

# Searching For Some Beautiful

Sadistik

My head aches, and feels the blunt vice grips/  
hanging over my tequila sunrises/  
Confide and write this to de-scribe a love life /  
that's feeling love lifeless/  
I'm the type that'll cherish frozen winters/  
stare at snowy blizzards and take it to heart/  
Then break it apart, I carry hopes and blisters/  
Cutting heart strings with a pair of broken scissors/  
I'm still trapped in a middle school slow dance/  
Stepping on toes in a mistletoe romance/  
Misanthrope, discomposed who holds hands/  
with grief...Kissing hope with no chance, but me/  
I'm just searching for some beautiful/  
a dream that I can catch And a person who's unusual/  
When I find her, I'll try to face the tide/  
Fight the hurricane, and tidal wave, goodbye...

And I watch all the spectrums of angels/  
Choking to death on the septums and halos/  
Bread crumbs and fables, why change?/  
I hang at the ends of the pay phone/  
With no change or number to reach/  
What blankets the sky I slumber beneath/  
Under the speech, this song's about hope, joy, love and defeat/  
All it takes is a peaceful autumn day/  
For you to be happy and me to call it fate/  
Even after a fucked up childhood, I'm still tryin'/  
To believe in God and grace/

I try to get a piece of peace and sit and listen infinitely/  
Holdin onto benefits, and isnt it so innocent? We/  
Try to find another time and underline the cynical/  
Its pitiful we run and hide and undermine the innermost/  
When intervals of miserable will find a figure four/  
And force the phyiscal and inner soul to find a bitter form/  
And form another time and place where you can go and be so suitable/  
When all I wanna do is go and search for something beautiful, in me/

I died once, and I knew that it was suitable/  
I died twice, and I sang it like a musical/  
I died again when I thought that the noose would hold/  
Everything I love in the search for some beautiful/

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