

Alex Parks, Stones And 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 and feathers.
i'm not myself maybe i'm never.

just like a 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 my self 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.