

# This Song

## Ookla the Mok

I explode in prose  
Don't ask me, I can't tell you if it's real  
The more I seek the less I find  
The more I see the void that's on my mind  
Eyes closed, three words  
Yet it feels like I'm stuck right in the middle  
I keep on staring at the signs  
But my beating's blind  
I wait for the strike to see what it's like  
Unsure, obscure  
If I can't lay my life down on the paper  
When my pen is dry, when my sheet is lie  
And I'll carry on, I'll carry on  
And I'll sing so loud I won't ever hear myself again  
Carried on, I'll carry on  
But I'll miss me in this song  
I can't let it go  
All my memories slip through  
I seek the words to describe all my twisted views  
Destroy  
These chords  
Where my sight is on the look  
up for an answer  
My thousand songs all end the same  
Guess I hope to see the ending change  
I'm trying so hard but this pain never leaves  
These open scars they're so hard to relieve  
Bleeding the heart, falling apart, now  
I am still staring at this  
Life is so short, we'll see what it's worth now  
I'm gone to take my fall  
And I'll miss me in this song  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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