

Life Once Lost, A "Pious"

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a clustered mind is not a beneficial one
i am being choked mentally
thoughts flow through my head like a verbose raging
river
rambling four word phrases jumping from noun to
noun
i yearn to live for a person that can make me feel like
pious,
but instead i am shattered by irreverence
i want someone who allows themselves to live without
margins, to be bereaved
nights turn into days and i can only remember my
dreams
they seem existant, creating the smell of perfume
the fumes turn into a plague, overbearing my senses
with some imaginary woman who fucks me from hello
when i open my eyes, i see a reflection of myself
lost and motionless

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