

Living in Doubt

Marching Church

A forceful grip by the arm
Ripping her away and into my arms is what I ought to do
Either that or give it
Either that or to spend these days in a limbo of doubt
Watching her slip away, these eyes of mine could pierce into hers
Straight throughout her breast and out the back of her head
Instead they're shooting aimlessly like a drunken gunman
After all that might be exactly what I am
A spectator of first attractions
Of discrete caresses
Of lustful eyes disguised as intimate conversation
Blindly convinced that I am in control of how everything will turn out in the end
And in the end, a state of feeling limited by my own mind, body and soul
While still being convinced that I contain some kind of god like charm
Thinking I'm only held back by the imperfection of my surroundings
Of course it isn't true...
It isn't true that I was born in an equal state of self-adoration and hate
Click&©...
And sitting here across the aspiring sharers of intimacy
Halfly convinced that the eyes of the girls secretly wander upon me
Living in doubt
A life of doubt
Living in doubt

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