Black Glass

Living Legends

Can you see yourself not seeing yourself?
That's the questionIf I paint the back of a sheet of glass black
What I have is so complex you can never make your way back
To vanity instilled in children
Filling villains with the greatest weapon of all time
A connection to your outer layers and mind
Body and soul could never conceiveOr believe in a world without a mirror image
It's a mere scrimmage when the mirror has two faces
And you can't figure out which face is yours
How would the world function
If you didn't know which race was yours?You could take a face and, like, make it yours
Make hate dissipate
If the way to take notice to your physical
Existed in a lake or a stream
In a dream or a tear on a cheekIf there were no mirrors on the walls, all along the halls
And hallways and pathways and shortcuts and back ways
And alleyways and corners or lobbies and concession stands
And along the ceilings in grocery stores
And at newsstands and restaurants and bathrooms
And back rooms and living rooms and churches
Where work is, where birth is
In hospitals and hotels and banksA lot less would be seen, you would have gotten away
She would've been a victim
I would have been charged and locked behind bars
Wishing there were mirrors on walls
All along the halls
And hallways and pathways and shortcuts and back ways
And alleyways and corners and lobbies and concession stands
And along the ceilings in grocery storesYou can't stop it all
Some things must fall
You made it that way
'Til it all blows awayYou can't stop it all
Some things must fall
You made it that way
'Til it all blows awayCan you see yourself not seeing yourself
Unless you're looking into the sea or you're seeing someone else
Who talks in the same tone or walks with a similar step
When you're picking up the paper and the morning dew is wetOr playing in a game and some fool is dripping sweat

Or you're bending over a glass table putting down your bet
On a world with an obsession over attributes so set
On a physical vehicle decorated, displayed from the get-goGet low esteem, add it with DNA and traits
Then you can say the hate for self exposes in reflections
Get low esteem, add it with DNA and traits
Then you can say the hate for self expresses in reflectionsNo clear views or rear views
Freeways would be overcrowded with fender-benders
And middle fingers would be thrown up in faces
As common as compact mirrors can be found in purses
Life would be the worstest, or would it be a remedy?No more seven years bad luck for breaking the reflective glass
More productivity women wouldn't be running back and forth in bathrooms
To refreshen that ass
Less time and money would be wasted on
Pathetic cosmetic merchandise made to entice
And glamor girls would have a shit fit
And Michael Jackson would still be black, ya know?You made it that way
'Til it all blows awayI will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talkYou can't stop it all
Some things must fall
You made it that way
'Til it all blows awayYou can't stop it all
Some things must fall
You made it that way
'Til it all blows awayI will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talk
I will not stare if you will not talk{Let's take a drink
Nobody's watching
Yeah
A small one won't hurt us
Whoops}

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