Aphorisms

Elway

Hopelessly motivated lies
Give way like gospels to my eyes in their endless inquiry
Black skied midnight
I have only to delight in my sufferingI sit in this chair for way too long
Waiting for the world to writhe beneath my feet
I lost my self when I lost you
Now it's better left in chains than to be freeI'm cheating on my loneliness tonight
With bottles that make these things alright until they dissipate
I hear own reflection as it tells me
That we cannot give ourselves, we are our ownAm I dreaming?
I've got nothing left of you
Just aphorisms to resort to
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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