

Forgive Durden

"I am a Heart, Watson. The Rest of Me is Mere Appen"

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I AM A HEART, WATSON. THE REST OF ME IS MERE
APPENDIX.

Splintered soles and cracked rungs.

Soaking flames and black lungs.

Climbing only brings me closer to drowning.

Effort only speeds burning embers to rain down.

This ocean's waves crash up against the varnished
sides of the hull, whose walls securely insulate my
heart from the swells.

But these tides persist.

Rust grows by the inch.

Corrosion turns to decay.

This ship's tired and old.

Can't take much more of the cold before it breaks like
glass.

I've been drawn and quartered.

My limbs anchored to spirited steeds who tear with
opposite speeds.

I've had my turn.

I've crashed.

I've burned.

Through catastrophe, it's been right here in front of
me.

This is of epic proportions.

The essence of enlightenment.

This is a divination which I alone am privy to.

My fears have been suffocated by vindication.

My vessel's bow has detected your beacons along the
shore.

So I will grab my pale, and drag my shovel across the
ground.

But I'm not striding coasts, building sand castles and
moats.

I'm off to dig my own grave.

No service needed.

No eulogy here.

All I need's this final resting place.

So build me a tombstone.

Engrave it by hand with "The Boy Who Mishandled Your
Heart."

My last goodbyes are to those who'll soon eat my

insides.
I've been drawn and quartered.
My limbs anchored to spirited steeds who tear with
opposite speeds.
I've had my turn.
I've crashed.
I've burned.
Through catastrophe, you've been right here in front of
me.

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