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 undermind 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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