

Kelly "Mute"

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Another day, another nightmare; turn the A/C up to bloom
Into a thorn bush flooded day-dream or a devil knowledge tomb;
One large coffee and a water; Lipitor to calm my heart;
Desensitize my pallet, all I drink is burning hot;
As we turn on this computer, it's the death that gives us life;
"Please log-in, k-kamen-law," K came and saw the lack of sight;
We lay the floor, they laid the ceiling, squealing silently but proud;
Caged behind a desk, "Telred B-X," my phone - my sound;

The sound; the sound, the sound, the sound...

THIS IS THE LIFE THAT I HAVE FOUND:

Like the mug on my desk that sat for weeks saying "thanks" without a frown;
Like the tea bag that's molding and holding my will to remain a hidden slob;
Or the porn sites I jot on my calendar mat that make my dick get hard;
But I thank instant message - at least I'm obsessed with a way to rot my brain;
And the fat loss agenda that has me surrendering taste for all my pain;
And the gift from my mom's friend; her husband's a lawyer who promised me a spot;
And instead he sent me a metal pen, so I can stab myself through the knot in my temple resembling thirst, and the rot that's unsettled and ready to burst, and I'm watching the kettle and calling him black, and the thirst is the worst burning curse I can have, and the curse is a blood clot I sucked on and spat, now it's swollen and envy is wearing it's hat; here to knap, clear the trap, sear the sap on the cracks, steer your laugh into traffic and laugh then at that; crash your passion and stash your intention in back and then smash with a hatchet my head and then strap that to earth; it's the

birth of a classic, unimaginable, irrational, magical,
casting call; pass the full bottle of Kettle to settle my
head, don't be bashful, I passed you - stop holding me
back! Motherfuck, motherfuck, motherfuck,
MOTHERFUCK IT!

I'm fucking depressed and in pain and I love it!
I've fucking regressed in a way and I love it!
I'm fucking a mess and insane and I love it!
I'm fucking repressed and retained and I love it!
I'm fucking distressed and misplaced and I love it!
I'm real fucking stressed and untamed and I love it!
I've been fucking drenched in a stain and I love it!
I've been fucking blessed with my name and I love it!
A life of resentment remains and I love it!
I live in a sentence, I'm vain and I love it!
I fuck with a vengeance and hate cause I love it!
I'll have no regret for the fame that I covet!
This is a repentance for shame and I love it!
My heart now invests in a grave and I love it!
This is evanescent, I'll soon be above it; So fuck it;

I'm mute; deaf and proud, and absent of thought.
If I can't be thrown off, I cannot be caught.
So my silence is heard through the shirt and the suit;
I'm dying to live - I am strength
- I am mute.

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