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Your Shapeless Beauty "Of Roaches And Shades..."

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Smoke drifts from my lips As words are hard to find. In my vaporous memories, I see the daylight's torn Gazing at nothing, I hear the roaches cross the floor, Creeping around me, they celebrate my agony Waiting as the vultures in the sunlight. One more injection, Before my angel calls me back And reminds me my fate. But what is the point to believe In such a celestial creature. When I am nothing else but a shade? In a glimpse of an eye I admire the beauty Of my pathetic reflection in the dusty mirror. I behold the void, my emptiness, the hollow shape of my futility. When I face my life, I feel the cold of my distress, My distress... Blackness surrounds me, in between the grey. No hope, no light, no life in the blue veins... Now I hear them coming, The roaches and the shades They feel my warmth... And crawl to my bare feet To suck the last drops of my essence. Nobody's listening, so I talk to myself Trying to find out the light I lost all contempt so very long ago, Dreams inside never die... I walk alone, no one beside me, It is never as simple as black or white. I should have known, no one will find me As long as I stay in this shade of grey. But do I really want to escape? But do I really want to escape? Dry tears are pouring down on my skin Carving the letters of the last word... Solitude...My name!!! Dying in a ray of moon, Laying on a bed of hatred

Sinking in a sea of madness, Drowning in a nihilistic dismay. Falling, and falling again Like the body of the man hanged at the tree of his miserable life. Breathing the lies of mankind, the message of the blinds The apocalypse is so near I can even smell their fears, The rope is so tight My hopes, black as night, I know there will be no more fight. Free me... You witness my fall and you laugh. And I stay lying in this room The Jaded Bottle in my hand, so empty... I feel the roaches on my flesh... Their path, my last caress The pills are my last friends, No shade above my end. My life is of no use.

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