

Ion

"You're Not Carving Deep Enough"

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This City is lost as I am.

Standing still on an unfriendly sidewalk,
Staring at the flickering streetlights...

Gently pressing my palm against the dead-cold iron of
the pole.

The lights suddenly shut and again I'm left alone with
my thoughts.
Navigating directionless on a stream of a grey density,
hiding in the confinement of a filthy back alley...

I think I had sex here once but that's not the point.
The molecules surrounding me are definitely moving
at a faster pace than mine,
I guess that's why my vision is so blurry.

Dry cold air fills my lungs, leaving an aftertaste of dust
in my mouth.

I washed it clean with several shots of vodka.
And why am I coughing this much?
I've never smoked, if I'd known maybe I would have
started.
To quit, would've been a goal to reach in life.

There goes passion, out of a broken window...
Passing by great buildings, giants of man-made
desires that are spreading their wings
Of darkness upon the city for miles.
I'm out of breath, and I can't do a thing about it...

(... No One will hear me scream.)

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