

Sheer Terror "Walls"

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Walks in the park, kissing in the dark.
It was all a lark- another sad old joke.
I should've known- it's happened before.
Those days of yore have taught me nothing.
Leading myself around like a little boy lost in the city of
lights.
From teacher to student, Helena to Prudence.
Nights crying to my cat.
Lie on my bed of thorns, rest my head on a rock
And watch my walls turn black.
Maybe raise my empty glass to propose a toast.
Ha- the spirits gone.
Don't look back and I won't look ahead.
I've always favored the things I dread.
Glutton for punishment- that's my line.
We all have our crosses to bear.
I've tried- I've cried- don't bother me.
I've strived- I've lied- I don't want to see.
I've cheapened- I've weakened- my tanks are low.
Every failure of my life exposed.

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