

Myself Underneath

Six O'Clock Saints

nice of you to drop in again
i was wondering if you've seen him
sinking into lifeless dreaming
sinking
sleepless
eyes wide open

is he thinking is he slipping

something that you know i don't know
once you crossed that line you cant go
to the you you once thought you knew
time will pass and ill be there too

gripping
needless
am i losing

go..
go away..
it is a thought
i cant relay
its something warm
its something nice
I'm paralyzed..
I'm para.. ..

lies you tell will come back to you
haunting hate will linger there too
cinnamon and crimson sin stew
on my plate its on the menu

you can have what i cant finish

dish your thoughts from a pot of ashes
something cheap that's for the masses
you'll feel like rot but they'll say fantastic
is there anyone that will get it

hopeless guess i cant portray it

no..

not today..

it is a thought

i cant convey

its something warm

its something nice

I'm paralyzed

I'm paralyzed

Lyrics submitted by Al.

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