

Nineteen Wheels

"Second Stage Of Adolescence"

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Revisiting former frames of mine.
I've had nothing less responsible than this.
Cash hand, back hand, slap in the face.
I want something more real.
Surrealistic noxious state of mind.
Heart puncture piss sweat intake perfection by design
drunk step drug friction.
Oh, i will be clean again.
I suffocate awaiting tomorrow.
Shine your lights down on me.
Awaiting for ascension, my disbelief.
Our punishment release a new form of intoxication.
I have something more real.
I am the starving hope.
I am abandonment fulfilled.
Why don't you take it all away from me?
My disgrace only waste.
Absence of faith in a world filled with you mocking me.
It takes a few strong to survive
And more than a lifetime to deprive me of you.
Am i the only one left?
Left alone playing on that one pinched nerve.
Is there anything substantial,
With some consistency at all?
I'm impaling my own breath.
I'm wishing and washing away tonight.

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