

Forlani

Burnt By the Sun

Last time I swore it was the last time
I'd write these last rites to this last fight
By the third time around
I'm pretty well versed By the third time it still hurts
By the third time
I know myself well enough to know
10 years is not enough What is this about this that brings me back?
Have I ever even left?
But what can I expect?
Beauty is radiating through my TV set I find it's lines still corrupt my mind
In it's image I am defined
What is this about this that brings me back?
Have I ever even left? But what can I expect? The beauty, I find it still corrupts my mind
The beauty, I find, in it's image, I'm defined
Forge my body into steel
While cognizant that this is not real Flesh and devotion void of emotion
Save for an ounce of ineptitude
And another song to express
My helpless faith in this cage Imprisoned for the rest of my life
Programmed into my mind, my eyes
I'm fixated, irritated
Shallow as far as I can perceive
With the disregard of what I believe

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