

# Tystnaden "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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