

An Cafe

"Dying In A Monologue"

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I'm sobering up in cupid's ward tonight.
Vacuum's bliss. Oscilloscope's cheeps. Oxygen's
masks.
Back home: I'm writing this letter with broken arms.
I'm running these miles to come up with your look, I'm
addicted to
Alcohol to push my ego.
Am I completely mental? Speaking is such a damn
habit that I almost forgot.
In denying my appearance I'll meet you in the next
booze. Straight
Towards the abyss.
Did you know that you are so beautiful?
I'm fighting for things I can't reach. Are you worth it to
kill my dreams?
Is this world going crazy or am I?

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