

# Black Glass

## Living Legends

Can you see yourself not seeing yourself?  
That's the question If 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 conceive Or 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 cheek If 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 banks A 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 stores You can't stop it all  
Some things must fall  
You made it that way  
'Til it all blows away You can't stop it all  
Some things must fall  
You made it that way  
'Til it all blows away Can 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 wet Or 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-go  
Get 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 reflections  
No 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 away  
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  
You can't stop it all  
Some things must fall  
You made it that way  
'Til it all blows away  
You can't stop it all  
Some things must fall  
You made it that way  
'Til it all blows away  
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  
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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