I Despair

Paradise Lost

In your hands I'm trying flight
I can't die
In your hands I'm trying.
In your hands I'm trying flight
I can't die,
I'm flying in the cold breeze every night
Spare me all the strife
My desires never tire but would it feel much better if I died?
Petty highs get me by but how long must I live with this disguise...
Have you no direction?
I just sense pretentious signs...
In your sighs
Have you no direction?
I just sense the pretentious signs
In your highs...
I hear the same old stories every night
Spare me all the strife
My desires never tire
But would it feel much better if I died?
Petty highs get me by
But how long must I live with this disguise...

Songwriters
HOLMES, NICHOLAS JOHN / MACKINTOSH, GREGORY JOHNPublished by
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