

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Forever Close My Eyes"

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In midst of such madness I grasped that elusive real.  
You believe to know those surrounding your visual.  
So typical of life to slap me to humiliate.  
Left irate I rely only on my hidden traits to stay the  
Tide.  
All is mine to lose in my mind although I have already  
Lost all.  
I am appalled by these very friendly sights.  
I remain polite in proper society.  
They view me as the sewer.

My yesterdays don't matter now, they're gone.  
Your careless expression left my wrists torn.  
Yesterdays don't matter now, you're gone  
Shattered glass of empty bottles cut my palms.

Saturated thoughts of you weigh so heavy  
On a mind so weary.  
Always thought we'd have plenty.  
Never thought I'd be here now,  
Without she who breaths for me.  
I gasp for that life.  
Oh, to lay my head mongst your curves!  
Oh, to speak those words.

I stare from broken window  
Eye's fixed upon your symbol.  
I suppose all things do pass  
Wrist grazing glass,  
White light at last gathers at feet caked in earth.  
My movements submerged by thickness in words.  
Laid my head mongst your curves  
Grown too old for your tones of voice to scold  
Attempt evils untold  
I'll fold when you laugh again.  
I'll smile when I'm dead.

My yesterdays don't matter now, they're gone.  
Your careless expression left my wrists torn.  
Yesterdays don't matter now, you're gone  
Shattered glass of empty bottles cut my palms.

Does that keep you content?  
My blood flows a velvet red  
Into that familiar stream of tears  
With passion I spit upon that empty face.  
Were you disgraced when I broke your sacred circle?  
I must admit I was afraid this ugly world would hurt  
You  
As you hurt me.

Crossed paths to speak but for an instant.  
Now gone without one single trace.  
What is it about my vocal pattern which leaves me  
Speaking to self?  
Ugly blood pours from warm heartfelt vase...  
Flowers scattered on a cold stone floor...  
Connect nevermore.  
I am torn by my lack of emotions and plentitude of  
Tears.  
Catalyst heart hurts none, yet weeps  
Am I dead lord?  
Am I truly dead?

My yesterdays don't matter now, they're gone.  
Your careless expression left my wrists torn.  
Yesterdays don't matter now, you're gone  
Shattered glass of empty bottles cut my palms.

What happened to the times we spent dreaming of  
days to  
Come?  
So invincible then,  
Before these days I learned to bleed  
On my knees I prayed for us.  
As what we were slipped between my fingers.  
Those memories still linger.

Anger permeates...  
It's not our idiosyncrasies that leave us ill.  
I wish to build yet it seems all I touch dies.  
Endless drone of sighs to convince this world we exist.  
Loveless bliss.  
Content just to be spent at nights end.  
Fish for your reasons in the sea of ignorance.  
As if in trance, succumb to an ageless waltz of  
Thought.  
Why were we brought together only to fall apart?

My yesterdays don't matter now, they're gone.  
Your careless expression left my wrists torn.  
Yesterdays don't matter now, you're gone

Shattered glass of empty bottles cut my palms.

I gaze upon you one final time.

I only gaze to truly know what was once mine.

I toast with final swig of liquid life.

Lay my head mongst familiar curves

And forever close my eyes.

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