

Introvert

"Heavy Sighs Spoken Softly"

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They say I need to speak more, I need a better outlet.
Iâ€™ve been digging through the thoughts so long my
fingers became calloused.

Lost the feeling in my palms so I reached towards the
sky

Hoping stars would burn the fingerprints left there
those lonely nights.

I couldnâ€™t reach. It was a strange sensation,
When the lines in my hands became constellations.
My skinâ€™s not thick or rough, Iâ€™m not strong enough
To confront the night but the moonshine helps me
sober up.

Iâ€™ve traveled down the same road kicking yellow
bricks home

Walking empty handed, pockets full of false hope.

Stared at myself, he stared back at me

Crossed his legs and asked, â€œWell what do you
believe?â€

I said, â€œThe sky that Iâ€™m under resembles my coffin

And all the roads I walk are worn down and broken

Imitate the sheep still dressed in wolf skin

And pretend every carnivore I meet is my brethren.

Got lost in translation somewhere between the seams

When I stitched myself together with lies and broken
dreams

Iâ€™m not complaining lifeâ€™s as good as it can be

Its just odd when the man in the mirror canâ€™t

understand me.

Even he could never know about the places Iâ€™ve been

Or how it feels to have a mid-life crisis at ten.

Strangely I died before I ever hit twenty.

I may just be a carcass but this grave looks lovely.

I sold my soul today. I sold my soul today.

It wasnâ€™t worth what the devil paid.

If I did something wrong then I apologize

But at this point in my life I like to feel alive.

I know this body was never really mine

But it feels like it could be at some times

So tonight I hope that you come to understand

This wasnâ€™t in the plan, all the footprints in the sand

Led me to the truth, I finally realized

Iâ€™m just weaving through another ghostâ€™s life and
thatâ€™s alright.
Iâ€™ll keep my mouth shut but my tongue stretched
acres
Iâ€™ll apologize now for what Iâ€™ll say later.
But I guess it doesnâ€™t matter, every word gets
scattered
If I had to choose between silence or death, I would
pick the latter.
And I did. There was too much left unspoken
Couldnâ€™t care less if the windows to my soul are
broken.
Sure it leaves a mess but you shouldnâ€™t be distressed
Iâ€™m not the only one that ever flew over the cuckooâ€™s
nest
Found what wasnâ€™t lost, now I know the cost
That a martyr must pay to signify a just cause.
Death doesnâ€™t care what you believe in
As if faith is nothing more than an escape from our
demons.
I regret nothing. Since I wonâ€™t wake up tomorrow,
I can rest assured Iâ€™ll never use the time I borrowed
So close your eyes and forget me please
So I wonâ€™t be so embarrassed when I have to leave.

I sold my soul today. I sold my soul today.
It wasnâ€™t worth what the devil paid.

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