

The Ocean

"Neoarchaean"

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True sorrow doesn't flirt with hope
No matter how great it may be: hope rises twice as high
But spare me these seekers!
Leave me in peace
Down with them, down, down, down, down! That which
suffers, does never hope
For they will no longer impress me
With all of the solemnity and with the voice of my
greatest days: I call to you my hearth, glorious hope!
Wrapped in the cloak of illusions
Come and sit beside me
On the tripod of appeasement
With a whip of scorpions I chased you! If you wish me
to believe that
You have forgotten all the grief
Which my short-lived repentance caused you: Well,
then bring along with you
The sublime procession - hold me up, I am fainting! - of
all the virtues which I offended... and their everlasting
atonements
Yes, good people
I order you to burn
On a spade red-hot from the fire
And with a little yellow sugar for good measure: to burn
the duck of doubt
With it's vermouth lips... which in the melancholy
struggle between good and evil
Shedding teardrops which are not heartFelt
Creates everywhere, universal emptiness! It is the best
thing you can do
Certainly, flesh and bone, you have no reason to blush:
but listen to me
I don't invoke your understanding
It would spit blood at the horror you cause! Better
forget all about it, and be consistent with yourselves!
There were no constraints there
Whenever I wanted to kill... I killed

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