

Decadence Of The Heart

Kwan

As I wait, contemplate the window of my soul
what I've done, what's to come, search for answers
through these times I have earned, I have learned
that respect has a price that is high, don't come easy

Did I choose the right the right moments for me to rebel
have I taken place given to me
have I answered the questions running through my mind
or just sent them about one more time now

Are we lead by superficial flings
this is decadence of the heart
it's meaningless
it's become so clear
this is decadence of the heart

And sometimes
I just feel that I'm caught in a maze
with no light, with no sign of an exit
so painful and heavy
this burden to carry
all these years in a
search for remedy

Streetlights screaming of lifestyle consumption and gorge
have the echoes been carried to my car
many times can a man wash his hands and pretend
and let fright walk ove his decicions

Talking too loud can deaf you to silence
and where will I find peace of mind or the answers
the sandglass has almost run empty
face myself, can not turn it around anymore now