

## **PM Dawn**

# **"Even After I Die"**

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A question mark's on a question mark  
And insecurities connect my parts  
I thought You are me and I am You  
So I talk to myself 'til my face turns blue

Ask me if my feet touch the ground  
I drift away and explore the profound  
A morph to satisfaction is the trip  
It's You, isn't it?

Father tell me, what You think of me  
Please tell me, what You think of me  
The pressure and the weight comes in with the tide  
I tell You that I love you a thousand times

Someone said a silver course lands my door  
Now, question marks talk to me even more  
I'm tired and I wanna come home  
But all that pains me is the thought of my own

The thought of You just reeks with divinity  
A spark by my heart is the symbol of the Trinity  
I can understand that the stakes are high  
But I'd really like to know what I've done and why

I'm floating in a sea of doubt when it comes to that  
It seems as though all of my thoughts are now acrobats  
I am you, now that's a thought to renege  
But in the thought that stops it seems to get big

I wonder why Father, why it is? What it is?  
Because I am what I am, what gives?  
Alphabet soup brings uncertain T's  
A kiss on the cheek is more trouble for me

Is it possible that I might decompose?  
And reassemble with a spark and a rose  
I notice that oblivion follows me around  
As ode to forgetful mind is shot down

Eternity is holding a Rubik's Cube  
And everything inside it seems to be nude

I just don't get it sometimes it's weird  
It barely shakes but escalates into fear

I'm so distraught that it now makes sense  
The perfect pony but you'll only get a glimpse  
Now, someone tried to hit it with a stick of bamboo  
I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder, who?

I grin as the era of the selfish fades  
I'm looking at the skies through a pair of dark shades  
And I'm bugging I guess 'cause it makes me feel good  
There's so many things that I misunderstood

I guess, I'll never know, it'd probably cut me like a knife  
I swore, I spent my life trying to be Christ-like  
But I love you Father, so I can't lie  
I think I'll still be scared even after I die

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