

Karate

"The Lived-but-yet-named"

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From hotels in the middle of the night I'm calling you out. To candles cling tentative flames, but they burn just the same, just in case you forget. Sick in the silt of the strangest taste I've hated today. Still something sings within the vein, as I forget to fail, I forget to complain. How much more can we stand to say before clouds complain? Soaked to that critical stage with the overdressed words of the well-meaning vague. How much will the Leitmotiv sway to compensate for our fallow-yet-vigorous play on the century's take on the lived-but-yet-named? Hold out, because this moon is twice as good when you see through a year of nights what you thought you understood. Set out because this haze is bound to wane. It can no longer attempt to hide the will of third-class seats on tomorrow's trains.

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