

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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