Infinite Shapes

Cynic

The indivisible, could sick and irreplaceable, loose neck
It never satisfies, incomplete
The future world enough,
nothing to say, don't you worry nowInfinite shapes, I cut ten shades of pain
Infinite shapes, paper daggers at blameCan't conceive, blades drawn
Stuck inside of me, spreading down
With nothing silver eyes, crack the edge
Our eyes turn to gold, don't live like this
I am not worried now
Infinite shapes, I'll forget tiny rays
Infinite shapes, by turn could not shells and gazeSit down, be on your own, cry
to the eternal holes
and I have missed the ball
One spark, til you cross the dark
Be craft emeralds, become dust filled with dead
Infinite shapes, I cut ten shades of pain
Infinite shapes, paper daggers at blame
Infinite shapes, I'll forget tiny rays
Infinite shapes, by turn could not shells and gazeThe indivisible, could sick and irreplaceable, loose neck
I won't worry now.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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