

Afterthought of Grievance

Mortimer Nova

our hands so tight
you crying and reaching for air
your legs spread wide
the same way that had put us there our bodies intertwine
is that what you call love
to feel alive
sometimes isn't enough where is my isaac, i had laid before me
reached out in the dark, blocking the sun
calloused and manic, unplanned catastrophe
her lifes the epitamy of imperfection we spend this time
looking so hard to find hope
but we should
focus on looking for help where is my isaac, i had laid before me
reached out in the dark, blocking the sun
calloused and manic, unplanned catastrophe
her lifes the epitamy of imperfection bless your filthy wicked heart
i'm an eel fit for a whore

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