

Honorary Title, The "Properly Balanced"

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Small bolts of blood shoot across
The circumference, of his, of his eyes
It smelled of fish piss puke and garbage
Sidewalk cooking underneath the sunrise
It's getting old now,
It's getting old now,
It's getting old.

Don't call me when your moods are properly balanced
'cause I was there now for the worst part of this

Conjured confidence walks the sidewalk
Holding his breath as the garbage truck passes by
His breath now breathes unfulfilment
Which for a moment he just pushes aside .
It's getting old now,
It's getting old now,
It's getting old.

Instincts read the buckling seams
And stitches over the wealth of
The healthy and the uninterested

Don't call me when your moods are properly balanced
'cause I was there now for the worst part of this

Don't call me when your moods are properly balanced
'cause I was there now for the worst part of this

I twitch and cling to these, these images that I've
foreseen
I jump at any noise that the night, the night, it brings

I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna
hear it anymore
I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna
hear it any...

Conjured confidence walks the sidewalk,
Holding his breath as it all passes by (I don't wanna
hear)

You know, as it all passes by (I don't wanna hear)

I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna
hear it anymore

I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna
hear it any...

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