

Harlots

"Remote Coagulation"

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This is the space between what we think buried in these walls are writings
As in desert caves the haunted stairway of mind down below the broken steps of your soul
I want to taste a different place turning gears that rewind replay time and resurface the landscapes of our pain
Will the future whisper to the past and tell me I'm alright
Now the quiet leads me brings me back I feel the years worth of tears well up one neuron at a time with surgical precision
Sharpened stones and muffled tones echo against hollow walls where even days are shaded grey with the complexity of death
All must end to begin help me find truth the place that the wave finally breaks will show I cleared my mind
So that common sense could take over but it always keeps coming back again replacing words
And acts help me find truth gagging at the volume of raw data passed on through time longing to be merely a crevice in my mind
This feeling they've found the answers are here under buried stones so old
What is the meaning of life but to live we are lying to ourselves for ourselves realizing that it never ends
Some mysteries are better left alone all this weighs on my mind reckless I stand amid the roar I hold questions

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