

Marathon "Courting My Soul"

Visit "[Courting My Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A midnight game of hide and seek
Within the cemetery gates
Face pressed against nocturnal fields
Where granite headstones congregate
I'm not scared in this moonless night
Everyone here admits they're dead inside
Corpses below whisper their alibis
Explaining wasted lives

So where were you on this stormy night?
Is there a witness who can testify
That you didn't take your own life
And hide the body by the turn pike?
We are hollow, agents of need
We reap the comfort while the third world bleeds
This will not change until we start to breathe
Until we start living

I bought a dozen roses
And I put on my nicest clothes
I'm trembling but I look good
I'm ready to seduce my soul
Here is a time, here is a chance
To give my life some romance
And to be greater than the living dead

Fill up the neighborhoods with art
Make theaters in our own backyards
Laugh like you need it to survive
Sing just to prove that we're alive
We're alive

This is our time, this is our chance
To give our lives some romance
Have more to say than just nodding our heads
This is my time, this is my chance
I'm breaking out of this trance
Climbing out of this hospital bed

Park path concrete, words in chalk challenge me
"This is yours, so take it back"
Forge artistry or live passionlessly?

This life is mine, I want it back

Visit [Marathon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.