

Metaphor

Born Cages

I believe the mysteries in your heart
The secret codes, the winding roads you part
But when all is said and all is done
The blinded night is waiting for the sun
Some of the most beautiful sights in the world
Are the thoughts we create of the unknown
You're just the metaphor
That I've waited for
And when the clouds breathe in your cheap perfume
They wonder, love, if you're from above
Or spent the night in the devil's dressing room
'Cause the most beautiful sights in the world
Are the thoughts we create of the unknown
You're just the metaphor
That I've waited for
Oh, you're a metaphor
That I've waited for
No one's holding you down
Not left, right, or uptown

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