

Alex Parks, Stones & Feathers

There's nothing left for me to do
just like time and time and time again
what else is left for me to prove?
but when it comes around
I can't help falling down
is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just the weight of stones & feathers
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never
just like tear that fades away
just like a word I can't express or can't explain
a thousand voices in my brain
I wish they'd comfort me
instead it's torturing
is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just the way I'm made to measure
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never
when all is said and done
I confess I've had enough
is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just a chill that lasts forever
I'm not myself maybe I'm never
is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just a break in heavy weather
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never