

Of The Pillar "The Persistence Of Memory"

Visit "[The Persistence Of Memory](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And so good morning baby New Year
Its father time and
I'm ticking away
As the clock strikes twelve
And the room starts to spin
You look so lovely
Comatose
As the liquid fire
Burns your throat
A singe
And I'm sucked into
that portal once again.

And now I'm on my way
Gloves off and the battle is done
And now I'm on my way
Sleep now my lover, lover
I'm on my way

So what's your excuse for playing god?
Good morning baby New Year
Its father time
I'm slowly keeping age under my skin
And when the glass begins to empty grains
I'll remember all the time's ill sing
Over these black and whites
My fingers fight
The epic battle of a melody.
But the truth is I'm scared of me.

And I see things
That no one would ever glimpse
As your eyes roll back
And the real party begins
And I feel things
That I'm not supposed to feel
As I reassure myself
That I'm nothing but a jewel upon your crown

Visit [Of The Pillar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

