

## Something Sweet

### After Midnight Project

I'm sick of searching  
I'm sick of wanting  
I'm sick of dreaming  
I'm sick of being.

I wish that love would find its own way  
I'm sick of searching everyday  
A touch a smell, a butterfly's wing  
It's all I feel it's all you bring  
A star can sit for a million years  
I can barely sit still before I break into tears...  
Confused...

I'm cold on the floor  
Trying to look under the wooden door  
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a hold of my heart  
I sit and I wait staring at a picture of your face that fades away  
Then you're gone, now I need something sweet to move me on.

I need an opinion  
I need a direction  
I feed on deception  
I lead to destruction.

Confused I'm left with nothing to choose  
But this pad and this pen and this bottle of booze  
I just want to know if this searching will end I've been running in circles and it seems that I tend  
To look for an answer that could never be found  
So I'll dig and I'll dig till I'm sick feet under ground.

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Then you're gone, now I need something sweet to move me on.

I just need you to need me  
I just want you to know...

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