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 youre searching far from here

Can you feel how youre trapped in a corner

Can you here 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 wasnt 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!"