

## A Whisper Rising

### "William Blake Overdrive"

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I will make myself, a mile from the racetrack, drag my losses home.  
It kills me not come back.  
And we float with parasites all our lives.  
There's me with the geriatrics at the slot machines.  
There's me, the embodiment of how slow life can be.  
There's me. Their dead eyes are glowing. Mine are always shut.  
I passed out on the road, just hours from the racetrack.  
I saw Lamotta raise a toast.  
He said "you got me with the right jab."  
And we float with parasites all our lives with this advice:  
we learn until we're dead.  
Be losers til your sanguine thoughts subside.  
We learn until we're dead.  
A falling dream's not just a morbid sign.  
It's opportunity.  
These days I find beauty as depressing as years beyond my time.  
If you could make this old heart young again I'd find another topic to drone on,  
A more fashionable vice to lean on.  
Some better words to speak on that escaped my younger form.  
But there's me with the geriatrics at the slot machines.  
There's me. The embodiment of how slow life can be.  
There's me. Short of imposing, please be involved.  
Can I stop imploding at every obstacle thrown on me?  
Imply this is only a prettier glimpse of a life so ugly that's mine.

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