

## The Aphorist

### "A Burial Plot"

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Thoughts keep racing through my head.  
I'm pacing back and forth across the room.  
These are not my own thoughts, but the thoughts of  
someone attempting to control me.  
I have tried to reluctantly let go but she controls my  
grasp.  
She compiles all my sentiments and paints images of  
our fictional embrace.  
My face turns white as I see her pass.  
This impact has left me dead.  
It s impossible to live this way.  
I've written my farewell letter to the world and await my  
burial.  
There are no remedies for these lacerations.  
Only my love for her.  
This absence has left me dead to love.  
I have lost control of myself and of these thoughts.  
All I can hear are her whispers.  
I'm screaming for them to leave.  
Get the fuck out.  
I screamed for hours.  
I screamed for days.  
Yet all I can hear is the sound of her voice.  
This has to be a fucking dream.  
This can't can t be happening.  
You are gone and I am dead.  
From a distance you paint an image of a burial plot  
inside my mind.  
Is this the only way we can be together?  
From a distance you grasp my hand and lead me away  
from everything I have ever loved.  
She brought this upon me, casting shadows that only  
cloud my mind.  
You were my only desire and you brought this upon me.  
My only cure is your love.  
I can feel it burning all of my emotions from the inside  
out.  
I have set myself afire and for what it s worth I ll burn in  
hell forever if only to escape your apprehension.  
There is only one way out.  
But I will never make it out alive.

Bury her words, bury these thoughts.  
But I will never bury my love.  
There is only one way out.  
Check the fuck out of this hotel called "life".

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