

Dead Poetic "Motorcycle (Left With Nothing/Long Forgotten/When It's Gone)"

Visit "[Motorcycle \(Left With Nothing/Long Forgotten/When It's Gone\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Feeling low, like I'm ready crack and slowly moving
from bending to breaking.
I stay diluted to avoid the pain, but I give her more than
she can take.
I'm only killing the only haven, the still asylum I haven't
destroyed yet.
And when it's gone, I'm left with nothing.

This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and I cannot feel it.
This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and long forgotten.

I told her she was killing me and she said she was
already dead.
Every ounce of emotion fades, and I promise you it'll
end someday. I hope.
I'm only hoping that this is common. She's all I'm left
with when all this fades away.
And when it's gone I'm left with nothing.

This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and I cannot feel it.
This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and long forgotten.

She doesn't need it. She doesn't need it.
My optimism is masking my failure.

This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and I cannot feel it.
This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and long forgotten.

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

