

## Howards Alias "R.I.P."

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The boy he sighed, wilderness is lonely.

CYNICAL THOUGHTS CORRUPT MINDS.

The silence of embarrassment led him to believe  
That misfortune had played a part in  
Destroying the once placid image he had  
Perceived; at this time it seemed rewardingly  
Harmless, and as the time clock moved on,  
Tick after tock, he sensed a sudden urge for  
The things he normally rejected so much.

WHAT GOES AROUND, COMES AROUND!

The rage he was seeing left him paused in  
Awe of the immensity shown in the structure  
Of simplicity. He called but in a helpless  
Plea for insanity to smother him in it's  
Weight; bearing scars too harsh to  
Recapture the rush of hatred he was to  
Experience in the very near future.

SLOWLY, SLOWLY, CATCHY MONKEY.

Like floating on a breeze, his mind became empty,  
And thoughts he had worried about so much,  
No longer seemed important. This new  
Found plateau bore an emptiness as cold  
As the blood surrounding his heart, but, as  
Promised he was at peace.

To be wrapped up in solitude holds no catch,  
Except boredom of the greatest power.

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