

Inner Thought

"The Priziest Horse"

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I'm not the priziest horse or the classiest fighter
with shattered glass in my voice
writing my name on the wall with the fingers my
highschool gave me; I'm still
counting electric sheep at night, in love with an electric
blanket
in fact I make love with electric outlets
In my sleep, it's all flying pigs and things that want me
dead;
when I'm awake, it isn't much different. It's not them
versus us
the battle wages over future addictions
Something's missing, and I can't quite focus on it
Oh, it must be the disappearing act we all put with our
dreams
They'll never find me as long as I keep smudging off
into the background
And continue to sink through the sidewalk with my
head under a bench, to see
who hears me, narrating their lives by the way they
hold their money so tight
so they could send their kids off, but the best
historians sleep on benches
(Why is everybody sleeping on benches?)
I've been a rock as long as I've lived
since everything has to be a nobel prize winner
I should've quit when I saved the ozone
I should have known if I can't feel the ones I came with,
it's a good time to rest
and hold fear at bay like some hold the margins they
need to survive in
Barely alive, and you want me to lighten up?
Make an angel on the beach or pick a bouquet in your
garden
Call me when they drop redemption upon you like a
piano
record the noise it makes when it flattens your hands
Then you realize it was only a dream and you were tied
to a tree the whole time
watching friends drag by 'cause they can't look at the
scars under your eyes

Burned to hell covered by locusts, they're trying to
quote us
now that they finally broke us into ridiculous names
and meaningless titles
I won't forget, the little things escape
through the pores in my skin so I can pour it on thick
And watch them scurry to escape the glass, leave the
collection
and have a life of their own, well get rich you'll hate it
too..
I promise..

[Chorus]

In this life all I have, a falling sky in my arms
it's not that heavy, make pretend
it's someone else's party, what a gas

Shaking the hands that never trembles and always land
on my feet
At this present elevation, I can't see past my feet
between God's bald spots where the sky stops
I'm one of the Earth's latest gallstones
despite all the America going on, it's all Rome
Go get unstuck, don't lose sleep 'til you can't find
solace
in the fact that you can barely control yourself. Let
alone
we're all tied down; since our wings got clipped, and
lately can't sing enough
In the party that never ends, 'cause no one knows how
to clean up the mess
What's up with all the gags?
Everyone around me has these holes drilled through
'em
and someone on the other side is trying to figure it out.
Dying to be someone
killing to be recognized as something that you're not
Well since we're all so into introductions, don't forget
your names
Since you love yourself so much, keep it away from me
'Cause I've baked under artificial lights with artificial
girls
and that sinking feeling there's someone sleeping
inside my sleepless body
Quit playing kid games with your old tongue
'til you can find someone to buy future epiphanies
from. Here's one:
I live in the city and leave everything alone, yesterday it
was all TV
After all is said and done, we barely have memories
so I write what I feel, sue me if it's empty

Imagine that, I'm barely human, I'm barely human..

[Chorus]

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