

Folly

"Repeat, I Repeat, Repeat"

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Thoughts spawn as quick as they waste.
Forge disoriented futures.
Cutting in and out, floating in and out.
I'm about to chance a great deal of my past.
I'm about to chance a great deal of my future.
Why does this decision turn its back on me?
I'm not the only one risking it all.
This must be some sick joke that I played on myself.
This must be some sick self that I joked on my play.
This is where the ghosts play.
This is where the ghosts play dead.
This is where the ghosts play dead wrong.
Patience runs thinner and thinner.
When will I realize I'm floating in space unattached
from your life?
Did I belong there in the first place?
Distance seems to go on forever.
When will I realize I'm floating in space unattached
from your life?
How long will this go on?
Please cleanse my soul.

Cleanse my corrupt soul.
I threw it all away so I could learn what it's like to waste
all of our time.
Did time even exist?
For all its worth, we had a great run at it and I found out
a lot about myself.
I found out a lot about living.
I will never forget every time.
I will never forget every time that I made you smile.
I will never forget every time that I made you cry.
I'm so sorry.
For this, I will repent.
Next time, I'll sacrifice.
I was not the right one.

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