

Between The Buried And Me "Mordecai"

Visit "[Mordecai](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Asleep mid-sentence- the words fell apart.
No one is listening anyway.
This day will soon turn black
and my "wants and needs" will spill on me burning
ashes.
I learned to be selfish today...
I learned to be alive.
These things I care for are for my personal gain
my personal happiness only.
Why should I sit in your chairs and satisfy your
standards.
I've done it all before and I've confused myself a
thousand times.
The tragic day that I call morality just doesn't do it for
me anymore.
The day will turn black and I will have either lived or
died.
Asleep mid-sentence- my words fall to the ground.
Swept into this dreamland.
Economic satisfaction.
Never succeed.
But happiness has its place.
Justice will not lie in your corner.
Throw myself in the corner
We have nothing to complain about here.
Tragic day seems too peaceful to most,
spoiled ambitions turned my heart to black, black.

Living dreams, loving dreams,
awakening to what I've always dreamt of.
Living dreams, loving dreams,
awakening to what I've always dreamt of.
The familiar sound, the familiar sound of the lovely
love
from the love of my life will keep the notes coming.
From the reciting of the show, from the plip and
shevanel,
from the grind that annoys, and the sarcasm they all
hate

