

Anterrabae

"Never the Less, She Was A Mess"

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Paranoia seeks its victims. This is bad news, for I've
lost my
head again. Even the faint at heart are babbling catch
phrases. Oh god, someone deafen me for interest has
been
exploited. We are saturated in soap opera stricken
prose.
Beware! I have a disease where borderline intolerance
fucks
lethargy in rhythmic fashion. You will find me knee
deep in
regret with a bottle and a bruise reciting tired quotes
(oh
babe, you've got a lot to lose) and tragic tales. We're
not
dead enough to matter, yet not alive enough to care.
I've lost
my head again. I should have seen this one coming. I'm
having a hard time believing these are the best years
of my
life. This is a revolution of lethargy (and pre-
determined
anxiety attacks.) Awkward fingers push tired pens
through
desperate acts of terminal illness. This is bad news, for
I've
lost my head again.

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