

## **Enslavement Of Beauty "Abundance Extends To Lush"**

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If I had a daily bliss  
A somewhat cheerful view  
A silent grace I could perceive  
To grow as I pursued

Then when, around midnight  
Instead of wasted from my sight;  
Loaded beyond the utmost space  
I'd have one average night  
I measure every fucker I meet  
With analytic eyes;  
I wonder if their grief weighs like mine  
Or has an easier size

I wonder if, when these years have piled  
If the pain will still be as real  
The early hurt, such a lapse  
A lifetime of grief bereaved of appeal

Will I just go on aching?  
Through centuries above  
Exposed by god to a larger pain  
By contrast with the promise of love

They say heaven is packed and that's where we go  
But I've got one hell of a surprise  
Your death is but one and came but once  
And only nailed your eyes

And though I may not guess the right kind  
Correctly, yet to me  
And the piercing comfort it creates;  
Passing portions of fiery glee

The denotes of the fashions of the cross  
Of those that stand alone  
Still fascinated to presume  
That some has a view like my own

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