

Paragon Of Beauty "One Step Into Nothingness"

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Where have I been
For spine chilling dreams crossed our way
Almost too late
Nothing is safe from woe and agony

This breakdown of thoughts
Was a wing beat for me
A turning point
in my confusing diary

Sometimes I concealed my desperation
behind a thin vein of coolness
Soul nerves were crying like torrents unseen
Moments undone tied to the run
Maybe your sun shone quite dead

Why do you fear the wounds
Of your clandestine past
How could we measure
our queer-ticking hearts without mind
At night we are birds...at rustling night
At night I won't pass away...at monday night

Unseemly expectations burned in my head
Falcon-corpses flew above me but I still feel
All the soars, all the thorns,
all the years of mute reproach
Weeping tables, vacant chairs
Withered time won't bloom again everyday

Read my calm letters
and you'll understand this pain
Bleary-eyed ghost life is our host
Don't go to sleep while I'm down

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