

Mathilda D'silva "Repercussions"

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I am thinking about repercussions.
That extra twang you hear when an in-experienced
orchestra performs.
It reverberates throughout the day.
It's an odd look my momma gives me, her hound-like
senses smelling the truth.

I am thinking about fingers.
Fingers in your mouth, on a keyboard... fingers on a
mouse.
Fingers that till now I did not touch.
That a few hours ago were loosening the knot.

-Solo-
I am tasting my lower lip.
Bruised and raw against my tongue... it's hanging on
for dear life.
When it sees familiar faces it might just drop... and
follow my jaw to the ground.

I am reminded of how even my own body refused to
allow anyone in.
All my past transgressions wiped clean hallelujah
hallelujah wiped clean from sin.

The tender pain I calmly downplay... How I am cleaved
in two by a friend.
And now I am wondering... what ensues the question
"What do we do? What happens now?"

Gaddammit. This shit is hard...

I am thinking about repercussions.
That extra twang you hear when an in-experienced
orchestra performs.
It reverberates throughout the day... ooh yeah yeah...
with time, it steals away.

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