

## Celestia

# "A Regrettable Misinterpretation Of Mournfulness"

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I'm afraid that my own self-judgement failed.  
I've faced a fake court of illusive queens of lies.  
Not able to understand what was hidden behind me.  
Not able to express what was inside me.

I remembered these tears.  
Permanent Acid Pain.  
Broken pieces of glass dormant in my corpse.  
Pushing me to evolve by weakness.  
Reaching that limit of unconscious.  
My Eyes cannot be closed.

I faced what I wanted to consider as purity.  
I felt regrets when I touched her hand.  
I was hurtled when I kissed her lips.  
I thought I felt sadness.

But it was disgust, only.

I wanted to swallow what I was not able to vomit.  
I wanted to fly away and return to that embryonic  
Foetus state.  
Something has to live again. Death do not give life.  
A creature without that repugnant capacity of  
Procreation.  
Sumptuous Endrogyna.

Unemotional unborn nature.  
Liquid crystal shining through eyes.  
I walked without leaving traces on the sand.  
I wish I could breath like those humans I refused to  
Hurt.  
But they refuse to share what they have in abundance.

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