

Modern Victorians

Astorian Stigmata

All these lives, so quietly desperate
Crowded long days, so desolate
Just thinking to myself
I got lots of nothing and no time
I'm gonna take back this heart of mine
Cause don't you steal it, If you don't need it
Cause there's somethings I can't just leave behind
I'm wasting away, tired of fucking up everyday

Trouble will come and trouble will go
And I don't mind if you ever say that
It's nice to feel alive sometime
But the words stop coming and the fire starts burning
And the worst of all it washes up on shore
And it's time to wave goodbye again
To look for something more
That we won't find.

If an angel ever comes down
And decides to just stay awhile
Together, we can sing a lonely song
Your heart is speaking
But your mouths not listening
Your never going back
Your never going home
I got you
Got you now

Lyrics submitted by brooke colson.

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