

(SIC) Monic "Dementia"

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[Chorus:]

Catatonic so symphonic eyes demonic somewhere in my soul burnt black

And twisted surrealistic spiritualistic somewhere in my soul and I do wonder

While deeper I ponder through sediment somber and the decay is evidence of what

Does hold precedence in this eternal moment (verse) knows the time to move

Cause no one is gonna hold my fucking hand only to bite and feed on the blood

That does flow through me endlessly so bury me far below the sky before it

Falls feed the blaze of eternal dismay and bathe in the pathway of the weak

Hold your breath until you suffocate and sow your eyes shut before you see

[Chorus]

Blind the slave he knows the way but still he stays crouched in a cave created

By his thoughts his fear is laced he want a taste of what has been erased

Through years of dementia (verse) (chorus)

Somewhere in my soul dementia has sliced the wrists of time somewhere in my

Soul displacement has left me undermined it is so simple to say but hard to

Portray what this does feel like the dementia living in me hallucinations that

Tear down the basic rules of reality and we are vessels that travel far and

Beyond this world

Silent screams

Infinite is how I dream silently is how loud I scream if eternity

Cannot be conceived then I will collapse where is stand and disappear if I

Could only breathe one breathe if I could only say one word

It would be whispered at the break of dawn maybe only a thought heard only by
Angels as my symmetrical shadow treads beside me a symbol of a deeper meaning
Inside thee wandering through forests only by moonlight over hills deep into
Valleys that just might (chorus) reveal the living breathing transient ambiance
Of the sacred cadence I have heard for so long it seems like eternity but time
Will always be misconstrued so in these moment that color you in shades of
Forever tear down the walls and move through

[Pre-verse:]

Oh god I need to know how long I have been here although I'm motionless it

Seems like a nightmare my last memory I was staring into the sun searching for

Signs of life all went black and know I come back to life looking eye to eye

With the highest cloud objectively analyzing rhythms and patterns know (chorus)

In all of these dreams I measure the distance between the falling rain and

Never ending existence and it recedes below the surface resurrection of a

Deeper purpose ponder the philosophy of where we do come from what we are made

Up of in relation to the sun these are the moments that belong to anything but

Ourselves that realization what I've been waiting for

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