

Cire

"All In Appraisal"

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One man, alive.

If I may assert so much, I feel open wide,
heartbeats like echoes of this pulsing life,
radiating warmth through me and quieting my mind.
Keeping me afloat for a while as stability unwinds.

(chorus)

I've spent too much of my life angry about being angry,
sad because I'm sad.

This feedback loop tripped on and off like a big blaring
lie,

I won't listen anymore, it's a waste of my time.

Gaining insight, seeking confidence, but wired to find
all my flaws.

My love, dysphoria blinds.

Pessimism sweats out my skin and gets into my eyes.
It feels more true than hope and it's more able to
survive.

It's pathways have more muscle than the fleeting joys
of life.

My thoughts are chemical mistakes and I am my own
crime.

Dopamine remains in short supply... In short supply...

(chorus)

It's all in the appraisal. (ÃfÂ—4)

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