

## Introvert "Dance Of The Dead"

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I met her outside, she flicked her cigarette  
Watched the ashes dance the moment our eyes met  
Laughed and said, "You want to know the truth?  
I fell in love with a boy who looks just like you."  
I smiled soft, couldn't even breathe  
Said, "Hi, my name's Matt" She said "Hi, my  
name's sleep."  
Why don't you come inside I can see it in your eyes  
You'd do anything not to be alone tonight.  
It's alright, you will soon find  
We're nothing more than clouds, I'm just passing by  
The next morning when I woke up alone  
I realized I was no longer welcome in her home.

Just because you heart beats doesn't mean you're  
alive  
Just because you're blinded, doesn't mean you've  
seen the light  
I'm sick of swan songs playing through the fog  
This dance of the dead has gone on for too long.  
Well God turned my way, said, "My son I am afraid."  
The devil grabbed my shoulder told me everything  
would be okay  
After all these years I still don't know who to believe  
Because my meetings with honesty are few and far  
between  
So if heaven won't have me, I won't be surprised  
Just get onto my high horse and take another ride  
To hear the wind talk, feel the trees shake  
Watch the water gossip, speaking of all my mistakes  
If the earth floods I'll be the first one at the bottom

Another sunken ship at the deep end of the bottle  
Drain every drop 'til the room starts spinning  
Pull it from my lips when I end up on the ceiling.  
Get drunk on the fame, tomorrows not a factor  
Life is just a play we're all mediocre actors  
It's no longer if, it's a matter of when  
When the curtains fall we'll be in the dark again.  
Just because you heart beats doesn't mean you're  
alive  
Just because you're blinded, doesn't mean you've

seen the light  
I'm sick of swan songs playing through the fog  
This dance of the dead has gone on for too long.

I write Braille in the sky, exchange pens for speech  
Use the smoke that I exhale as loose leaf.  
Now, I've run out of breath  
Trying to feed the fire inside of my chest.  
If my soul is just trapped I hope that its prison is worth  
honorable mention  
because at this point it's about all the things I have  
done  
I'm in the same box Houdini couldn't get out of.  
Thought I could escape, but now I have to prove it  
I dug my own grave and I finally get to use it  
So to every false prophet who left half written  
scriptures  
every artist content with the smaller picture  
Every poet who left their last piece unfinished  
Every romantic who gave up on love. Good riddance.

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