

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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