

Choclaire, Marvel, Solitaire

"Paradise"

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What a beautiful world, so fragile and fertile
Pain feel the void, when boy met girl
He's a puppet to nature, one year later now
So deeply and sickly in love, it makes him hate her
The average romanticized american relationship, sinks
capsize
When either side becomes a slave to it
Conditioned, dependent, afraid to be alone
He needs that feeling that he can't create, (alone?)his
own(home?)
He despises the fact she has a life outside of them
It drives him crazy to think she's not insanly consumed
with him
Give her the guilt trip
And maybe she'll quit livin to stay behind these prison
walls
And lose all individualism
Well this is happiness, masochistic torture, plagued by
the decadent, craved for affection
The needle digs deep to push contenment through his
blood stream, it drowned now - hollow
The pothole of a junkie
If he could only hear her sing he wouldn't wanna break
her wings
But emptiness has such a warm subtle sting
She makes up for what he lacks - trapped
He can't imagine life without someone like that

[Chorus]

If we'd discover the long lost art dying
Only the lonely resent angels for flying
Twisted, living off eachother's sickness, like parasites
This is paradise
If we'd discover the long lost art dying
Only the lonely resent angels for flying
Addicted, afraid to take control of my own life
This is paradise

What a beautiful world, emotionally destroyed
(Her?) became girl(?), when girl met boy
Between several breakups and plenty relapses

Routine read comfort led to serious attachment
Now every once in a while she forgets to breathe
Terrified of losing'em, paradise is misery
Too much faith in the lifesaving knight in shining
armour
Now what knight's noticing - the scar she can't hide any
longer
But they were her story way before he was
It's growse hope to think that he would feel such deep
cuts
At first it felt so right but after one too many fights
He turned out that hallway light and all the wonder
turned to spite
So they sleep in the same bed with guns to eachother's
heads
Dead the romance, boiling the blood that painted roses
red
Suffering from post-honeymoon's disease, leeched to
his whole existence
To die if he decides to live (?)
Addicted to the way she feels when they spend time
together
Detouring the now in a childish attempt to find forever
Despite the fact they hold eachother heart-to-heart
You can't be that close to somebody without being so
far afar

[Chorus]

Sigh, this is the most obscure sound I've ever heard
Those lonely giant spaces in between your every word
And maybe I'm totally crazy for holdin on
But just cause I'm insane don't mean that I'm wrong
Now that shit gone I can't sleep at night, i barely even
function right
My memories on overdrive, too hungry and too cold to
cry
Miss the companionship I once took for granted
The way you helped me manage, the partnership that
vanished
But I don't expect you to stay chained by the ankle
There's so much world to see, so, fly free my angel
I'm dying without you but it's teaching me to live
Heaven ain't something someone else can give - it's all
inside of me

[Chorus]

*There's so much world to see, what's stopping me
from flying free?

*There's so much world to see, that's stopping you

from flying free?

*repeat until end

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