

Choir Boys

"With Ever Word"

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Forcing wasn't meant
You'll break the menace that holds
Why the strain
Why the stall for no reason
Landing on the steep
The flat is where you scorn
Buckling, steady breathing
Weed your thoughts
There's something missing

Yielded to you
Why the strain
Sour taste with every word
At loss for meaning now to risk it all

Moments of moments
Tarnished reasoning when i feel
Worn, full glass of doubts
Needs to be washed out

Constant breathing
Open the gates to remember this feeling
The rest of your life
It's right in front of you

You left a sour taste i cannot take
Loss of meaning
Loss of count
False start i've disowned
You fold

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