

A Life Once Lost "Pious"

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A clustered mind is not a beneficial one
I am being chocked mentally
Thought flow through my head
Like a verbose raging river
Tambling four word phrases
Jumping from noun to noun
I yearn to live for a a person
That can make me feel like pious
But instead i am shattered by irreverence
I want someone who allows themselves
To live without margins
To be bereaved
Nights turn into days
And i can only remember my dreams
They seem existent
Creating the smell of perfume
The fumes turn into a plague
Overbearing my senses
With some imaginary woman
Who fucks me from hello
When i open my eyes
I see a reflection of myself
Lost and motionless

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