

Obsessed "Mourning"

Visit "[Mourning](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Not wear black
Be it not of the same faith
Living trials can't be won
In the end the hands will be held back
In the eyes September sun
The magic's gone
Tempting fate with the surest of hands
Come to be a profession, to walk with
You in a mind of many lands
Has been my sole obsession
The magic's here
Always cherish and always hold
Not in health but in sickness
And in the realm when all is said and told
There is no equal likeness
The magic's gone

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