

Darwin

"IV"

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Time and time again my head reaches for the kindness
of my pillow.

But what's the use of sleeping when there's nothing to
wake up for.

Instead of my head, the prints of fists are cast in this
pillow.

The last tangible residue of the loss of self control.

While I hate to be affected

it's hard to admit it doesn't leave me untouched after
all.

In the midst of the essence I flee,

sacrifice the true intention to save a fearless moment.

How clear do you want it?

The compulsive waste of talents,
safely tucked away behind excuses.

But who am I to fool myself?

I've wasted more than I deserved.

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