

Mourning Beloveth "Narcissistic Funeral"

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Opened my veins yesterday and poured in the twilight
With it's dead promises. Nothing makes sense in an
imaginary
World that no one can touch. In the strange hours I
dream of evenings
Under moonrise and of fashioned ideals before they
could turn
And go, had seeped their treachery into my widowed
summers. Is this my lover, this face of death? I recoil to
The unmoving view.

The soft, voiceless emotions escape the exhausted
frame to assail
Tomorrows empty heaven. The dawn, with it's dull
smell, fills my nostrils
And the stench of a burning sun separates the hope
from silent lips.

There is something painful in the first spring bud of
life, it tears at the insides and claws at the doors of
Tenderness
That riseth in black forms from an obsolete graveyard.

To cast my eyes on the horrors you have created or to
turn and gaze
At the clouds? It remains cold and dark and the
painless times revel in
A distant memory that only seem to trespass when the
night is clear.

The bitterness tastes sweet and it conjures up images
Of a narcissistic funeral
That injure my dreams
Narcissistic dreams

The wordless world bleeds to the point of despair and
the failed attempts to move end in quiet massacres.
The
Lurid calm is a stalking mountain that eludes the
perceptive eye but eventually overwhelms to send us
cowering.

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