

Adept, Incoherence; Blessed Upon A Phras

Is this the end for a fighter
To simply give up in the end
We all have to seek for our answers, so why won't you
If you only knew what I've been thru,
if you only seen what I've seen,
then the words from your mouth would stop its judgement
She had the grace of a butterfly,
but she never really learned how to fly
The silence says it all
So take upon the greatest task of all time; to stay alive
It was the first time I watched the city fall asleep
The lights will fade to the sound of the crickets performing our last song
It was the first time; the best time, where I actually found hope inside
So spare your hospitality
I am so blessed upon the phrase that you so honestly gave me,
words that never could save me
But for now I'm feeling free
It was my pleasure to be your toy
But right before your eyes make believe
that you'll see it crashing down, faster now
I must rise myself
We could have been so much greater, if you only gave it a chance
But I guess that you'll find what you're searching far from here
Can you feel how you're trapped in a corner
Can you hear them closing in
The regrets
The sleepless nights
Well this will never be silence
But the sinners will pay
Exuberance with lust
Let your fingers slip
Exchange your body heat and let your breath moan for more
Oh so softly your hand press up the coating as you let the other one slide
Can you feel him inside you
Do you scream out for more
- Oh, the pleasure
Underneath velvet blankets and below the shooting stars,
only you share this night and I hope to God it was worth it
A small-town romance like this never seemed so intense,
but this night sure do fucking sparkle
I wasn't supposed to know
How was I ever supposed to know
She whispers in comfort into his ear:
"I love the way you make me forget,
how this night can make the heart of a friend collapse!"