

Roots Manuva

"Quicksilver"

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On Friday night I came awake like an alarm clock
Some shaking junkie's begging out on the sidewalk
And I could not allow my eyes
To meet his deep fear that my soul may still betray me
As if my will had always kept me steady
As if I hadn't caved in already

[Chorus:]

Quicksilver, quicksilver
Shadows dodge and fade
Something less than why we're made

This vacant emptiness,
This hollow is eating
Stabs through my side like thorns, so defeating
The glint of gold, sparks of silver, shining
The slightest breath of why we're pining
We take the crumbs like our hearts are at peace
We are far too easily pleased

I need this burning inside me
This brilliant aura, this electricity
I'm being haunted by spectres of what might be
Of imperfections, of nearness to beauty
As life butchers, so sweet yet so sickening
We have betrayed, for each tiny flickering

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