wish I could take them away instead  
I sit in my room alone and cry over my loss  
Will anything ever be the same?  
I wish I could imagine you happy  
A life of ecstasy that would be good enough to stop the pain th  
at lingers  
In my heart I know I would be content  
It's your forced life...It's your forced life...doesn't it feel  
the same to you?  
I sit and wonder  
While you ponder of pathetic items that bring you happiness  
Those things that put a smile to your face  
Are the things that kill me inside  
I know deep down you have a good heart  
But why am I never included in all of this?  
I take you in...rise you up, yet my soul stays untouched?  
Nothing ever changes in your mind  
Nothing ever changes  
Stick your hate to me  
I'll find a way to break free