

Emery

"The Pour and the Prevalent"

Visit "[The Pour and the Prevalent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)
To all this being separated and then cut off.
(I taste this)
I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)

I've got to put a stop to all this.
To all this being separated and then cut off.
I've got to put a stop to all this.

We could float over the world and decide for ourselves
if we will ever return.
If only our dreams were fires to ignite.
Then we would could let the whole world burn...

You said this was over when you suffocate the truth
and trade for nothing
(Save us, the kisses and the distances are clinging to
my weaknesses)
Somebody help me here because I can't steer the
wrong words away.
(I've seen this, tasted, a killer to my worries and then
caught me without my defense)

There's a death inside, and it's yours and mine.
So count up your identities invented for the
frequencies of need.

Does it depend on circumstance or excuse?
My inheritance of the abuse
The importance of new.
My choice of the two.
The truth is that I choose you...

You said this was over when you suffocate the truth
and trade for nothing
(Save us, the kisses and the distances are clinging to
my weaknesses)
Somebody help me here because I can't steer the
wrong words away.

(I've seen this, tasted, a killer to my worries and then
caught me without my defense)

There's a death inside, and it's yours and mine.
So count up your identities invented for the
frequencies of need.

I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)
To all this being separated and then cut off.
(I taste it)
I've got to put a stop to all this.
(I've seen this)
To all this being separated and then cut off.
(I taste it)

(Cut off. Cut off.)

I'm crushed, broken, begging for this.
(Cowards and princes can sometimes look the same)
Outside of you, but this severance?
(Just blink and they change)
Torn from my hands, I still taste it.
(They change)
Torn from my hands with my consent.
(I've changed, we've changed too)

You said this was over when you suffocate the truth
and trade for nothing
(Save us, the kisses and the distances are clinging to
my weaknesses)
Somebody help me here because I can't steer the
wrong words away.
(I've seen this, tasted, a killer to my worries and then
caught me without my defense)

There's a death inside, and it's yours and mine.
So count up your identities invented for the
frequencies of need.

Visit [Emery](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.