

# Silence

## Plastic Flowers

The mirrors in your eyes,  
the lights of my disguise,  
and after all we do describe what it seems to be just wrong  
The closer that I get,  
the more I need to understand,  
what it feels to be the same,  
I'm just a saint,  
just the same, all the time  
The mirrors in your eyes,  
they fell like leaves off the dirty sky,  
the lights of my disguise are floating  
faster and slower than I used to know  
Silence comes and goes,  
limits will be loose,  
twisted smiles approach me like flowers from the sky

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