

A Whisper Rising

"When I Was Alive: Walden III"

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I kicked it altogether last night. I had this dream I was alone.

It's been lying with me for 9 years and counting.

Got what I want, why am I miserable?

Kick this new addiction out, it's grown up.

Inherited and on the hush.

From a smiling drunk to the embarrassing lush, love what?

I'm a magnet to whores and such. Now the happy disguise?

The pill does this on it's own.

And like Thoreau, it's a quiet place for me.

The sticks or the woods, it's all miles away from you.

I got an angry thirst.

We're all whores.

I got a sad, sad thirst.

We're all whores.

I had a happy thirst, but then came you.

I'm getting right back on it later tonight.

It takes my mind off of the phone,

How it's been silent for 2 weeks in my pocket.

How'd I ge so fucking loveable?

Take my Midas shit-powers to give out.

Apologize to who I touch.

I could have ruined you too,

But I was beaten to the punch.

Hug what? Why should I care who you go fuck?

And like Thoreau, it's a quiet place for me.

The sticks or the woods, it's all miles away from you.

I got an angry thirst.

We're all whores.

I got a sad, sad thirst.

We're all whores.

I had a happy thirst before you and I.

If I loved this, then why do you make me sick?

Why do you make me sad?

Why do you make me sick of your poor sick mouth?

Stop ruining it, for the last few months seem fucking
years.
Oh to crack for this marginal sex with your dirty shit to
spit,
Why do you make me sick?
How many tricks until it drips with this ugliness I've
found?
I'm falling down.
Why do you make me?

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