

# Stillness

## De Rosa

I compose, every center, every perspective  
any part is a nose  
I propose, a way of looking, or a way of looking past this  
Our redemption shows perfect stillnessBaby Love, is the shadow of our existence  
Any wiseman knows to keep his distance  
its not enough my desire fake some illness  
every liar knows to keep his stillness  
well i am stillnessI arose from the backplate, from the blank slate  
i remember smoke  
and all the fires of November paint our blood on our back doors  
and i remember him still at the corner  
hes still at the cornerBaby time, is the shadow of our existence  
any wiseman knows to keep his distance  
its not enough my desire to fake some illness  
every liar knows to keep his stillness  
well i am stillness

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