

Tilt

"Storm Center"

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You've captured my imagination, charismatic mess, in
the wake of your =
devestation, I'm your best work yet. Fascinating back
drop of romantic =
poverty, obsessed with herbs and healing cures,
obsessed with healing =
me! But you're the one that's dying, a sudden
downpour fading fast, =
rapidly unwinding to a bitter draft. Around your high
poetic brow, =
around your pleasant neck, a veil of grandiosity
competes with epithets. =
You're better off relying on meteorology than to keep
on justifying why =
you impose on me. Your path of mass destruction will
blow right by me =
now, you dissipate your energy you cannot knock me
down.

Submitted by: Mel

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