

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