Chimaira, Forced Life (Demo Version)

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 that lingers In my heart I know I would be content 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