

Tysta Mari

"Metaphora"

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Inside we bleed, and search, for something that won't
come

Today is too far, realize that, don't try to forget
We wait in silence, this distance take us far from real

There, in my horizon, many empty spaces are
Filled with my nothing
Too many farewells of falseness
Too many blows
Many quarrels never had

Waiting inside is the fight of our lives

Too much of grudge and reward never lived

You know that I've never had time, to leave behind me
Everything I don't want

Me, as nothing had been
As words had not been

I worked hard since here
What I lived, I lived (it) for others
I was saying and thinking not to have time for me in my
prayers
I was thinking of having built,
But I've never built up myself

Me, as nothing had been
As words had not been

I see in my horizon desire of sowing

You know that I've never had time to leave behind me
Everything I don't want

I witness with my closed heart and hope to die that
The ripper of my whole life is me and Metaphora of
myself
I witness with my honesty: there are my seeds
And witness that I want to reappear again from me.

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