

Pine Oil Heaven

Evereve

Sometimes I remember teardrops falling from the sky
Like silent screams of famished memories
Howling in the night
Sometimes I destroy splendour by my own despair
I stay awake 'til morning breaks
Hopelessly gasping for air
Again I recoil - On and on I roam
With my back against this blood red soil
This is heaven - But I'm not sanctified
Pine Oil Heaven
Sometimes I'm ashamed of myself, of my own dismay
I open my mouth and preach forgiveness but I'm the one to
blame
Sometimes I take love for granted, room without a view
My hand gets lost in glowing darkness, reaching out just
for you
Again I seek - On and on I roam
The blemished roots of my conceit
This is heaven - But I'm not sanctified
It's my heaven
Pine Oil Heaven
On and on I roam
On and on I seek
Sic transit gloria mundi!
It's ironic