

Horror Show "Celapram"

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One of these days IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m gonna shut my eyes
forever,
So tired of seeing whatÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s wrong with life,
As much as I wish that I got along better with these
people.

IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ ve heard it written, that ever y flower
withers,
So I carve up my palm just to bleed these inscriptions.
Sometimes itÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s a given, sometimes
itÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s not,
And we struggle with the pieces to the puzzle of the
plot.

And all I see on my CD shelves are the pieces of me
that probably need help,
Like I donÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t eat good, so IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ ve
always got the hunger pains,
Rocking baggy clothes to hide the fact that
IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m underweight.

I bust a phrase to escape cause IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m feeling
stuck for days,
Nothing changes but the mother fucking date.
ItÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s such a shame, see the structure
crumble and fade,
Until youÃfÂçâ, -Â™ re left with nothing but some dust
on the plate.

Life gets ugly, writing rhymes to Jeff Buckley,
A cold and broken Hallelujah for this crash test dummy.
I can accept in the past IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ ve been the first to
cry,
Now IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m hoping IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ ll be the last to
laugh.

In this paradox of non- existence,
Where the oxygen we breathe to live corrodes our
bodies and kills us,
If I could hold my breath for eternity, then
IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ d live forever but never deliver these
words I speak.

I canÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t do this anymore Mum,
Sick of the baggage under my eyes, the vanity of my
forearms,
I hate my body, itÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s just a shell for my soul,

And my songs will live on long after my bell has been tolled.

And would you even cry, could you move on with your life,

Or would you need to know the reason why?

IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m feeling grand and poetic,

Might take the Kurt Cobain route, and blow my fucking brains out.

There, I said it.

Sometimes I need to talk to someone, IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m just not sure who,

That feeling of the morning after, the locked-jaw blues,

And I canÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t write about the breakup, been numb for too long,

Everyday is like a break down, I canÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t seem to move on.

So what I crack a few smiles, itÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s all futile.

The grey space, hip-hop, beyond blue star.

Waiting for the beat to stop in this game of musical chairs,

IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m just a kid tryna make something beautiful.

One of these days IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m gonna shut my eyes forever,

So tired of seeing whatÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s wrong with life,

And as much as I wish that I got along better with these people,

DonÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t you think that thereÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s a reason why?

One of these days IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m gonna shut my eyes forever,

So tired of seeing whatÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s wrong with life,

And as much as I wish that I got along better with these people,

DonÃfÂçâ, -Â™ t you think that thereÃfÂçâ, -Â™ s a reason why?

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