

## Hot Cross "Fortune Teller"

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Caught cutting through the running tide. Bleeding out;  
portrayed way past a prime tripping over words and  
playing tricks on time. Eastern standard time of the  
dead. Wear clocks round our necks like tombstone.  
Fuck not lest ye be fucked. A point invariably moot  
when you've outgrown smarts and frustration is your  
strongest suit. Keep in mind, it's the wisest man that  
will always be told to forget his ego for a minute and  
realize that he can't replace his ass just because he  
found a crack in it. How can we sit so still when its so  
hard to look passed the last one you loved; so hard to  
find what you felt in that touch? How can I go on  
searching for these days when I'm standing among  
them? I've found my way back there. Rhetorical wisdom  
will always prove to be a locked door a lost chance and  
all you'll never see a statement betrayed like your  
worst enemy. 26 years past my prime as if minutes  
made a difference. You can't change a mind lost to the  
hours held so dear, Like ostriches with head in sand we  
fear our desires. Breathe every breath like it wasn't a  
count-down can't force your way out of a dream  
purchased with fear.

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