



Praise in the Cliché

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Intro

Society,
Hostility,
Irregularity,
Inconsistency.
Our demographics aren't complex harmonies.
Truth reflected in our eyes. Universal visibility.
Achieve connectivity through fraternity.
A placid zone,
Not quick fix seeking.
-Real ecstasy

Verse 1

Even if I would, I oft wonder if I really could.
It should be written right deep down(evidence)solid as sound is sonic
Guilds my crown
Sweet prince of the lowest deep down, reward reaping most dense
Emotions to drown nice.
The most depth of sense,
Twice as shy,
Once cardio heist.
One taste's too many,
A thousand naughts a waste.
Too many ripe fruits to not hide any away.

Chorus

Praise in the cliché,
Surprised?
-Coaxed to stay



Verse 2

Brow-framing, unintentionally taming.
Pseudonym-dropping,
Cease eye-locking, stopping and naming.
Tide of my ocean when your moon's on the wane and confide in my ocean
of your truth wide plane.
Can I reign on your universe?
-Stark in it's train of thought.
Combine chemical laws, precurse to onslaught.
Celestially self-taught, Heaven's cloths inwrought. Wrote with the elements
of natural law.
Both freed from what they ought, not a actual flaw; weakness perceived,
too surface to be raw,
Deepest needs furnished.
Ice queen pleads to freeze an easy thaw.

Chorus

Verse 3

Tempting fate's the vocation,
Already time's expelled,
Terminal escort to your personal hell.
Under the covers - no other demise at the ready,
Cover my eyes, numbed legs unsteady.
Wish to stay awake but my lids feel heavy.
To dance with the devil in my doom?
-Don't tempt me.
My own conscience-stricken eyes are quick off the mark,
Arresting the light to submit to the dark.
My friend with the scythe,
Sever those ties.
Had I known any better I'd have never been wise,
Had I known any better I'd have never been wise.
Living to fight and fighting for life,
Groom of descent make the cracks on the surface your wife.
Sink to achieve matrimony of a new nightmare to weave,
Whispered wishes waste the air.

Chorus