

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 apart And 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
Again Oh 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 way And 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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