

# Behind the Glass

## Emily Jane White

Pressed against the glass  
Your bleeding heart  
But I knew you, I knew you'd come apart  
You sat down to see with your fragile heart  
But I knew you, I knew you'd fall apartAnd what is authenticity?  
(You dig into the deep)  
But we crave it down on bruised knees  
(And with the wounds beneath)  
And we call out remembering  
(A silence is between)  
For time that will never be  
AgainOh behind the glass is something  
But it might not be what you wanted  
You sat down to see a curious heart  
But I never knew you'd come apart this way  
Holding in your hands your bleeding heart  
But I never knew you would fall apart this wayAnd what is authenticity?  
(You dig into the deep)  
But we crave it down on bruised knees  
(And with the wounds beneath)  
And we call out remembering  
(A silence is between)  
For a time with a pulse and (?)  
For time that will never be  
Again  
For a time with a pulse and (?)  
For time that will never be  
Again  
Oh behind the glass is something  
But it might not be what you're wanting

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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