

# Pure Triangles

## Collapsis

The stony face, a true reflection  
A sin to taste revisitation  
But all these walls have right angles  
And all these thoughts are pure triangles  
Don't hold me up for too long  
I'm not that tough, I'm not that strong  
You see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, now  
A broken heart with new direction  
A blank, blank line with no inflection  
But all these walls have right angles  
And all these thoughts are pure triangles  
Don't hold me up for too long  
I'm not that tough, I'm not that strong  
Can you see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, now?  
Can you see how I'm guilty by the way I need you, now?  
Now

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