

Elephant

"Sunken Shores Of Fatal Symmetry"

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What naivete could have caused such desecration?
One autumnal night I detached and buried myself
I drove out the sun and killed all growth
And worshipped the trauma that scarred my destiny
I became guilts, phobias, neuroses, compulsions
Gifted with wings yet lacking knowledge of their use
Mundane expectations and the sheen of despair
Potential ruined by terrible circumstance

Almost a year is lost and there are more days ahead
Whilst my own limbs become cumbersome and weary
Delusional, pathetic, spastic, and limp
Repressing conflict and ineluctable meltdown

Denying emotion, pleasure becomes routine
Sweltering, stifling, blighting decrepitude
Disguised by layers of useless humor
My laughter is hateful to deprecate the optimist

All my heroes are dead if they ever existed
Retreating into patterns of defensive isolation
The narcotic apathy of daydreams and fantasy
And the pain is overwhelming

I am not a philosopher but a narcissist in a fugue state
Vapors of the past normalize into my ghosts
I framed the walls and mountains that enclose my
sanity
Suffocating the senses and the instincts of power

Adapting to the dark I became anxious of the light
Movements slow and fragile, eyes dull as a mask
Reacting to abandonment by abandoning myself
A derelict child upon gargantuan shores

Submerged within a delayed mind, alone with my
hostility
Only to guess at the depths of the caldera
Hiding in hurts, using them as an excuse
The cringing incongruity, the victim on display

Incapable of even sleep

Memories of joy are forgotten
Embalmed by my own lies
Driven to the point of honesty, I surrender

I can no longer suspend my disbelief
No one touches me to validate my existence
I'm sick of living underwater
I want my humanity back!!!

This is not my paradise
Creativity channeled into madness
Frozen on the critical moment
Reliving failure in quiet rot
This should not be happening to me
Insane because I turned my back on her
All I can do is exploit my wounds
Dying in a vacuum of loneliness

I must not drown in my own intellect
Tides of extinction below the psyche
Dreams of genocide fade as fear dissolves
Capable of more devices than destruction
I want to stomp and prance in affirmation
Spiders at the gate of an inner world
Damaged, broken, obsessed
I will be with her again

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