The Lichtenberg Figure

Novelists

I'm not the greatest writer Oh, I'm not the greatest, no I'm not perfect, not even novelist This time you better listen upOh, life have barely changed Twenty-two, still pissed Plenty of shits in the backpack And Nikes on my feetMany pieces are missing since I came back home I can't deal with my own life I'm incomplete Another empty wreck, shit I'm just the shell of a man which is absent I'm wearing his skin but I'm partially vacant What I have is far from being gold But I write open-hearted, my balls in the inkwell Fuck it, I'm done with swallowing bullshit Since hitting it off has become an addiction I needed more than these words going nowhere To show you that my life is not such a poemSome black clouds will get so much bigger No matter how lucky I am I've never learned how to live with the thunder My heart is a lightning rod And I'm walking under a thunderstorm Mesmerized by the lights With my eyes half shut I do live through these lines Writing this song just to say what I got to I need much more than these words Just to show you that it's a struggle To be able to believe in this lifeI write with my heart open Even if it can be so callous Just listen, this heartbeat have so much to say I just can't keep it in I just won't keep it inI'm not the greatest writer And this isn't the greatest song I'm not perfect, not even novelist I'm not saint, I'm not a fucking prophet Fuck this, I'm just drifting I keep moving pushed by the movement I'm still trying to pull the strings of my fucking lifeOh, you can keep the pain

The fame, the money and the whores Cause I'm a body-shaped shell in a sorry stateMy friends, you better listen This man you see now isn't totally different Along the road he thought he found himself A fucking sense at these goddamn feelingI'm just the shell of a man which is absent I'm wearing his skin but I'm partially vacant What I have is far from being gold But I write open-hearted, my balls in the inkwell Fuck it, I'm done with swallowing bullshit Since hitting it off has become an addiction I needed more than these words going nowhere To show you that my life is not such a poemI'm just the shell of a man which is absent I'm wearing his skin but I'm partially vacant My heart is a lightning rod And I'm walking under a thunderstorm Mesmerized by the light Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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