

## A Skylit Drive

### "Sirens Over Sinclair"

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I've come to a realization  
That my tounge isn't helping this  
Your voice only makes it worse  
When i'm starved for your goodnight  
Kiss me on the lips and swallow pride despite it's taste  
When the ones you love  
Are slipping slowly out of place  
And ever inch of skin will bare  
Every scar that you could tear  
Every transgression is seeping infection

But i know that this is hardly over  
And i know that i could only hope for the best  
But rest assure that in my chest  
Resides the blackest heart  
We need warmer nights to feel alive  
And spill our entrails to the floor  
Without a tounge i'm choking on  
The selfish words that come  
To fill my mouth and...

I've come to realize this cancer honestly  
Is eating me alive and i've been wondering  
If my own eyes will open to the light of day  
When the voices take sounds of sirens  
Rooms of silence screaming out decay

But i know that this is hardly over  
And i know that i could only hope for the best  
But rest assure that in my chest  
Resides the blackest heart  
We need warmer nights to feel alive  
And spill our entrails to the floor  
Without a tounge i'm choking on  
The selfish words that come  
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