

After Midnight Project, Something Sweet

I'm sick of searching
I'm sick of wanting
I'm sick of dreaming
I'm sick of being.
I wish that love would find its own way
I'm sick of searching everyday
A touch a smell, a butterflies wing
It's all I feel its all you bring
A star can sit for a million years
I can barely sit still before I break into tears...
Confused...
I'm cold on the floor
Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a hold of my heart
I sit and I wait staring at a picture of your face that fades away
Then you're gone, now I need something sweet to move me on.
I need an opinion
I need a direction
I feed on deception
I lead to destruction.
Confused I'm left with nothing to choose
But this pad and this pen and this bottle of booze
I just want to know if this searching will end
I've been running in circles and it seems that I tend
To look for an answer that could never be found
So I'll dig and I'll dig till I'm sick feet under ground.
I'm cold on the floor
Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a hold of my heart
I sit and I wait staring at a picture of your face that fades away
Then you're gone, now I need something sweet to move me on.
I just need you to need me
I just want you to know...
I'm cold on the floor
Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a hold of my heart
I sit and I wait staring at a picture of your face that fades away
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