

Hot Club De Paris

"Requiescat"

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A blessed hand to cover the cursed mouth born of faith
when tiptoeing around flights of fancy informs sonic
acrobatics. An esoteric words for what never held true;
a complicated rite forcing an answer through. These
are prayers for a sense left for dead or an elegy on the
end of a life I once led. Learning that we inhabit a
bedtime story, prophets whisper to fools. Footbound
and adrift and losing a game for which we've written
the rules. Rip my heart to pieces. Scatter them all to the
wind. And it's an ironic twist of fate, this bit of
hypocritical fare, when we're taught to look passed the
suitable answers, watch them dissolve and not even
care.

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