

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 suffering I 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 free I'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 own Am 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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