

Not

The Chariot

Taking off her "face".
I don't think we have met.
Sounds different than the beat
Your heart used to make. Let's recollect all our thoughts,
We've never been so apart.
Maybe I could change.
Poison takes in vain. At day, it feels a lot like love.
I know at night, it feels a lot like blood.
(Your portrait smiles in vain).
Panic darling.
Dancing with the mistress in the blue dress.
(Portrait smiles in vain, portrait smiles) Stand in line, turn and draw.

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Stand in line, turn and draw. She smiles in french but her arms are crossed. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

She's changed her name to a heart. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

That speaks but it does not beat. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

All the flashes are blinding. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

What started out as a hope for a different world. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

It's now the sand that you're sinking in. (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

Once everyone has taken pieces of your design, (Stand in line, turn and draw.)

It's hard to recognize. (Stand in line, turn and draw.) Rejoice. It's a lions den,

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it is all a lie. I used to live the casual life like you, now my screen is crystal clear with a life like view and I've never been more ashamed, I wish that I could see the sunlight too. I should've covered up my eyes when that wish came true. Innocent and golden but its blocked in a display. They're saving up to take me home and write down what I say.

If I could change the way I spoke, then I would speak away the darkness of the past and guide myself away from all the cameras in my path.

In my pa-

In my-

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