# Posing Holy

**Touché Amoré**

A sugar scented sinful message
That everyone saw through
Now subterfuge and Manhattan blues
Seem to dictate my mood

I've counted blessings while confessing
I have some to spare
Beg or borrow, swallow sorrow
I have come prepared

It's a rite of passage
It's a torch to carry
When you feel the damage
And it's extraordinary

The oscillating toll it's taking on everyone involved
We'll find connections through extensions to not feel so alone
It's an initiation conducted at bedside
To a steady beat to help keep time

We're all focused on holding onto all that we have got
While we're drifting slowly and and posing holy for all that we are not

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Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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