

# Stones & Feathers

[Alex Parks](#)

There's nothing left for me to do  
Just like time and time and time again  
What else is left for me to prove?  
But when it comes around, I can't help falling down  
Is this the state of so-called pleasure?  
Or just the weight of stones and feathers  
I'm not myself, maybe I'm never  
Just like tear that fades away  
Just like a word I can't express or can't explain  
A thousand voices in my brain  
I wish they'd comfort me, instead it's torturing  
Is this the state of so-called pleasure?  
Or just the way I'm made to measure  
I'm not myself, maybe I'm never  
When all is said and done  
I confess I've had enough  
Is this the state of so-called pleasure?  
Or just a chill that lasts forever  
I'm not myself, maybe I'm never  
Is this the state of so-called pleasure?  
Or just a break in heavy weather  
I'm not myself, maybe I'm never

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