

Dorling, It Shouldn't Be Like This

The gates of my heart are open
The emotions flood
The tears I am crying
Will soon turn to blood
My pain is ongoing
It shouldn't be this way
Not like this
This

Tell me, I've got to know
Are you the reason
For my sorrow?
It shouldn't be this way

My fault is woven deep
Into my dreams and fears
Slowly, painfully it creeps
Showing itself clear
Downcast and pounded
Maybe I'll survive
Hopefully the negative
Is not really alive
It shouldn't be like this.

Dropping slowly from the sky
The blackbird and it's friend
They're both dead because the help required
Had already come to an end
It's the fault of the third
The fourth, the fifth, the sixth
Should it be like this?
Not like this.

Sparkly foreheads
Leather toes
Make my blood pump strong
Continuing my woes
Exploding into neverland
That's the way it goes.

Desire takes things over
What's the goddamned point
Of destroying the things dear to you,
To tear apart the joint
That makes a person who they are
And makes the world go round?

I'm not where I should be
I think my job here's done
I'll climb into my little hole
And fly off to the sun.