

Monks of Doom "Taste of Tendon"

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I was cross-eyed, stoned and painless
My pulse was up my eyes were red
My visions, situations, feelings
Hung on my lips and burned me up
And 18 hours spent asleep
Could not help me from thinking that
I had somehow managed to fool myself
I had missed the point while puttin' 'em back

I can't help from thinking
As my heart keeps beating
Of what I'd love to do
To strip the flesh that hides these bones
Bare my soul without a sound
Burn my brain, lay waste to fear
Though I won't live that many years
And I can't shed that many tears

Claustrophobic, paranoid
Laughing at my routine cares
The charade of my brilliant life
Had drawn a crowd these last few years
As I entertain my audience,
The stage was torn by all I knew
Who took me to the moon above
Wrapped my soul in linen cloth

I can't help from thinking
As my heart keeps beating
If I was Jesus Christ
And all the things I'd love to know
Why I feel the way I do,
And what it means to be alive
And make yourself a sacrifice
To never have to live a lie

You take yourself so seriously
You're dressed in black but your soul is green
You've got an understanding of the world
That's only based on what you've seen
And if you'd just admit to yourself
That it's not such an awful place

The grim facade that hides your mind
May yet reveal a smiling face

I can't help from thinking
As my heart keeps beating
Of what I'd love to do
Locked away just me and you
If you can only see me through
And see what we could make it to
Forget the things that need no proof
And see the world with eyes of fools

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