

Medieval "Cling To An Image"

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Alone I lie,
cold,
misconstrued,
my grip is lost on that which is real,
Crystal clear
A memory,
I recall constantly,
It comforts my loneliness
and fills my empty space,
Cold, misconstrued,
alone I lie,
my grip is lost on that which is real,
I lie to myself,
Repeatedly,
I act as if it still exists,
when deep down I know the truth,
Taunting myself,
prepared for a fall,

with the hole in my heart,
I feel
I deserve
I visualize with positive thoughts,
I wallow, subconsciously,
Picture perfect in my head,
fading slowly.
I cling to which does not exist.
I cling to which does not exist.
I recollect the warmth we shared,
It helps me relax and prepares me for what lies ahead.
Another day....
Another day....
Another day....

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